The Saturday Evening
POST
May 21, 1960 – 15¢

SEX, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN RUSSIA

By JOSEPH NOVAK

I CALL ON **SAMMY DAVIS Jr.** By Pete Martin

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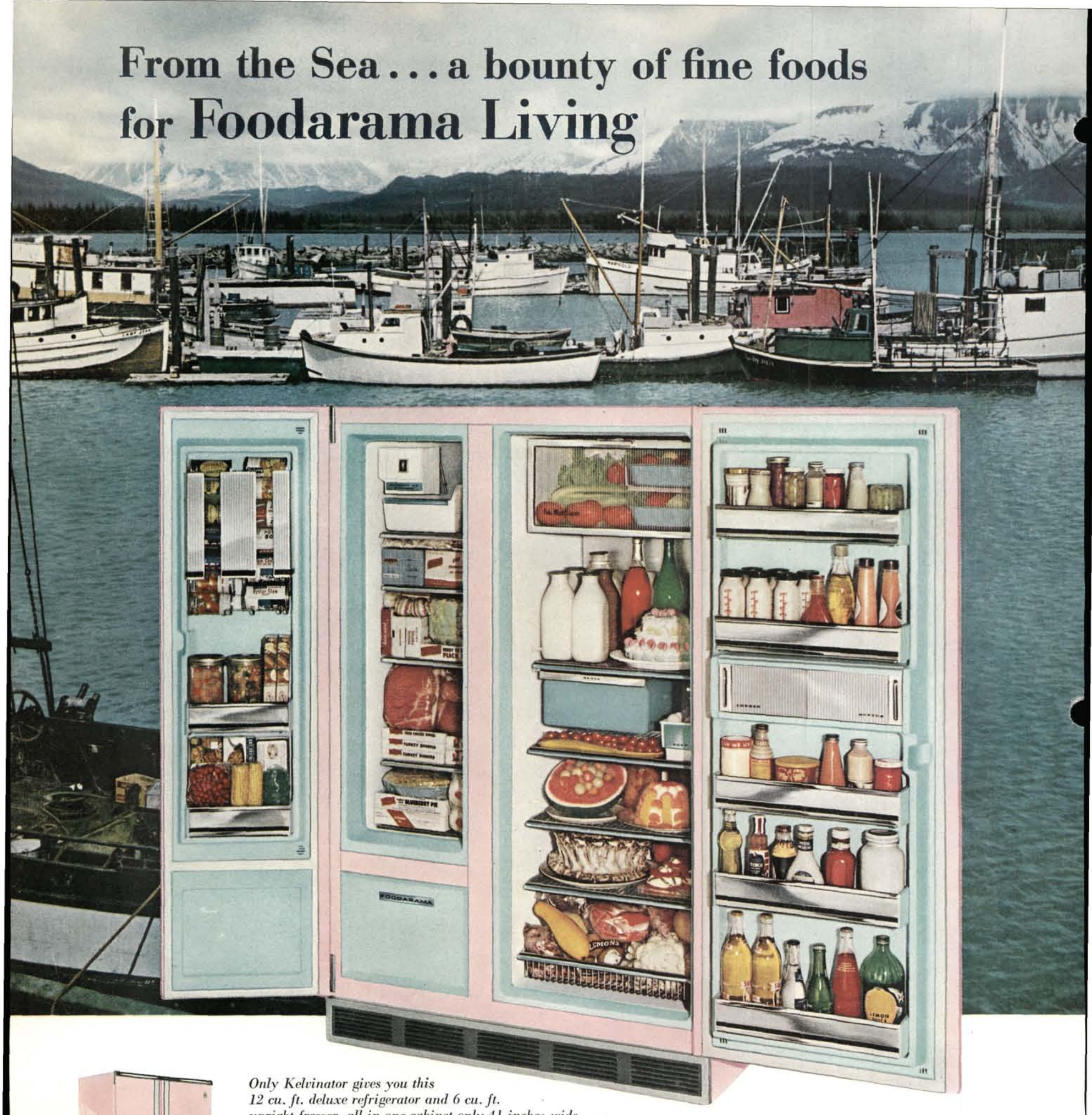
From the Sea . . . a bounty of fine foods for Foodarama Living



You may have your Foodarama in Bermuda Pink, Buttercup Yellow, Surf Turquoise, Aztec Copper or Classic White.

Only Kelvinator gives you this 12 cu. ft. deluxe refrigerator and 6 cu. ft. upright freezer, all in one cabinet only 41 inches wide . . .

Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator

Tasty lobsters . . . tangy shrimp cocktails . . . salmon, tuna and swordfish steak . . . all are yours to enjoy in Foodarama Living. An exciting new way to eat better, save time, save money, and make entertaining more fun!

Foodarama's huge capacity puts an abundance of foods at your finger tips. You shop less but have more on hand. There's always room for supermarket bargains and low-price seasonal specials. And what a joy to have the convenience of ample freezer space right in your kitchen!

You never defrost either refrigerator or freezer. Foodarama's safer "No-Frost" system makes frost a total stranger . . . and does it so much more economically than other systems that you enjoy important savings every year. And you never fuss with ice trays because a remarkable new ice dispenser makes and stores ice cubes for you automatically . . . just reach in and take one or several as you need them!

Even with all this, Foodarama actually costs you less to buy and operate than a separate refrigerator and freezer.

Foodarama is a stunning example of the wonderful plus you'll find only in the kitchen and laundry appliances made by the Kelvinator Division of American Motors Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan. Make it yours! Fabulous Foodarama!

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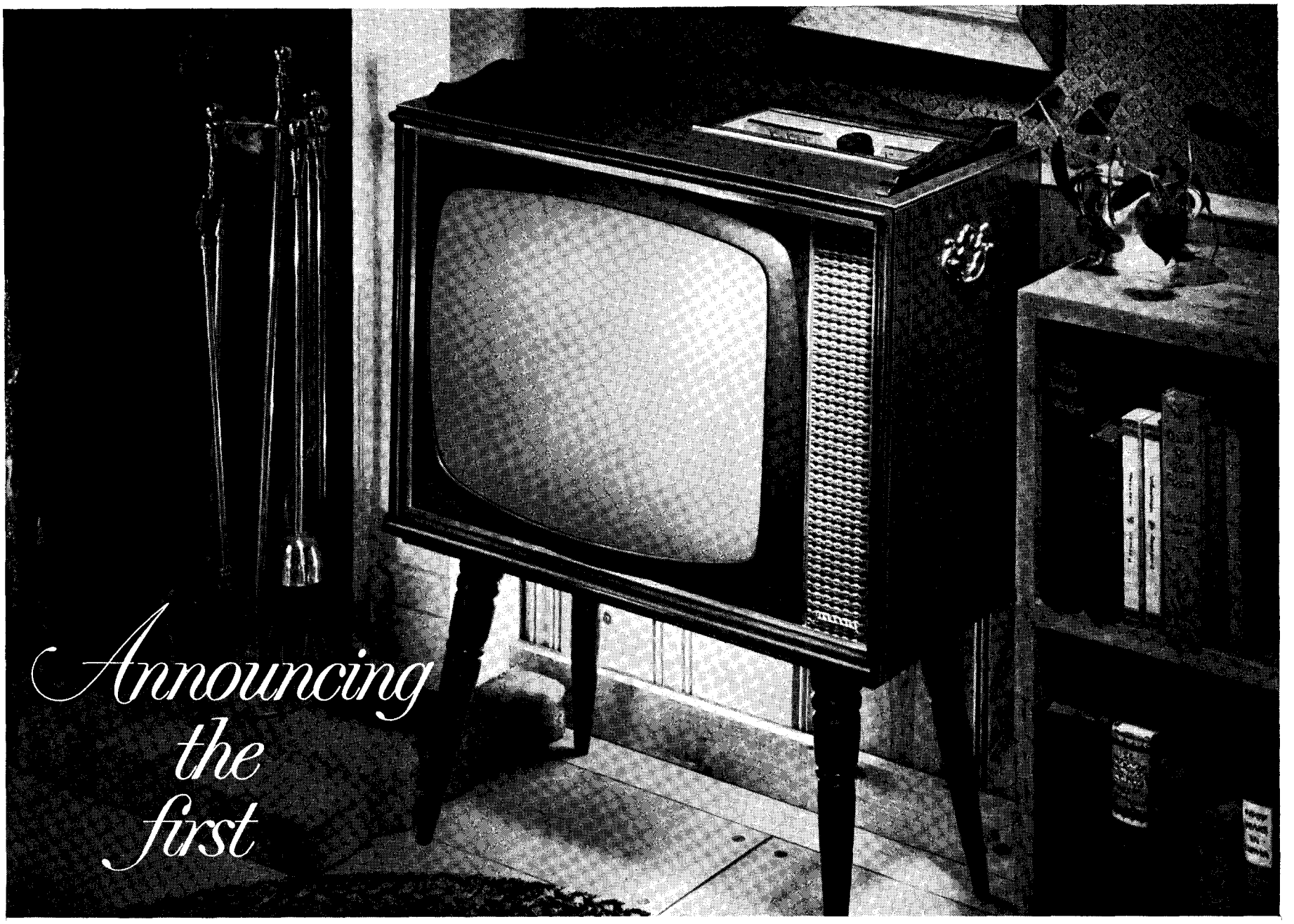


reflection-free TV

New Sylvania Squared 19″ with shatterproof Bonded Shield

(measured diagonally)

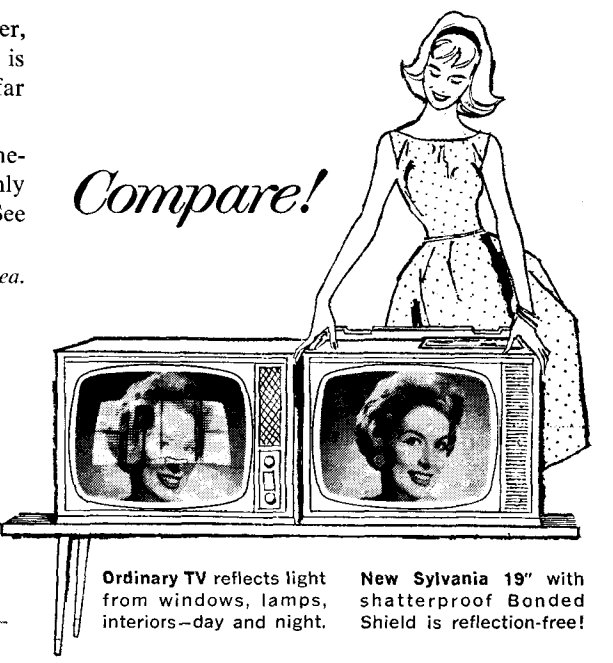
Now for the first time you can enjoy reflection-free TV. No more distracting reflections from lamps, interiors, windows – day or night – with new Sylvania Squared 19″ TV.*

The secret is a special glass safety shield – with a reflection-free "satin finish" – that is *bonded* right to the face of the squared 19″ picture tube. This new bonded safety shield not only eliminates reflections, but also lets you see a brighter, sharper, truer picture. And, because the Bonded Shield is shatterproof, the new Sylvania Squared 19″ is far stronger and safer than ordinary TV.

Sylvania Squared 19″ comes in a choice of fine-furniture cabinets. Each is slim, trim—weighs only 40 lbs. Easy to carry with built-in handles. See your Sylvania dealer today.

**174 sq. in. of viewing area.*

Colonial model 19T01 (above). *Authentic Early American styling, solid fruitwood gallery. Out-front sound, top-tuning, automatic volume control. Matching base optional. Also available in Contemporary styling, blonde oak or walnut grained finish.*


Compare!
Ordinary TV reflects light from windows, lamps, interiors—day and night.
New Sylvania 19″ with shatterproof Bonded Shield is reflection-free!

SYLVANIA

Subsidiary of GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

Sylvania Home Electronics Corp., Batavia, N. Y.

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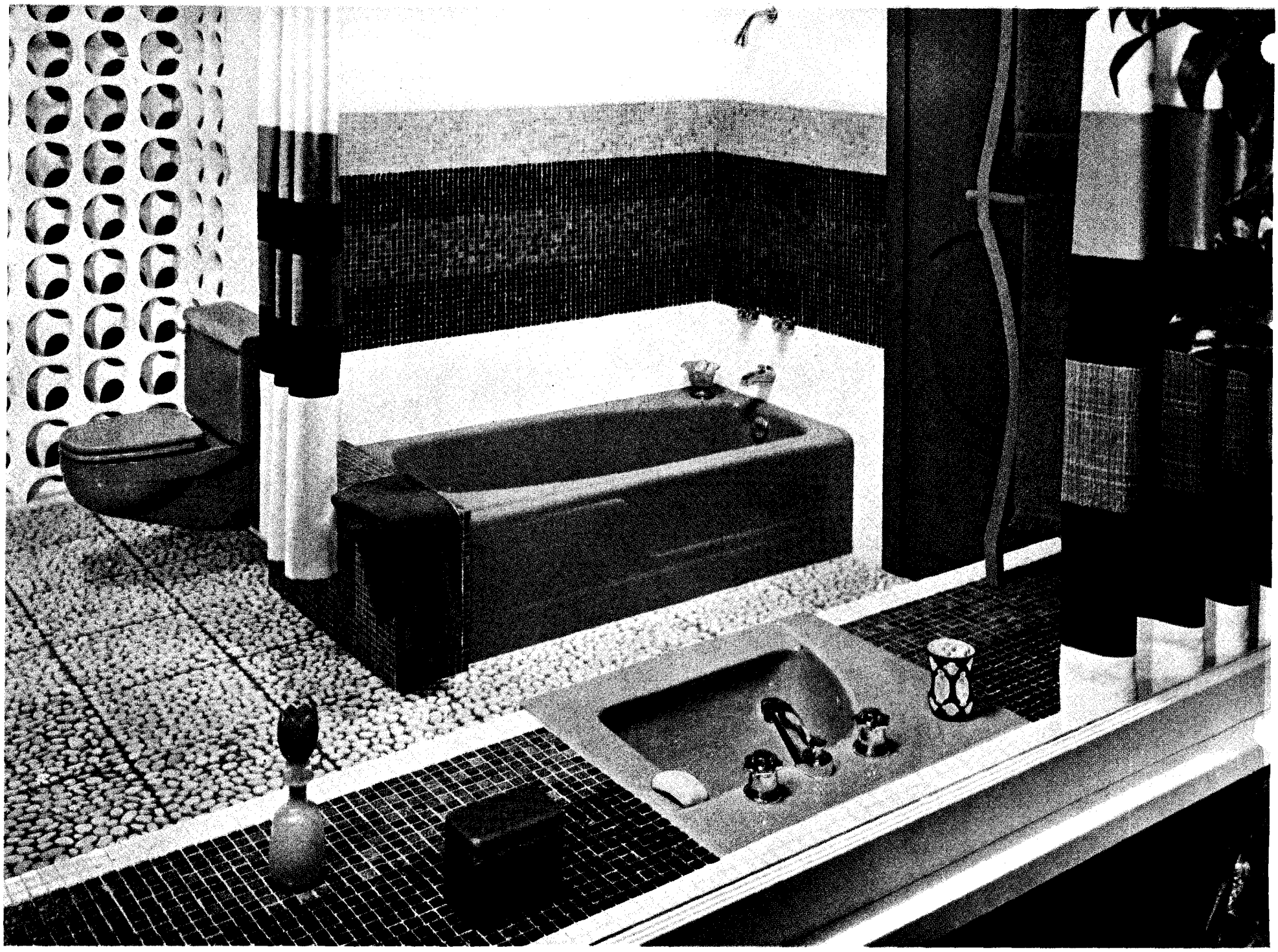
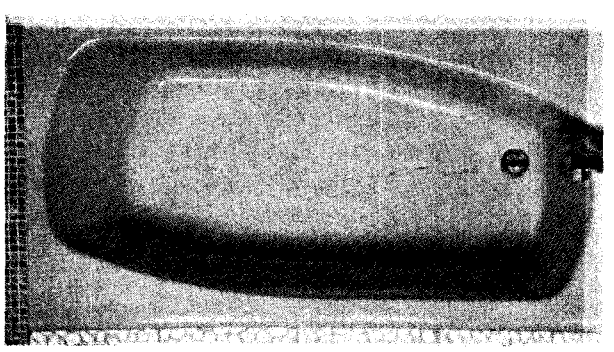
It's NEW...it's American-Standard



The new design of this lavatory provides a deep, roomy bowl plus a wide ledge at one side and at the back for toiletries. It can be installed in a counter or on legs.

Each smart product in this bathroom combines **new beauty** with **practical convenience.** The off-the-floor toilet lets you swish a mop under it for **new ease of cleaning.** The Contour bathtub has two ledges and extra room for bathing, thanks to the **off-center design.** The lavatory design, also off-center, provides a roomy shelf. For extra bathroom convenience, extra beauty use **American-Standard** products.

These new faucets have the exclusive Aqua-seal valve that operates by water pressure—ends leaking and washer replacements. Be sure all faucets in your home are American-Standard.



The off-center design of the 16" high cast iron Contour bathtub provides a roomy bathing area and forms two wide ledges —one is a handy shelf, the other a comfortable seat that brings the back of the tub close for easy-reach cleaning.

For more information on these and other beautiful bathroom products, mail the coupon or see your American-Standard retailer. He is listed in the yellow pages of your phone book under "plumbers" or "plumbing supplies."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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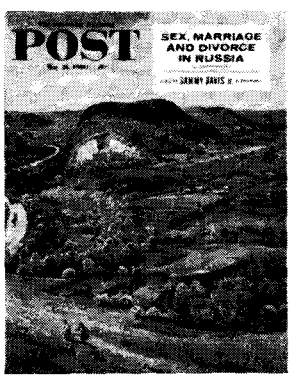

THE COVER

Vermont is a frugal state, but there's nothing parsimonious about her display of greenery. Here, in the words of poet-jurist Wendell Stafford, is "where the hills fling up green garlands to the day." Indeed, *vert mont* is French for green mountain. Captured on cover artist John Clymer's canvas are the celebrated Green Mountains, at a point looking north along the Hoosic River near Pownal, the southwesternmost community in the state. Vermont meets two of her neighbors, New York and Massachusetts, less than five miles from this verdant scene, and on distant slopes a changing color spectrum offers a preview of nature's magnificent sunset spectacle. The show is free of charge, which helps explain why so many Vermonters find it eminently satisfactory.

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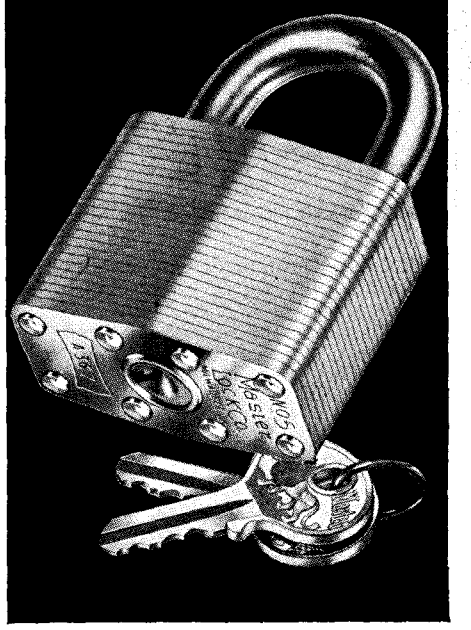

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- Silence noisy differentials
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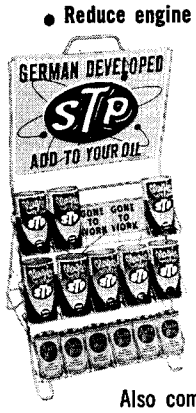

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Letters

Smile of Courage

Dear Sirs:

Pulitzer Prize winner Don Murray did a superb job on WHY DANA BUXTON SMILED [Apr. 9]. I read it with tears of joy over her wonderful courage.

MRS. J. B. O'DELL
Odessa, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the enlightening story of Dana Buxton. A victim of scoliosis [extreme curvature of the spine], I found it particularly interesting.

CAROL CHADWICK, *Age 17*
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I usually skip such articles, but I was compelled . . . to read what this beautiful little girl had to smile about in that monstrous cast.

Dana's smile.

D. BEADLESTON
Oak Lawn, Ill.

The Durable Dictator

Dear Sirs:

In the article THE WORLD'S MOST DURABLE DICTATOR [Apr. 9] Toni Howard referred to Fatima as the national saint of Portugal. Fatima is a place—not a saint—where, reputedly, in 1917 the Blessed Virgin appeared five times to three children, and where, at her fifth appearance, the "miracle of the sun" occurred.

PAULINE O'CONNOR
Chicago, Ill.

● *Reader O'Connor is right. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The article is provincial because it [plays] on America's inbred distaste of dictatorships. It fails to respect what a benevolent dictator [Dr. Antonio Salazar] has contributed to his tiny country, [a contribution] far greater than a few abstractions called "freedom". . . . No one can starve in Portugal. No one may die of medical neglect if he bothers to apply for care. No one need . . . [go without] work if he applies to Portugal's bureau of employment for a job.

HERVEY CONNELL, *Managing Editor*,
The Crusader
College of the Holy Cross
Worcester, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Toni Howard has a way of turning things inside out. The Portuguese people are described as "quiet and somber. They wait in queues patiently." It would seem that Doctor Salazar is responsible for this, too, and yet we admire these same characteristics in the British. Under the author's touch even order and cleanliness seem like undesirable traits.

BERNARD P. DONNELLY
Holland, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The Portuguese are pictured, pityingly, as being sober, pious, industrious, frugal and well-ordered. When men damn these traits in other men, what kind of monstrous judges can they be? . . .

The article damns Salazar's rule by pointing out the extraordinary fact there are Portuguese dissidents who do not approve of Salazar—just as though in the U.S.A. or in any nation there are not great gobs of dissidents who disapprove of the government in power.

J. AUSTIN SOBCZAK
Alpena, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

During the war, Doctor Salazar saved many Dutch Jews by interceding with Hitler for so-called "Portuguese" Jews (Dutch Jews whose ancestors left Portugal some centuries ago.)

S. D. ABRAMOFF
Rotterdam, Holland

Dear Sirs:

If Salazar could balance the country's budget within one year and bring it from financial ruin to stability, he has accomplished something that none of the other Western powers with all their vaunted progress and intelligence has been able to do.

G. TIVENDELL
Courville, Quebec

Barring the Bible

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial WHAT HAPPENED TO THE "NATIONAL GOALS" WE GREW UP WITH? [Apr. 9] was excellent. It points to a fact that is becoming more evident every day.

When a nation puts God and morality in the background, the resulting chaos is scarcely surprising. But when its courts begin ruling that such fundamental practices as reading the Bible in public schools are unconstitutional, we certainly need to reappraise our sense of values.

BOB RAMSEY
Denver, Colo.

"Jolly Well Stunned"

Dear Sirs:

I was jolly well stunned to read in the story by William Chamberlain in your Mar. 5 issue [THE ROAD TO ST. VIVIEN] about thirty Americans with rifles attacking and fighting three tanks plus infantry. Those tanks and infantry being German, I ask myself why the United States is helping to rearm a country with such poor soldiers.

Particularly with regard to the fact that the new *Bundeswehr* (Federal Defense) would be even less tough than the bad old Nazis, because she is recruited from young men who realized that Germany has become famous for losing wars.

(Continued on Page 6)

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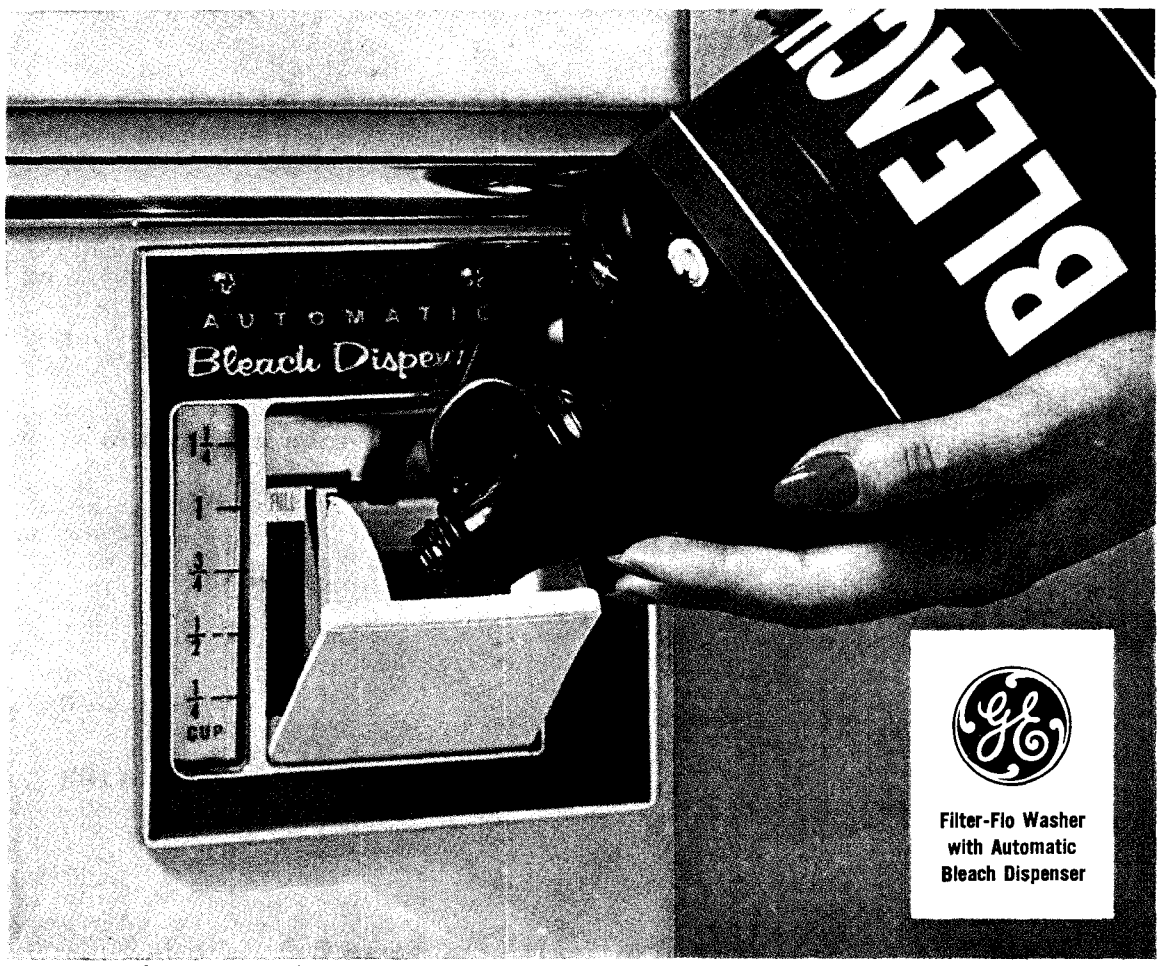
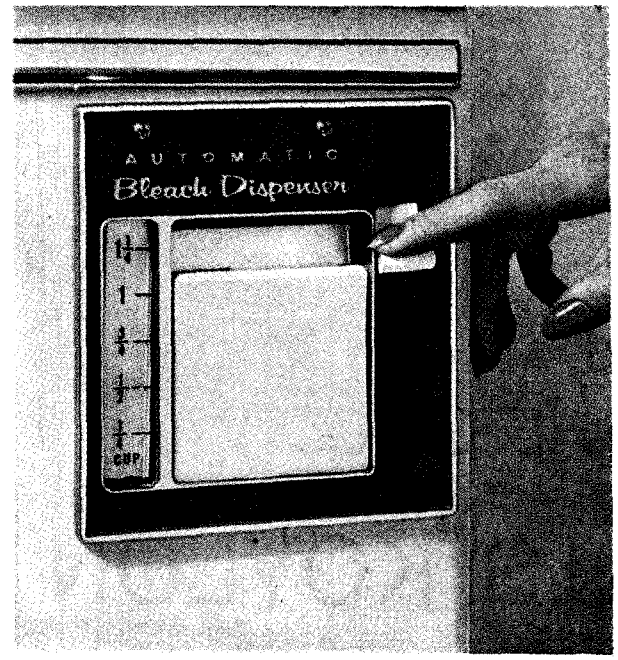
NO MORE HIT-OR-MISS BLEACHING

Now the 1960 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer solves your bleaching problems automatically



Only the new General Electric Automatic Bleach Dispenser stores 3 full quarts—a month's supply of bleach.



Stores, adds, dilutes bleach automatically. Just press the lever to measure the bleach you decide you need. Then—even before it's added to the wash load, the bleach is diluted to safe solution. It's added to your wash water at the exact time for best results. That's why your clothes come out bright, sparkling, spotless . . . and perfectly bleached every time.

No other washer does so much for you—washes clean-as-clean can be, removes lint—and gives you safe automatic bleaching too!

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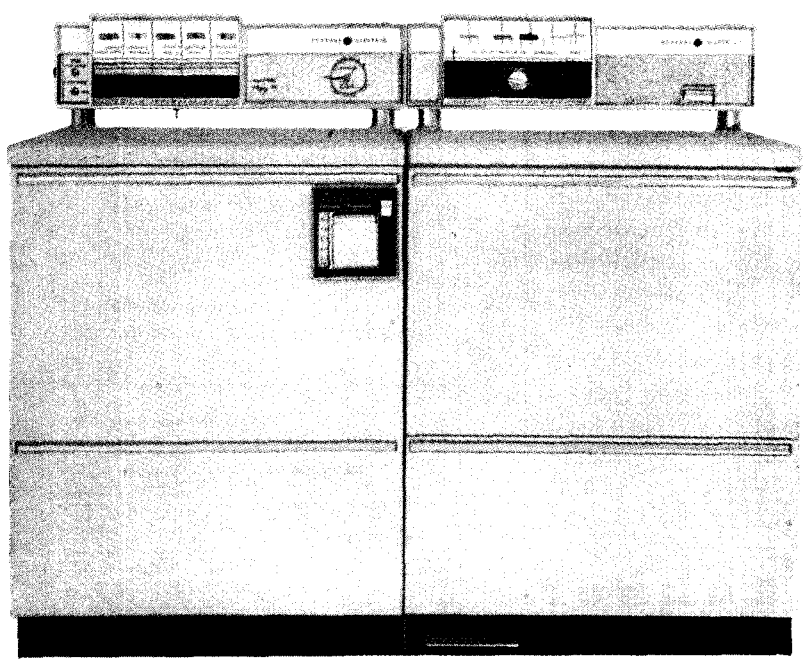

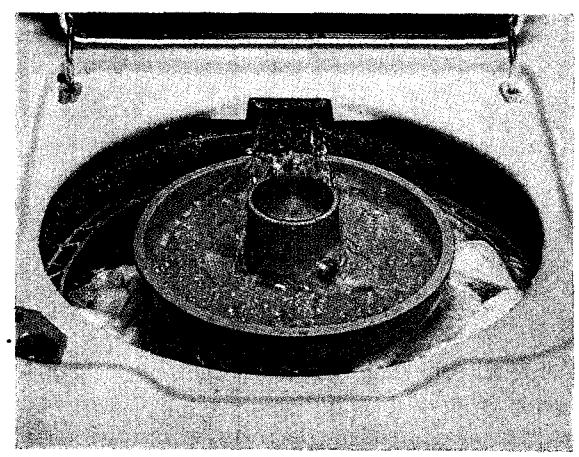

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US RUBBER **United States Rubber**

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

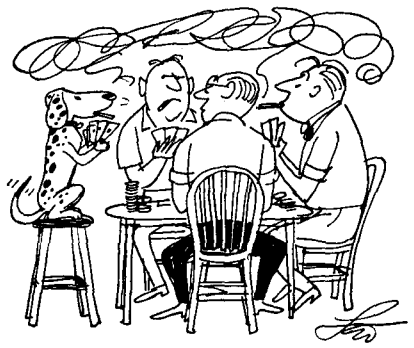
I sincerely hope Mr. Chamberlain only invented this story—not because I want to restore the honor of von Rundstedt's crew, but to assure the United States taxpayers that their money is not wasted on incapable allied forces.

PETER HUMMEL
Kircheim unter Teck
West Germany

Not So Smart

Dear Sirs:

THE TALKING DOG [by Robert Standish] in the Apr. 16 *Post* reminded me of another story about a dog sitting in at a poker game. One of the players said to the owner of the dog, "That's a pretty



clever dog you have." "No," said the owner, "He's not so smart. Every time he gets a good hand he wags his tail."

A. H. HARRIS
Vancouver, British Columbia

Wonderful Wales

Dear Sirs:

It was apparent with only a few sentences of THE SECRET OF THE WELSH [by Ernest O. Hauser, Apr. 16] that the writer had met and spoken with real Welsh people. The spirit of the Cymry glowed throughout. . . .

Welsh talent abounds in England and America. Seventeen of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were of that descent.

ELIZABETH ASKUE
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

You have slipped a chronological cog in your caption above the picture of Caernarvon Castle wherein you state "Edward I built Caernarvon Castle in 1322." As a matter of fact, Edward I died in 1307. The castle was begun during his reign in the year 1284 and if it was finished in 1322, then it was during the reign of Edward II, his son.

EDWARD F. MEDOSCH
Cincinnati, Ohio

● *Our caption was misleading. It ran together the facts that Edward I was responsible for the building of Caernarvon Castle and that it was completed in 1322, after his death.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Tut, tut. Your geography is slightly screwy. Your excellent article was marred when you stated that half the population of Wales is to be found in Glamorgan and Monmouthshire. Monmouth is not in Wales. The people speak Welsh and are Welsh by heritage, but since the Act of Union in 1536 Monmouth has been counted as an English county. Even the map, on page 140, puts Monmouth in England.

The reason I point this out is that I trust when dominion status is granted Wales, England will see fit to return Monmouth to the Welsh. As a native of Monmouth it has been to my everlasting shame that I have been counted as an Englishman all my life. Technically I may be English by birth, but we are all Welsh by inclination.

MALCOLM A. HUGHES
Bishop's University
Lennoxville, Quebec

● *Monmouthshire is a county of England, but, as the* Encyclopaedia Britannica *says, it is "linked with Wales for all central, local government and administrative purposes."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

While reading the article I felt as though I had been whisked home and was actually roaming the beautiful countryside of Wales, so different from the Mojave Desert where I now live.

JEAN LINTON SCHOONOVER
Edwards, Calif.

The Honest Politician

Dear Sirs:

The most recent of your ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series, THE ETHICS OF PUBLIC OFFICE [by Telford Taylor, Apr. 16] was long overdue. The American public cannot do less than insist on absolute integrity in government and politics.

JOHN D. LIENHART
Cloverdale, Oreg.

View From the Mole Hill

Dear Sirs:

You say [in LETTERS, Apr. 30] that the inconsistency in your story TURNING POINT [Mar. 19] brought in 139 letters to the Editor. Thank goodness I don't have to live with any of those 139 petty-fault fault finders. How they must enjoy their lofty mountain views from their mole hills.

ANNA MARIE AVERILL
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I especially enjoy the letters to the Editor, particularly the controversial ones. . . . Ever since that far-gone day when father Adam and mother Eve stubbed their toes in the garden on the banks of the Euphrates, man has been inclined to sin and then deny it!

ARCH P. WOODSON
Covington, Va.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Don Ornitz. • 23–Ormond Gigli. • 24–From Mary Roebling; Trenton Times; Ormond Gigli. • 25–Ormond Gigli; From Mary Roebling; Ormond Gigli. • 28, 29–George Lazarnick. • 30–Larry Fried; George Lazarnick. • 31–Larry Fried; George Lazarnick. 34–Ollie Atkins; United Press International. • 35–Ollie Atkins; Wide World; Ollie Atkins. • 38–Harry Saltzman; Wide World; Harry Saltzman. • 39–Two from Wide World; United Press International; Wide World; United Press International. 40, 41–Jack Fields. • 42–Sovfoto; Elliott Erwitt from Magnum. • 44–Burt Glinn from Magnum. • 45–Two by Sid Avery; Culver; Sid Avery. • 128–John Bickel; Ollie Atkins; U.S. Army.

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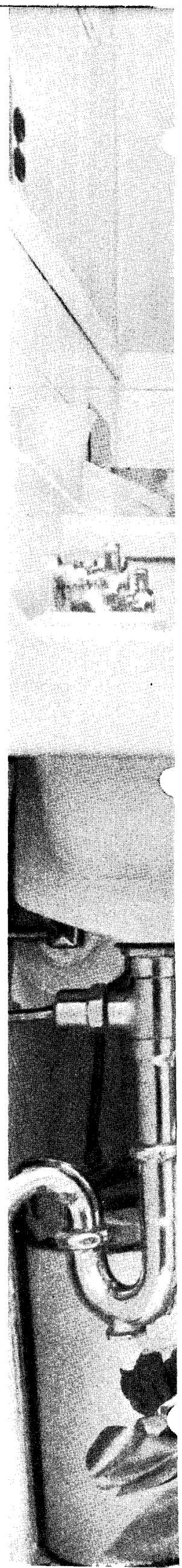

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Do not despair. This kind of operation may seem endless, but Scott Paper products make even the pursuit of beauty faster and more efficient

Yesterday she couldn't sit still while you fixed her braids. Today dinner cools as she captures the exact curve of a curl. This is the age of hairdos and hopes, face creams and fads, diets and daydreams—the age of "Oh, *Mother!*"

Yesterday she was learning how things work. That meant crayon on her clothes, finger paint on the floor, sand in the tub. Today she's learning who she is. That means lipstick on her clothes, nail polish on the floor, powder in the sink. Take it easy. Your investment in patience will pay such handsome dividends.

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Editorials

If We Must Censure Other Nations, Let's Be Consistent!

An executive of a large American corporation complained recently that there was a lot in American foreign policy that he failed to understand. He said that his company had built plants in at least a dozen countries over the world—many of them upon the urging of our Government that a plant in this or that "underdeveloped" area would assist the local regime in stabilizing its economy, creating employment opportunities and so forth.

When trouble occurs in these areas, said our corporate friend, the company suggests to the State Department that perhaps a friendly admonition might serve to bring the country in question to a realization of its responsibilities. To such suggestions the State Department replies that it cannot interfere in the internal affairs of friendly states.

"But," continued our friend, "just let some rioters get shot in South Africa, and our State Department is right in there deploring and protesting." He wanted to know how come. He, of course, understated the seriousness of the affair in South Africa, and we said so. But we also made the cynical observation that, just possibly, the explanation of the State Department's remarkable action was that there are more Negroes in Harlem alone than his company has plants anywhere.

Secretary of State Herter's bawling out of South Korea for dealing so drastically with "student" *insurrectos* can be explained by the fact that the Rhee Government is operating largely on our money. However, if howling mobs were rushing up Pennsylvania Avenue with the announced intention of throwing President Eisenhower into the Potomac, it is easy to imagine that the police action might seem to outsiders "unsuited to a free democracy." Perhaps we have to pass on elections in other countries, but some may wonder where was our tongue when Soviet troops shot down hundreds of dissenters in Kazakhstan.

One inconsistency in our official attitude derives from the fact that by means of the Connally amendment to our resolution of adherence to the International Court we declare that the United States will be the sole judge of which cases are domestic and which are international. Surely this would imply similar forbearance toward other countries. Indeed, we have managed to sit out Castro's butchery of political rivals without making any protest, and we protested only weakly actions by the Cuban dictator involving our interests. And yet when the South African police, doubtless in an excess of zeal and needless brutality, fired into a mob of rioters, the State Department undertook to rebuke South Africa and to support a resolution of censure in the UN Security Council from which Great Britain and France abstained. This should cause those who urge repeal of the Connally amendment to do more thinking.

Regardless of the background of this tragic incident, the question arises, "How did this outrage become the business of the United States?" More importantly it can be asked, "What defense will the State Department have when and if a local incident in this country—let's say at Little Rock—brings forth a protest by some other government with a sensitive minority to appease? What argument could we offer against submitting the brawl to United Nations review?

The State Department, it might be supposed, would have a weather eye out for the repercussions abroad of what it does. This time it seems to have acted without too much thought.

Americans Like Their Political Leaders Young and Debonair

We are born with a shining talent for inconsistency. For example, we have lately been passing laws to protect older men and women from being denied jobs for which they are fit; and at the same time we, as employers of Presidents, senators and governors, turn down older applicants for political office. We demand that the candidates be young and full of ginger.

The chief candidates for President this year are in their forties. Maybe this is a point in their favor. Yet the fact remains that it is seventy-six years since we elected a President who was under fifty—except for Theodore Roosevelt. The national committees of both parties are urging that in every close state and congressional district, preference be given to candidates who are "young and attractive."

But what do we say to private employers? Seven states have lately adopted laws to restrict discrimination because of age. New York State, for example, forbids an employer to specify that anyone between forty-five and sixty-five need not apply, unless the work is such that only younger persons can do it. Secretary of Labor Mitchell recently warned employers that they must loosen the age limits or else face congressional action.

But what of the people themselves as employers? Instead of loosening the age limits, they are tightening them. Governors and senators have been elected who are in their very early thirties. They are gloriously photogenic. A clean-cut, square-jawed, clear-eyed young man who looks as if he can run a mile in four minutes—he is the favorite today.

And along comes an eminent voice from the universities to approve the exclusion of older persons from political office. Dr. Ronald Tunbridge, professor of medicine at the University of Leeds, is Britain's principal gerontologist, or old-age expert. All political leaders, says Professor Tunbridge, should be forcibly retired in their early fifties. (How old is the professor himself? Fifty-three.) The Tunbridge rule would force out of office the top men in all the most powerful governments: Eisenhower, Khrushchev, Mao Tse-tung, Macmillan, de Gaulle and Adenauer.

Yet in this age of television we, the people, prefer our employees young and toothsome.

Will Automation Take the Intimacy Out of Shopping?

If Prof. William N. Breger of Pratt Institute in New York City has his way, automation will become as familiar to housewives as it will to workers in our future technology. He has designed a cylindrical, multistoried supermarket with conveyor belts to carry food, and moving sidewalks to whisk the shopper around the store. Instead of pinching food to test it for freshness, women will approach the problem with antiseptic efficiency. A scale model of Professor Breger's creation was on view recently at the Food Exposition and Country Fair in New York's Coliseum, and retail merchants as well as housewives reacted favorably. A few admitted they didn't understand it.

According to Professor Breger's scheme, the housewife will enter from the parking lot, step on a moving sidewalk, park her pet at the pet bar, her kids at the nursery, then take an elevator to the top of the building. Carrying a special marker bearing a code number, she will descend on a moving ramp that will carry her past the food displays. At any point along the way she will be able to hop off to brand her choices with her code number, pop them into a chute and carry on.

Arriving unencumbered at the automated checkout counter, she will find all her selections waiting for her. For absent-minded shoppers there will be a panel with buttons to press; these will call in forgotten items. A computer will tot up her purchases, and an automated cash receiver will accept her money. All Mrs. Housewife has to do then is collect her pet and the children, stand on the moving walk that delivers her to her car and drive to a pickup station, where her purchases will be waiting for loading.

If this indeed is going to be the supermarket of the future, we'd like to suggest a touch of practical nostalgia. Housewives have always taken some pleasure in letting the butcher know how good or bad Sunday's roast was. A Complaint Corner, equipped with a speaker, where the housewife can sound off to her heart's content, ought to be included in Professor Breger's supermarket. Perhaps magnetic tape could record this prosody. Because magnetic tape can only listen, Mrs. Housewife will be able to maintain one of her most sacred traditions—that of having the last word.

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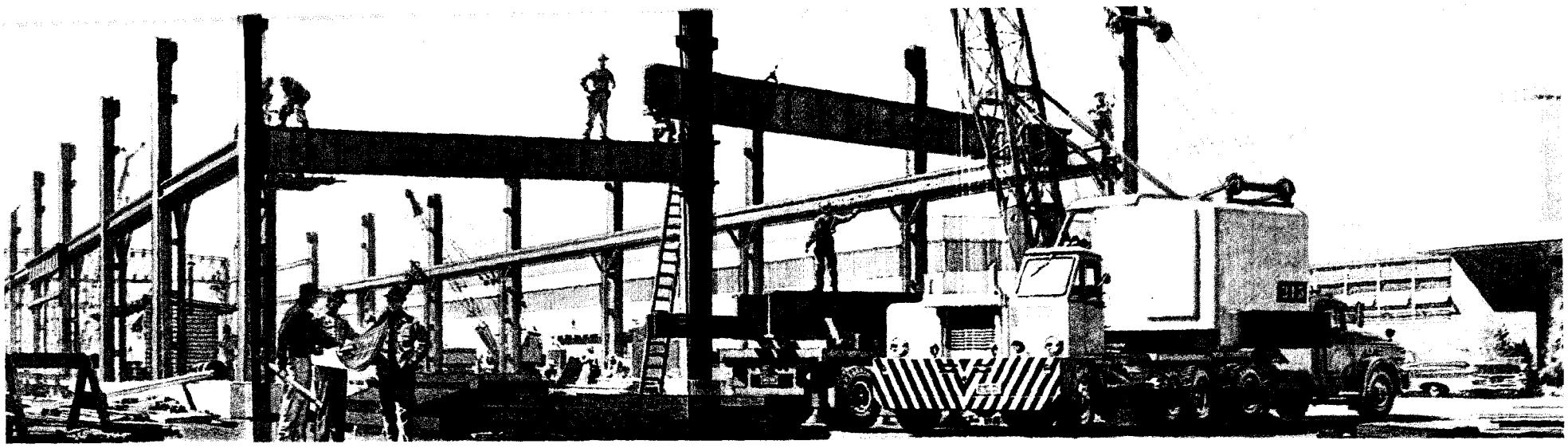
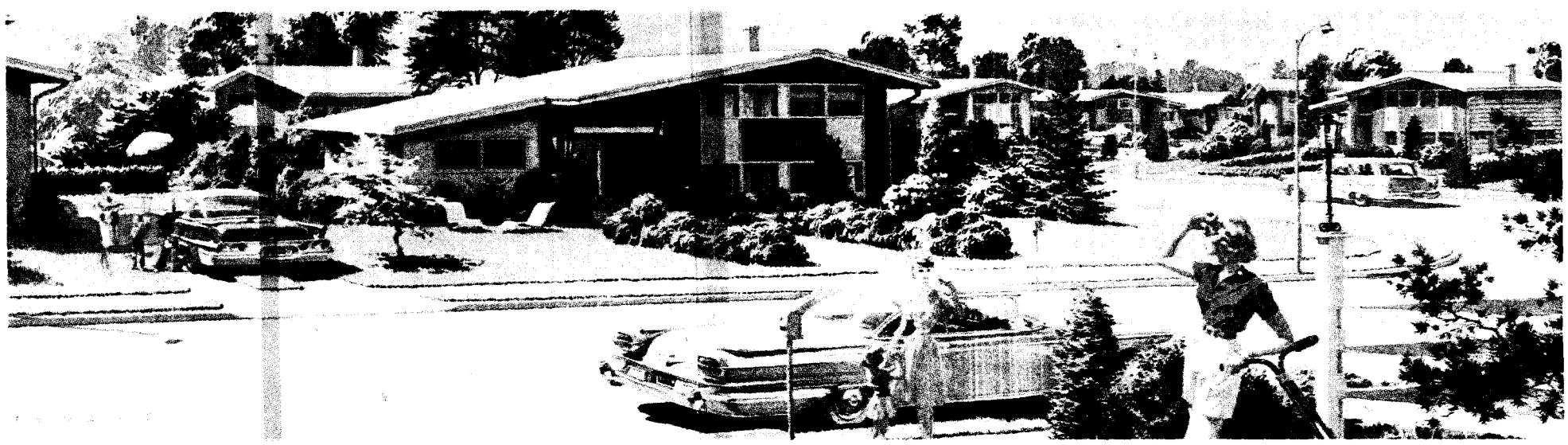
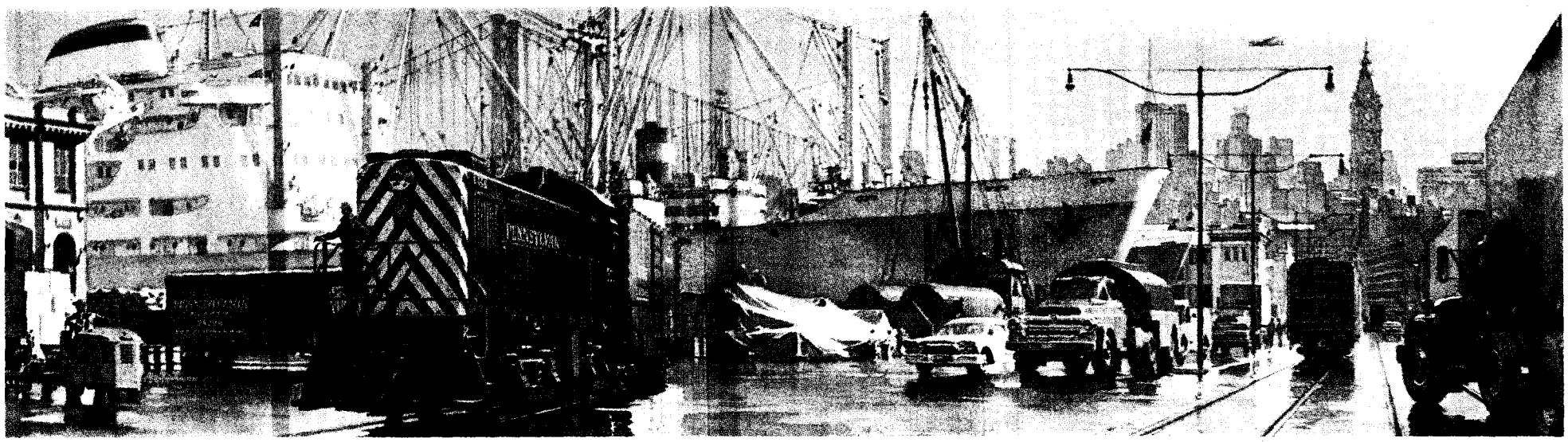


Business grows faster

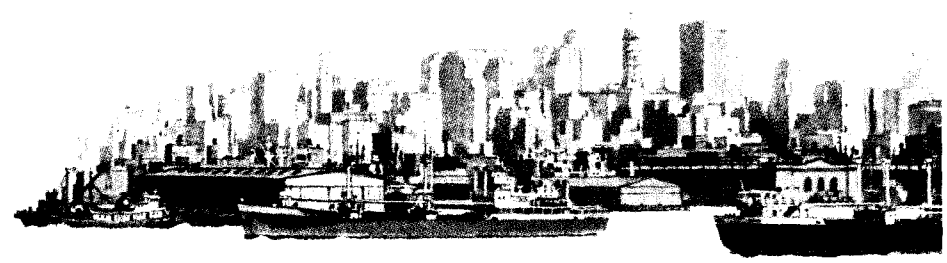


in Greater Philadelphia



where goods move faster

Industries grow fast in the Greater Philadelphia area, where raw materials and important markets are within easy reach. Here are a superb port, which leads the nation in imports; a really international airport; three major railroads; and superhighways that speed motor transport. Here, too, are pleasant living conditions that lure the cream of the nation's skilled workers, and an abundance of low-priced electric power, available for every need. Truly, this is a Land of Plenty . . . one that would make a perfect site for your plant.



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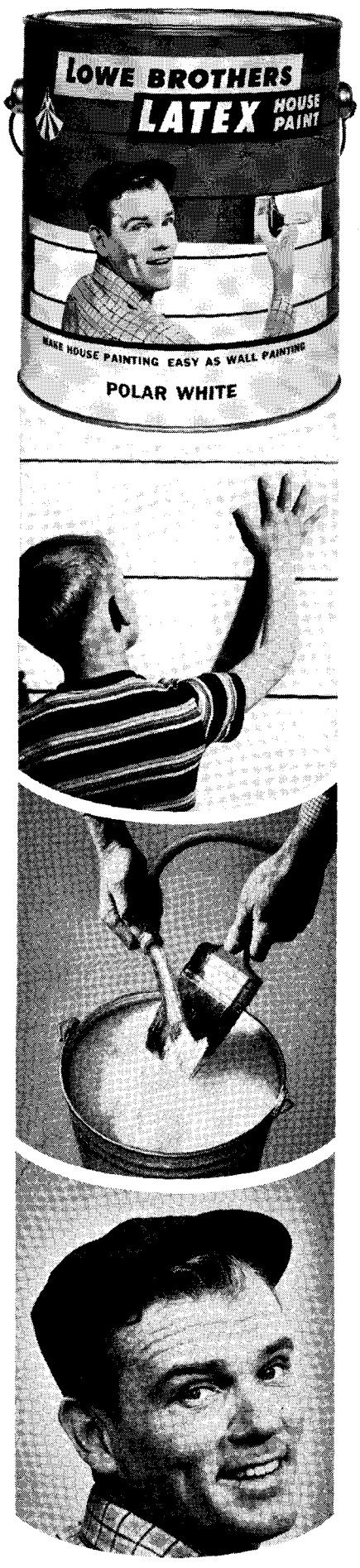

Flows on so fast! Brushes or rolls on so easily you'll wonder why you waited so long to tackle the job. Goes on wood or masonry . . . you can even paint when surfaces are damp!

Dries in minutes—not hours! No time for bugs or dirt to mar its velvet-smooth finish. And Lowe LATEX House Paint gives you a dazzling white . . . colors that stay bright—longer!

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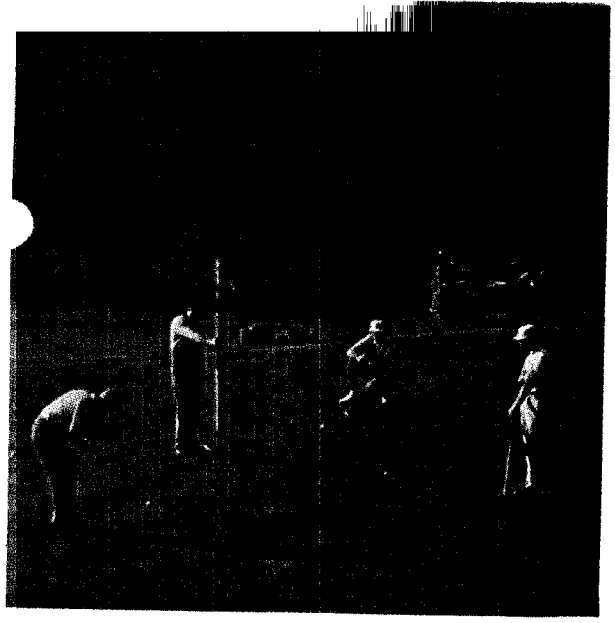

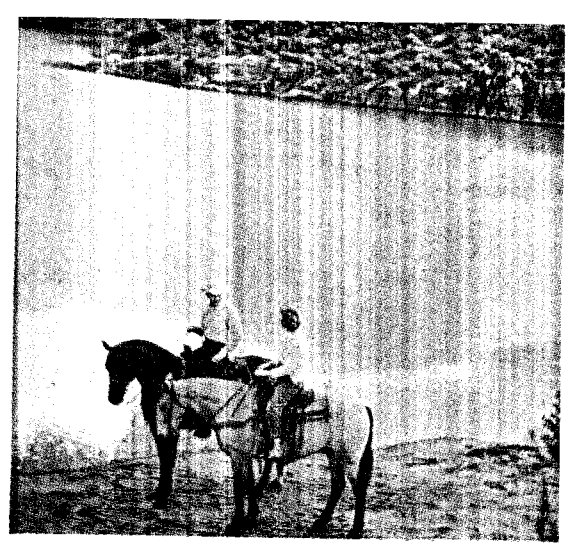

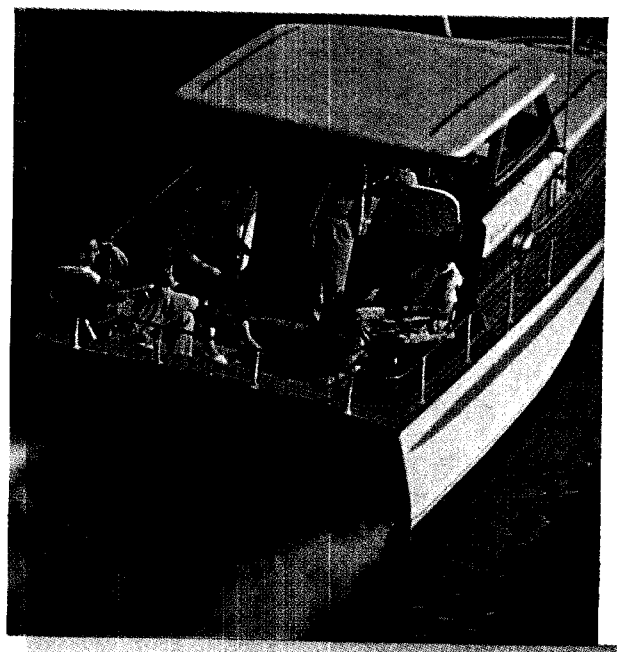

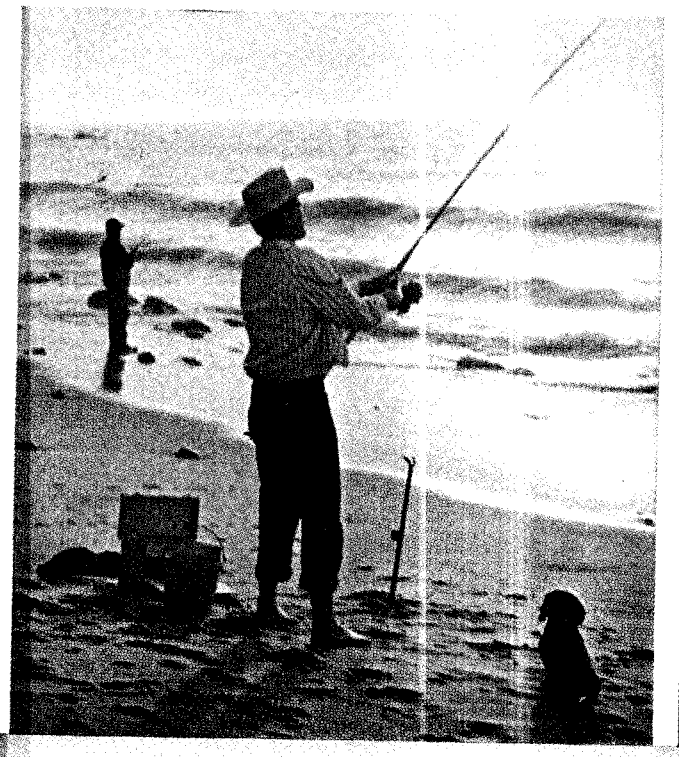

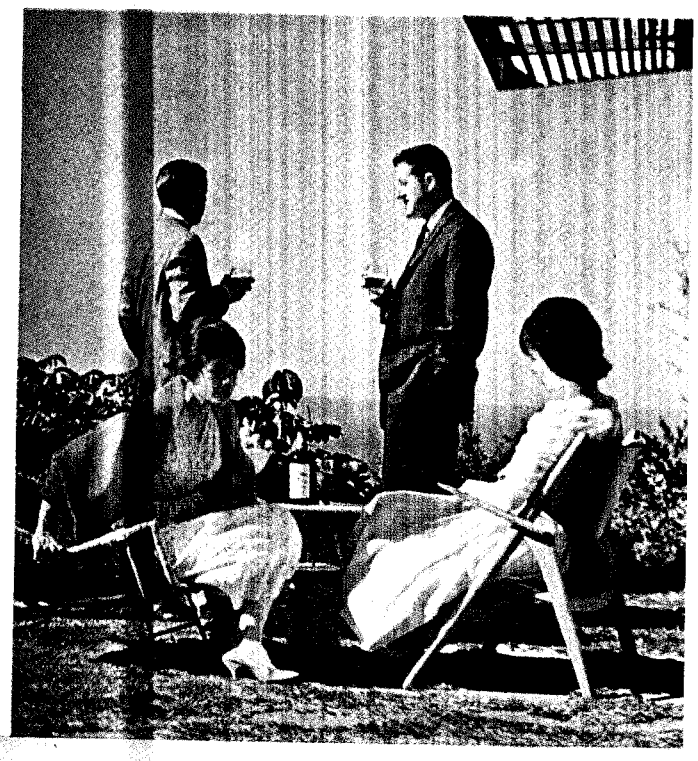

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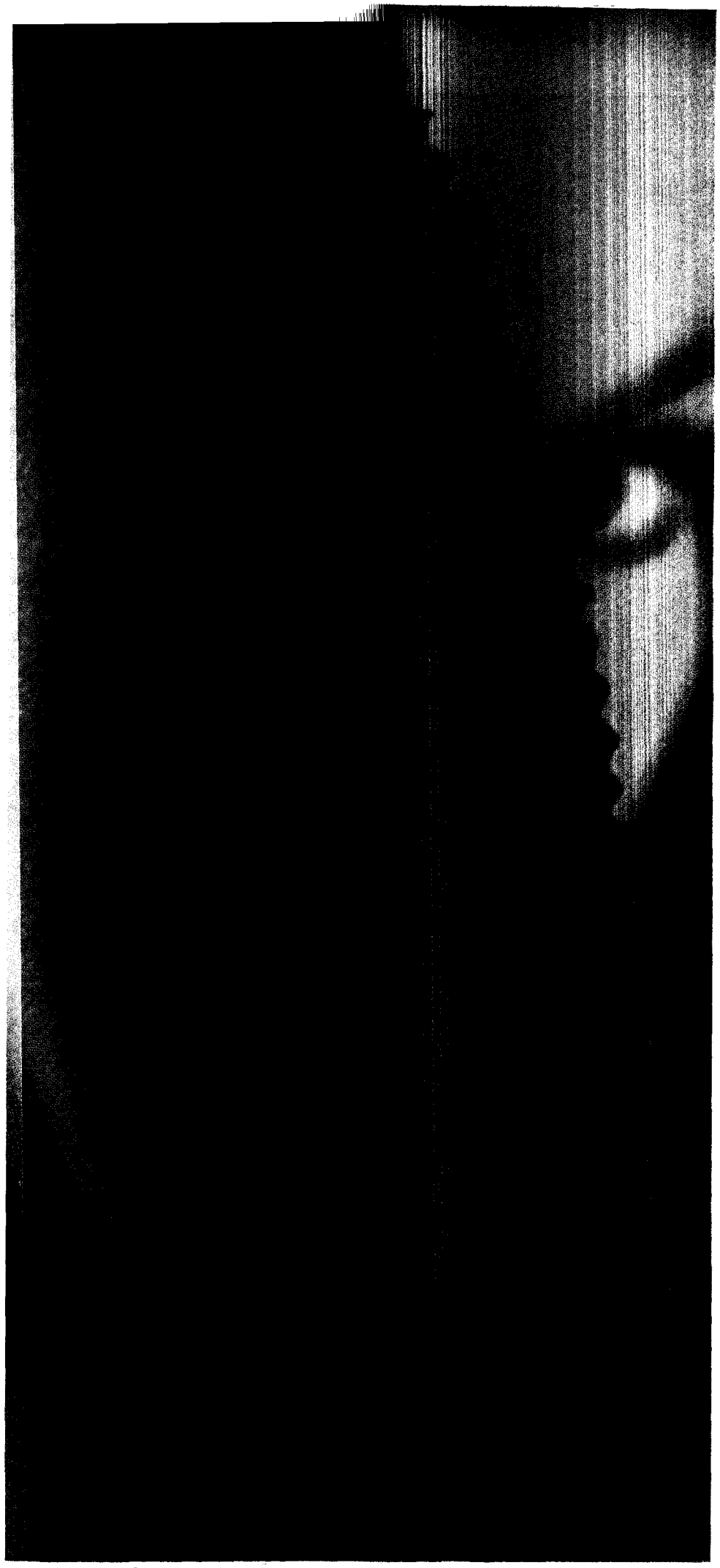

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Presto! Table becomes fiery conversation piece with Formica® laminated plastic. This is Signal Red, just one in a showcase of new, exclusive Formica colors and patterns. Work your color magic on furniture, walls, cabinets, counters. Insist on quality Formica.

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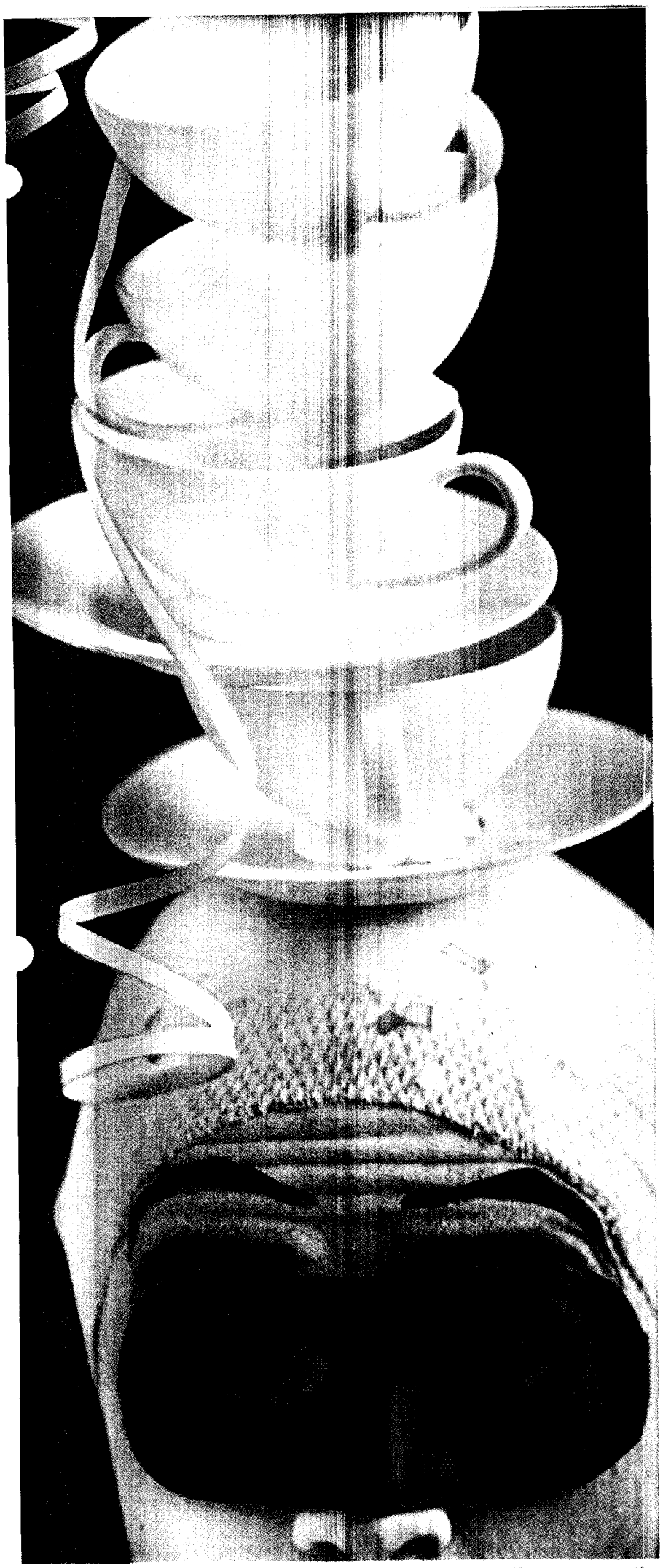

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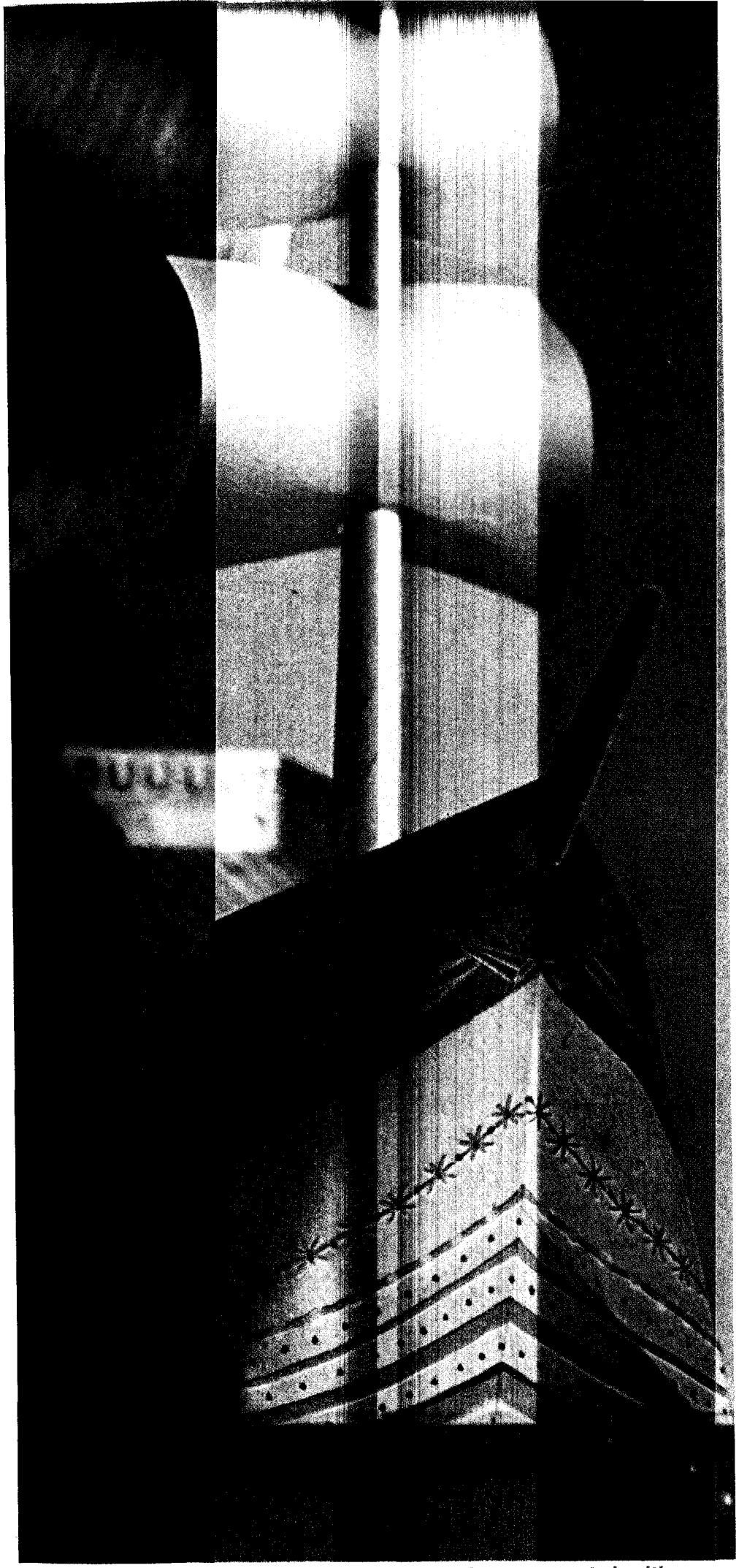

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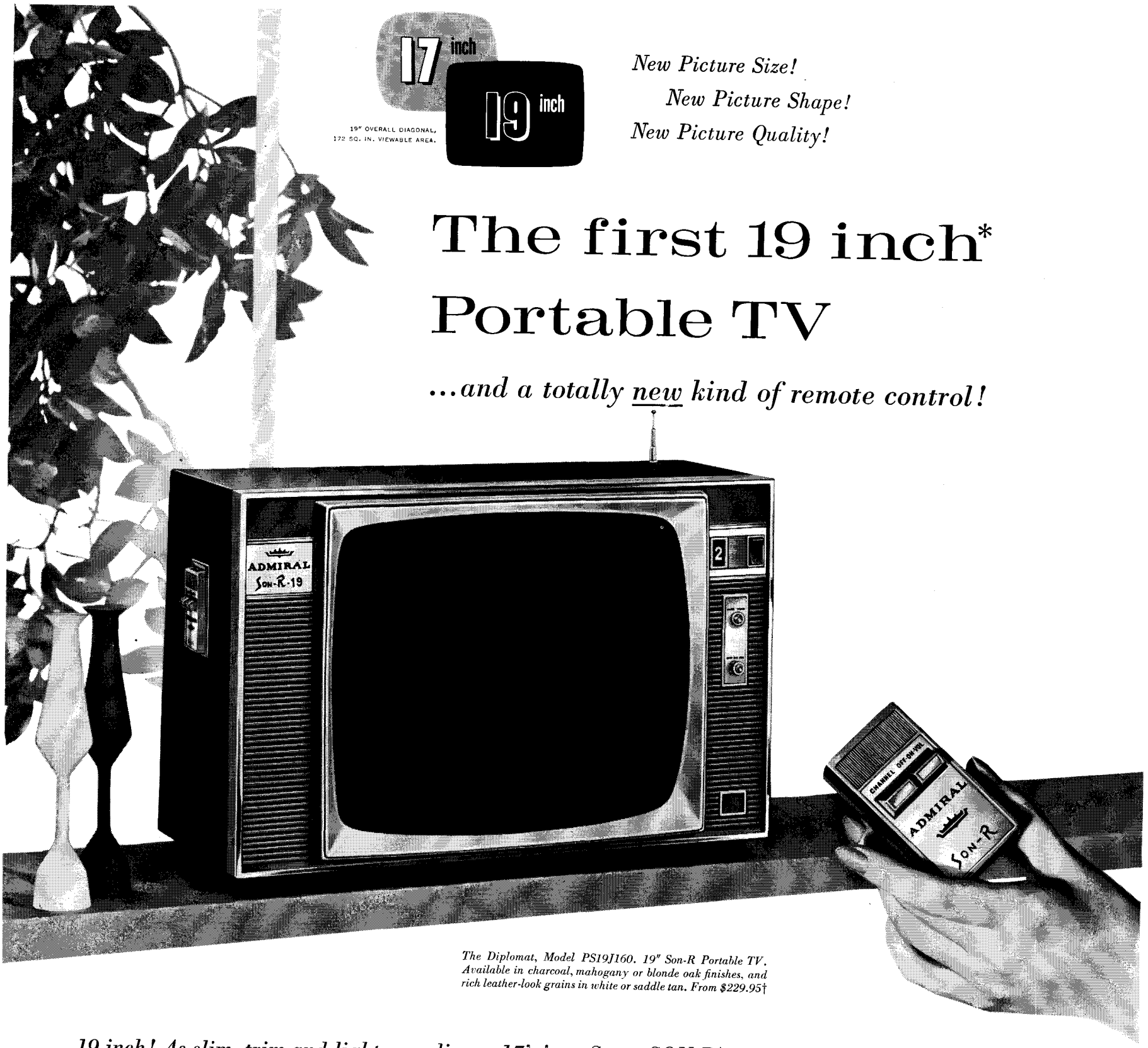

The Diplomat, Model PS19J160. 19" Son-R Portable TV. Available in charcoal, mahogany or blonde oak finishes, and rich leather-look grains in white or saddle tan. From $229.95†

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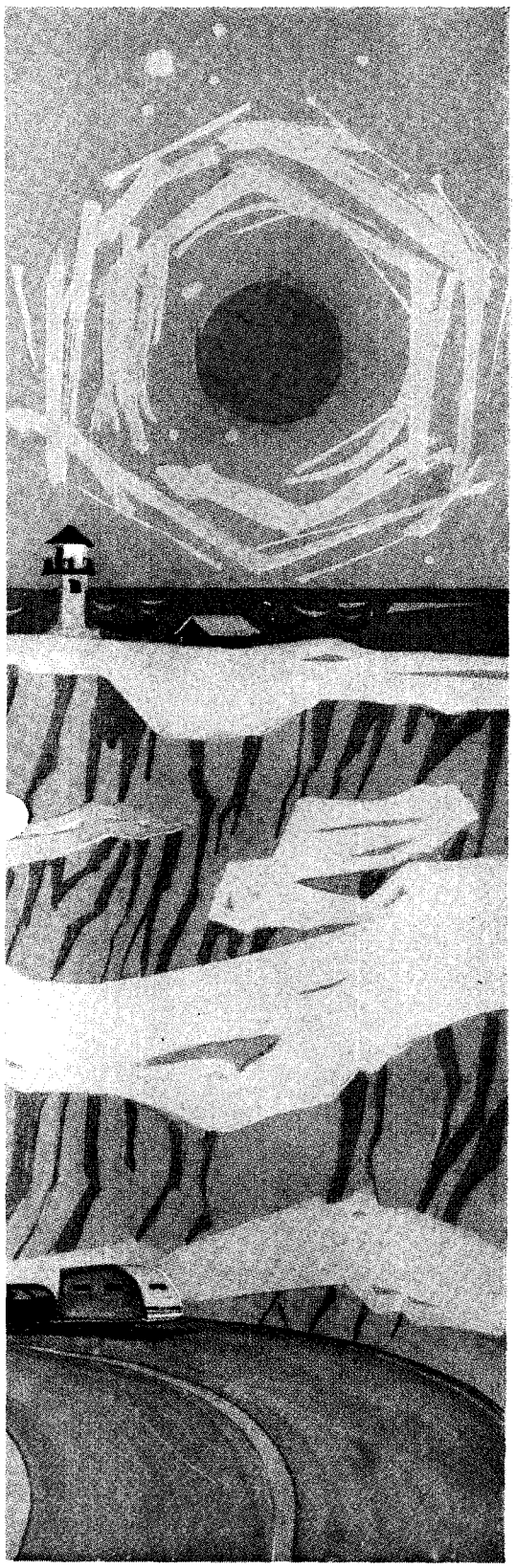

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THE Glittering Widow OF Trenton, N.J.

By ROUL TUNLEY

A unique example of American womankind is Mary Roebling, bank president, stock-exchange governor and exponent of making money and being glamorous too.

IN 1776 Washington crossed the Delaware and stormed Trenton. In 1933 Mary Roebling, a young bride who had just quit her job in Philadelphia, did the same thing. If she did not, like the general, turn the tide of Revolution, it is safe to say that the staid New Jersey capital has never been quite the same since.

Trentonians have their own way of putting it: "As Mary goes, so goes Trenton." This may be a slight exaggeration, but it does express the spirit of things. Certainly one thing is true: as the only woman head of a major bank in the United States, as the first woman governor of a major stock exchange and as the most mobile female to come along since the fast-flying Eleanor Roosevelt, Mrs. Roebling is far and away the most talked-about woman in New Jersey today.

This is a state of affairs which she does nothing to discourage. Not long ago the New Jersey Association of Newspaper Women, experts in such matters, chose her as "the most publicized woman in the state." Such an honor might be questioned by some. Not so by Mrs. Roebling. She not only accepted the award in person but made a speech which, in effect, gave tacit approval to their good judgment.

Mary Gindhart Herbert Roebling. Forty thousand people put their savings in her well-manicured hands.

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Even her best friends wouldn't pretend she's a shrinking violet. For example, she employs a full-time public-relations man to handle her personal publicity. In all honesty, however, his job is largely one of totting up the clippings. For Mrs. Roebling is her own best publicist, whether she's making a grand entrance at the Metropolitan Opera in a Dior original or whether she's riding at the head of a local firemen's parade with a baton in hand.

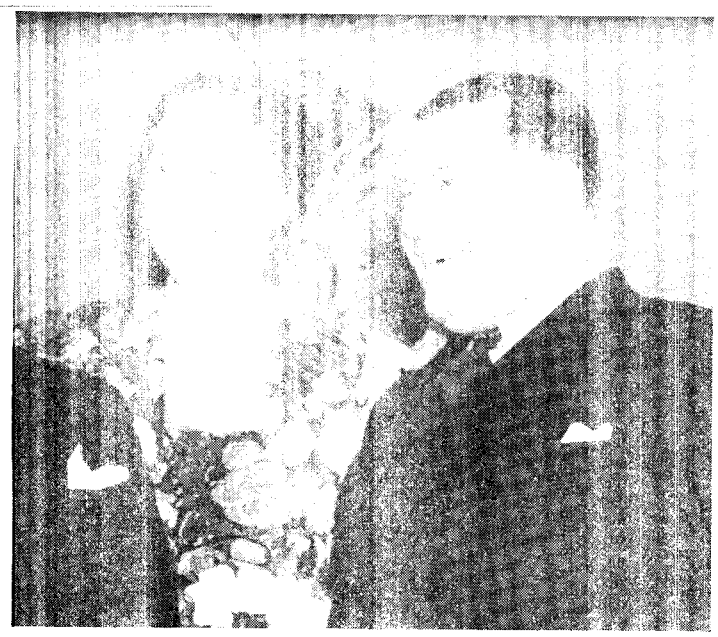
When fellow Trentonians are not reading about her in the paper or seeing her picture in the Sunday supplements—although they usually are—she makes sure they hear about her on the air. Nineteen times a week, paid radio spots plug her bank, the Trenton Trust. They usually end up with the same announcement: the bank's name and the reminder that Mary G. Roebling is president and chairman of the board.

Sometimes all this publicity boomerangs. One day not long ago, for example, a stocky old woman, wearing a *babushka* and speaking in strong Central European accents, plunked $25,000 down on the counter of a rival bank. The startled teller got into conversation with the woman and learned she had just withdrawn the money from the Trenton Trust. "I no like that Mary Roebling," she declared.

When the man inquired why, she banged her hand on the counter. "Every time I open the paper I see her picture right there—in evening dress! I don't think that's any way for a woman to act!"

Fortunately for the Trenton Trust few people share this point of view. In fact, 40,000 depositors (roughly one third of the entire population of Trenton) have entrusted their savings to her well-manicured hands. It can only be assumed that they accept Mrs. Roebling's brand of razzle-dazzle as canny merchandising. Actually she's an old hand at it. Long before it was fashionable for banks to give away cocktail glasses, alarm clocks and layettes, or to install ice rinks in their lobbies at Christmastime, Mrs. Roebling was busy brewing up her own kind of come-on—professional window decorators, special music at Christmas and 50,000 pots of shamrock to give away on St. Patrick's Day.

To say that the name of Mary G. Roebling has been fully advertised in each and every one of the bank's accomplishments does not mean, however, that the accomplishments are any less. Under her stewardship there has been solid progress. Bank deposits up to 1957 (after which mergers make comparisons difficult) increased by 300 per cent. Her biggest competitor—the all-male First Trenton National, which is the largest bank in town—chalked up an increase considerably less. In addition she is a director of eighteen corporations, as well as an officer in numerous civic, charity and political organizations, many of them "firsts" for a woman. In fact, the honors came so thick and fast a year ago that the city decided to make note of them by declaring a "Mary Roebling



1957: Governor Harold Hoffman, [illegible] implicated by something [illegible], have been involved in the 1954 scandal caused by his posthumous confession of stealing $300,000 from state funds while he was governor of New Jersey. But the ensuing investigation cleared her completely.

The "Glittering Widow" in 1938, one year after she became a bank president. Here she and J. Allee Bierman rehearse the Lambeth Walk for a charity ball.

This hectic scene in her executive office is exaggerated—but not much. Her "jet-speed existence," says the author, resembles "a fast-paced movie in vivid color."

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She frequently entertains up to thirty dinner guests at a table near this elegant indoor pool, which is kept at tropical temperature the year around.

Day," a gesture that has been made to no one else, not even General Washington.

All in all, Mary Roebling moves through the conservative world of high finance like a shocking-pink flamingo in a colony of high-collared penguins. Since practically all the penguins in this colony are male, the contrast is even more striking.

In order to cope with this challenging situation Mrs. Roebling long ago evolved a professional credo. "Any woman who wants to make her mark in business," she says, "must make men forget she's a woman between nine and five, and must make them remember she's a woman for the balance of her waking hours."

In a sense she follows this dictum, but only up to a point. Certainly her drive is masculine and aggressive, and certainly the eye she casts down a balance sheet is as shrewd and appraising as any man's. But although she admires and is admired by the opposite sex, she makes few concessions to its vanity. In a man's world she loudly proclaims her femininity. Unlike most bankers' offices, for example, hers is a turquoise silk salon with a French love seat and walls of delicate *chinoiserie*. Whenever she's in it, the places exudes a heady odor of expensive perfume. Before she leaves for work in the morning she chooses a high-fashion dress or suit from a wardrobe of hundreds and worries over selecting just the right shade of lipstick. She'd almost rather miss an important conference than be caught with the wrong shade of lipstick.

Below, left: Police Capt. Louis Neese is a bit embarrassed as he pins a badge on Mrs. Roebling's low-cut gown. The occasion: a Recognition Dinner which Trenton gave her last year. Shown at right: her $500,000 house in the heart of town and her silver Rolls-Royce.

All this does not mean, however, that she can't be as down to earth as any man. If the occasion demands, she can forgo the trappings of luxury and come to grips with just about anything. Trentonians like to tell about the time when, during a strike, she personally operated one of the bank building's elevators. But her associates prefer the story of what happened during an Easter weekend. She had been staying with her mother and father in Moorestown when, starting off for a bank meeting on Monday morning, she discovered her car wouldn't start. She called the local garage, which could neither fix it immediately nor lend her another automobile. "Haven't you got *anything* that will run?" she pleaded.

"Nothing except a truck," said the man.

She hung up with a smile.

A few minutes later the elegant Mrs. Roebling, clad in a $10,000 mink coat and a new Easter hat, climbed up to the wheel of a two-ton dump truck and set off for Trenton. She thundered up to the bank just in time for the meeting.

With such an exuberant approach to her job it is small wonder that Mary Roebling has become a controversial figure. She has, for example, been "overlooked" in appointments to major committees in both the American Bankers Association and the New Jersey Bankers Association—a situation that some bankers admit is nothing more than sheer jealousy. Certainly there's a lot for which to be jealous of Mrs. Roebling. In fact, the average middle-aged widow might easily look longingly at the glittering aspects of this fifty-four-year-old (Continued on Page 72)

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Evidence of Affection

She couldn't tell him what she'd learned about life. She had to show him.

By ESTHER R. B. WAGNER

When Clare suddenly took it in that Philip wasn't just kissing her good night—peck—but was really kissing her like absolutely crazy, or trying to, she was a very angry girl. She had known him all her life, waded around with him in ditches hunting for polliwogs; in high school she had gone to picnics with him, though never to proms, and for the last summer, her first at home since college, she had hung around with him a little, for tennis and swimming. But that he should think he could bring her home and do anything but peck—she was furious. She jerked backward and gave him a shove. She had had one big drink of whisky at the Skyline Roadhouse, but even without that she was a girl with a loose-hung tongue and an easy command of words—"facility," her English teachers were always saying.

"Took me to the Skyline—gambling joint, ha, little old dice tables and those poor old wheels! And you think, Philip McGrath, you *think* this makes a big change, you can slobber ——" But her tongue and her vocabulary failed her entirely. She slapped, and she stamped, and shouted at him to go home, further uninhibited by the knowledge that her father and mother were out of town, a fact which had encouraged her in the first place to coax Phil about the Skyline. She whirled about on her tall gold heels and swished into the living room and across it, to its windows which looked out on the front walk.

She was reinfuriated to see him still standing there, perplexed, bemused, standing passively by the door of his car. She hadn't got through to him! Was he smiling? The street light fell too dimly. Rage shook her young body. She was pale and wild-eyed, tan hair falling round her cheeks. "Oh! oh!" she gasped, and caught up a phonograph record that lay on the couch by the window. In the cold center of her hot little brain lay a hard determination to make a real scene out of this.

But as she stamped across the room, clutching the record, the tail of her eye under her scowling eyebrow caught sight of a form. A large man in a Chinese dressing gown sat in her father's armchair, watching her through owly-looking spectacles.

This was her Uncle Pell, and she was in no mood to see him or say anything to him. He was not her real uncle—her father's friend of many years, always elk hunting and salmon fishing and doing all the other outdoors things daddy liked to do. And the worst thing was, everybody was always thinking she must be especially interested in him, for everybody who knew her knew she wanted to be a writer, and was going to be a writer, and that her Uncle Pell was a writer and an extravagantly successful one.

Her complex feelings about Uncle Pell were so far subsurface at this moment that she didn't say "Ump" or "Ugh," even, on seeing him there, let alone stop to ask what he was doing. She swished past. *Later*, she thought, for Uncle Pell.

But you could never reckon without Uncle Pell's bottomless appetite for entertainment. Her father or her real uncle or any other parent-aged male she knew would have spoken to her at once, probably sharply, and if he knew her at all would have expressed some astonishment and distaste at her attitude. Uncle Pell just wanted to see what was going on, and from as close up as possible. Exactly like him!

She was only very obscurely conscious of his bulk moving swiftly, with that uncanny gift he had for silence and speed despite his size and natural noisiness, behind her down the front walk. She lashed out at Philip McGrath, standing by his car obviously waiting for her to come out and say she was sorry. She told him—well, there weren't any words for what she had to tell him, so she simply bopped him with the record, on the head. Then she threw the record into the gutter, hissed at Philip and boxed his ears as her old nurse used to do when she was five.

She sailed back into the house, now thoroughly aware of that padding bulk at her heels. She left the door open and heard him close it firmly behind him. She stood arrow straight in the living room to hear what he would have to say, since hear it she must, she supposed—they always had something to get off their old chests.

"Now, Clare," said Uncle Pell, "you ought've known better'n that. There's absolutely nothing at all in breaking a record over a man's head these days, with vinyl and all that stuff. Now in the old days, the seventy-eights, I'll admit there was some satisfaction to it. Splat! Crack! Little black things falling all around."

She said nothing. It was typical of all her dealings with Uncle Pell that he switched her off onto a new track. Before she quite knew where she was, she was the last place she expected to be—sitting on the couch with him, chewing a little end of her long tan hair, twisting her feet, admitting to him that she had acted like a child. She also found herself—and this was very

(Continued on Page 120)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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She reached up and kissed the astonished Phil quickly and sweetly on the lips.

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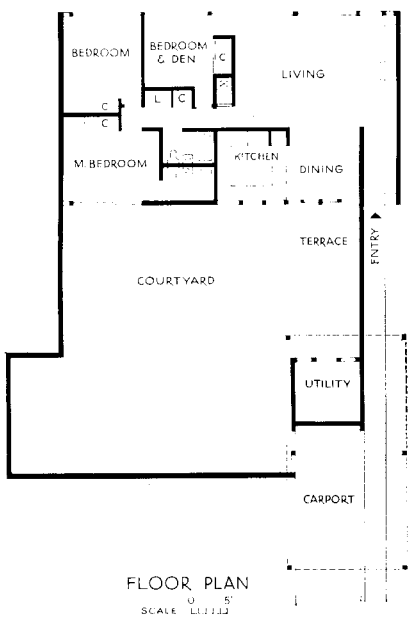
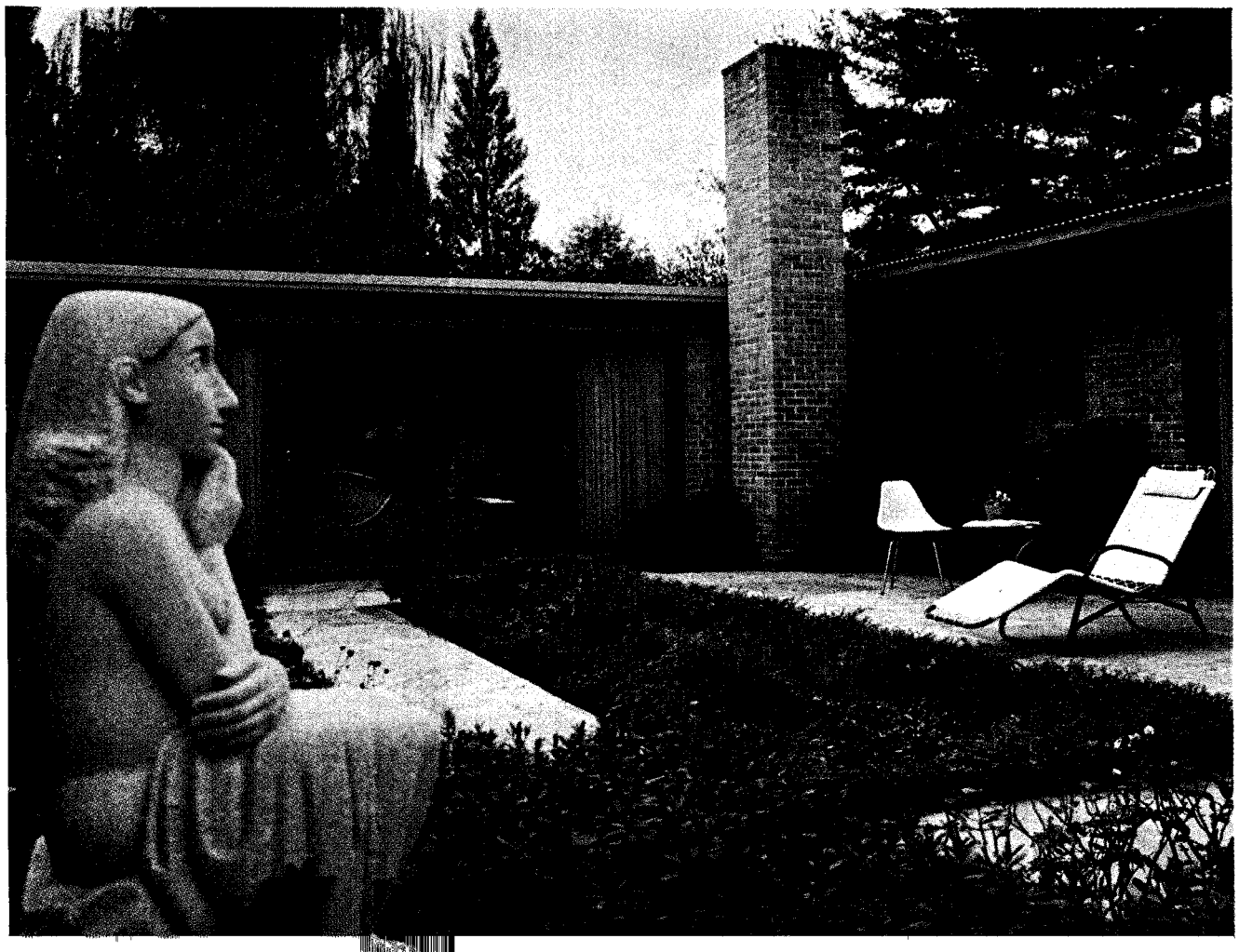
The neighbors, when the Henrys' house was being built, referred to it as "Fort Henry" because of the blank walls facing the street and the properties on both sides. They are as pleased as the owner, however, with the finished job.



Henry House, Bartow, Florida

The William O. E. Henry dwelling at Bartow, Florida, is sheltered on three sides by the high masonry wall of a front-yard court and carport which are part of the structure. The house proper has glass walls in the front and the back, so that all rooms except the baths are visually open to the court or to the rear yard, bordered by dense woods. "It is much more pleasant for me to look at a nicely landscaped courtyard in front and at the natural beauty of the woods in the back," Mrs. Henry says, "than onto a busy street or the clothesline of a neighbor." The design was developed by architect Gene Leedy for Winter Haven builder Robert McElroy, who wanted a three-bedroom, two-bath house to sell at $20,000 or less. A slight increase in size and air-conditioning brought the cost of the Henry house and lot to $22,000. "Privacy must be had by architectural treatment rather than relying on large land areas today," Leedy believes. "But in achieving privacy the architect must be careful not to give his client claustrophobia. The cure must not be worse than the disease."

Raemisch's marble *Young Mother* guards the Carrolls' secluded courtyard. The recreation room is to the left of the free-standing chimney, built that way to avoid roof leaks which often develop around chimneys.



Carroll House, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

The court between the living area and the bedroom wing is the most used and appreciated feature of J. Roy Carroll Jr.'s house in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. Carroll, who is an architect, faced his home to the south, so the glass-walled bedrooms, living room and kitchen are filled with winter sun, but sheltered from direct light overhead in summer. Although the house occupies a large, secluded lot, its design provides almost total privacy from two directions. The west wall is devoid of windows and the north contains only enough glass to light the hallway which extends from the entrance hall to the living room. The Carrolls have three daughters, who make good use of the gallery recreation room which connects the bedroom wing with the main portion of the house. The low-pitched roof consists of planks supported at the peak by central laminated wood beams. The planks are exposed indoors and covered on the outside by corrugated aluminum which has been treated to retain a green, weathered-copper color. The house, built by Paul Restall, cost approximately $50,000

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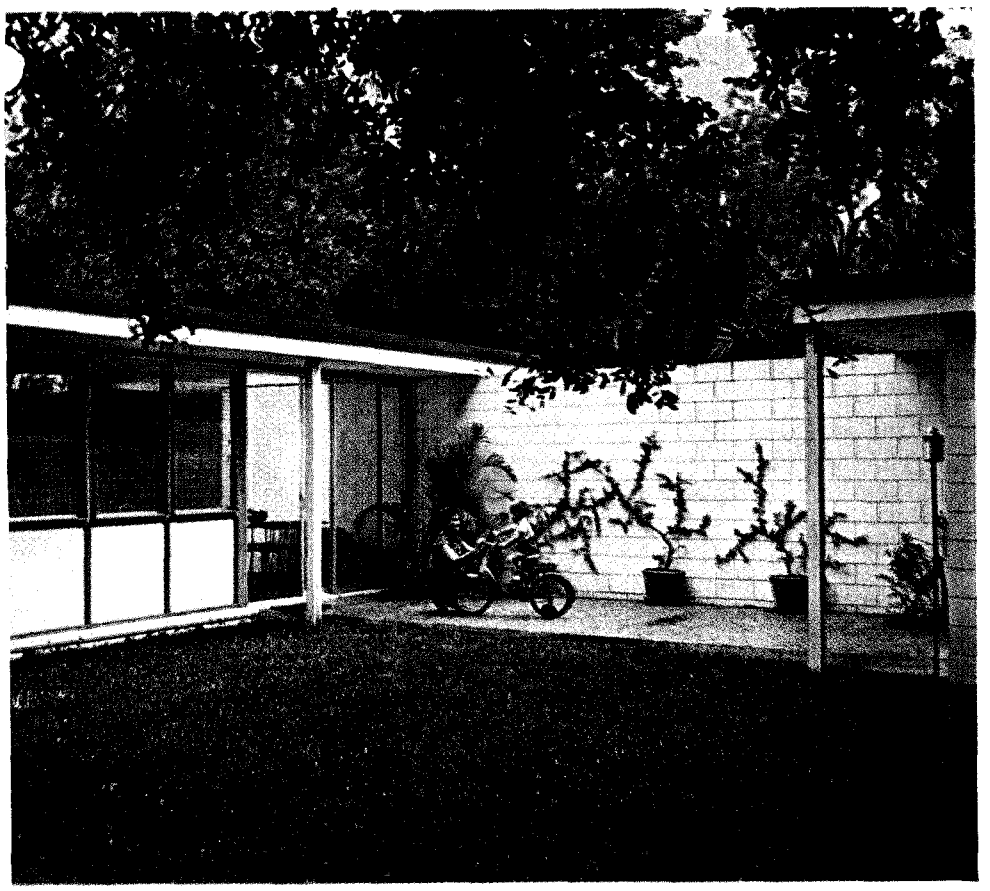
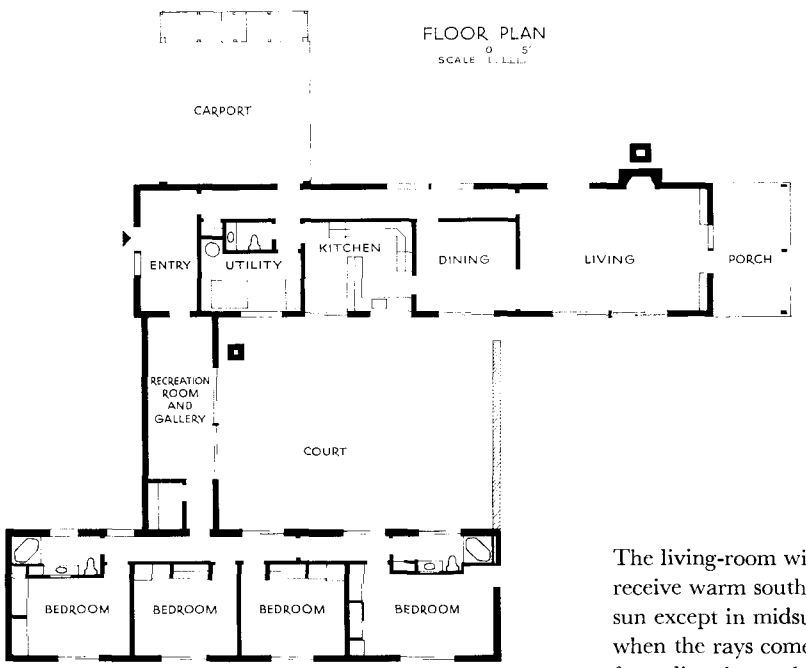
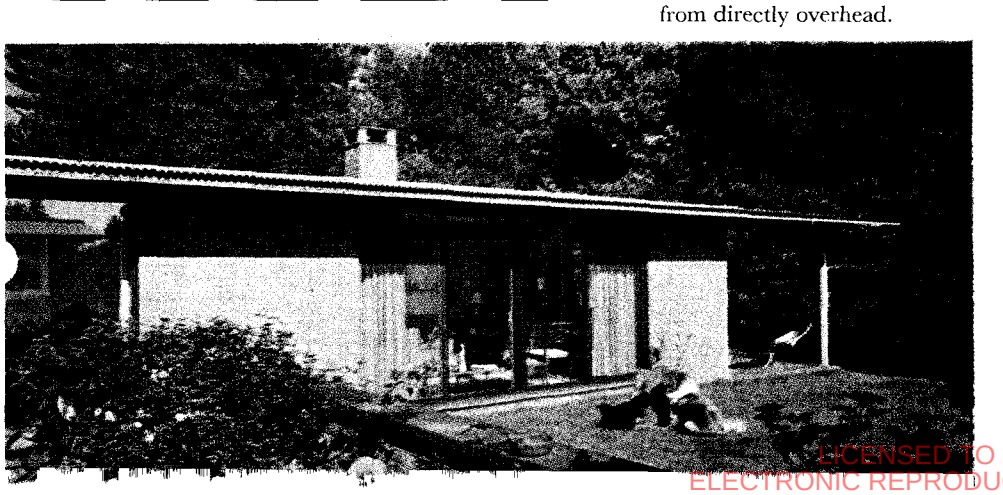


The courtyard is a convenient, safe play area for the Henrys' children. The main entranceway to the house is on the other side of the wall shown. There is also a doorway into the court from the carport, at right.



The living-room windows receive warm southern sun except in midsummer, when the rays come from directly overhead.



New Designs For Living

By Arnold Nicholson

A Post editor's report on contemporary dwellings in which the pleasures of indoor-outdoor living are combined with much-needed privacy in our increasingly crowded land.

At a guess, not more than 10 per cent of the million or more homes to be built this year will be purely contemporary in design. Most new houses stop short of a complete break with the past. The popularity of the "Colonial" label and its use on dwellings that are completely unlike the structures of early America is a case in point.

Acceptance of the all-out modern home is not impressive, considering the forty-year period in which freedom from tradition has grown to dominate the thinking of architects and the appearance of all types of structures except single-family dwellings. Either the architects have only a limited influence on home design,

Continued on following page

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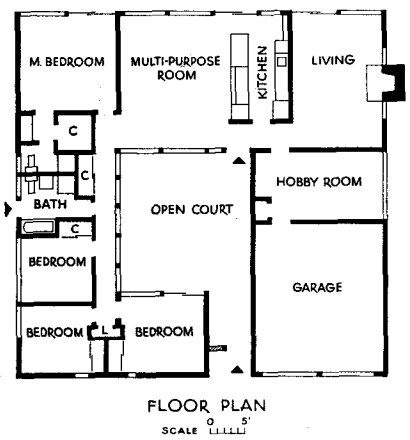
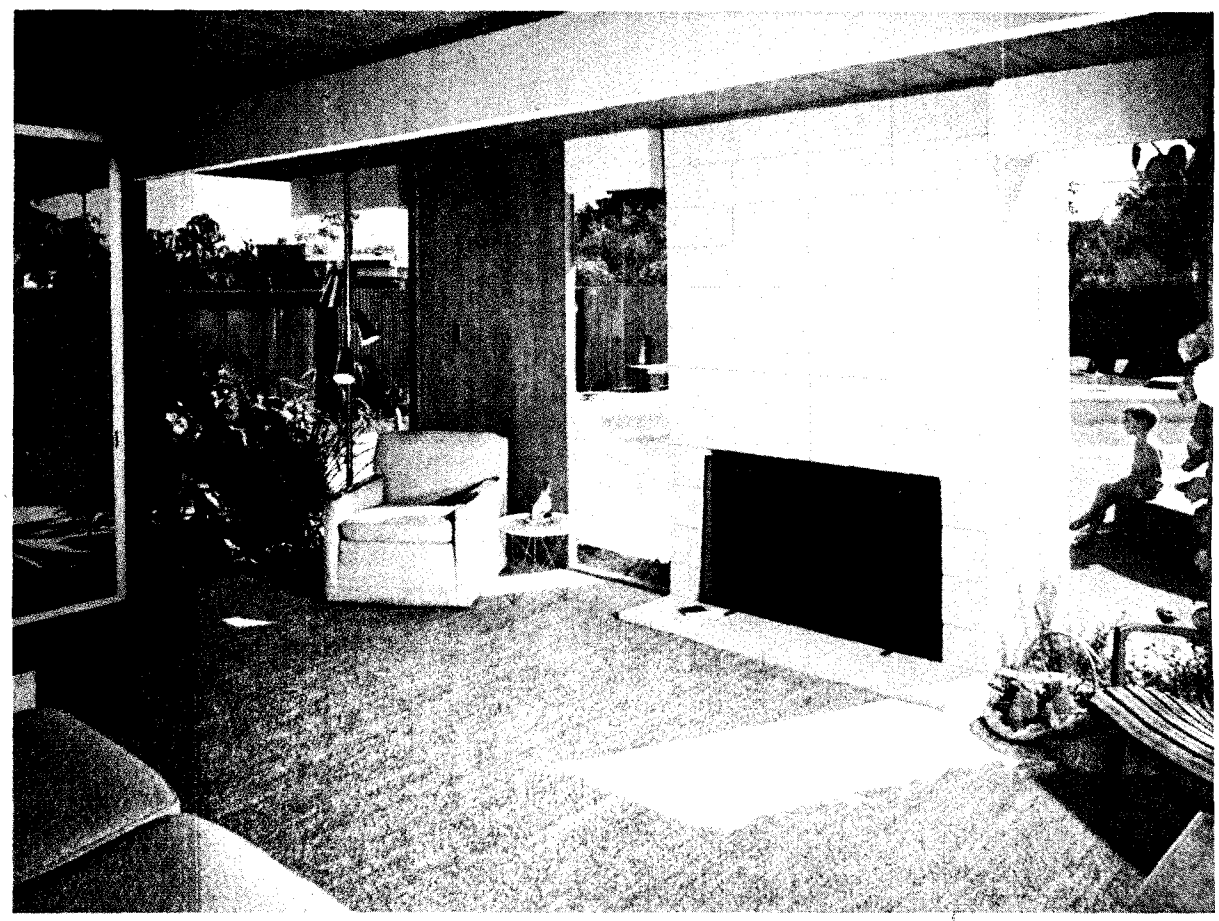
h the home-buyers' tastes. Both assumptions are valid. Home design as a rule is not profitable work for an established architect. He must concentrate on larger projects once he has built a staff and is faced with meeting a payroll. His services, furthermore, are difficult to sell to the cost-conscious builder. And both the builder and his customers seldom are as eager as the architect to discard traditional forms for the advantages of a new approach. But this is not the whole story of contemporary architecture's slow acceptance in the home field. Tradition is reflected in many restrictions on the use of land, in outmoded building regulations *Continued on page 68*



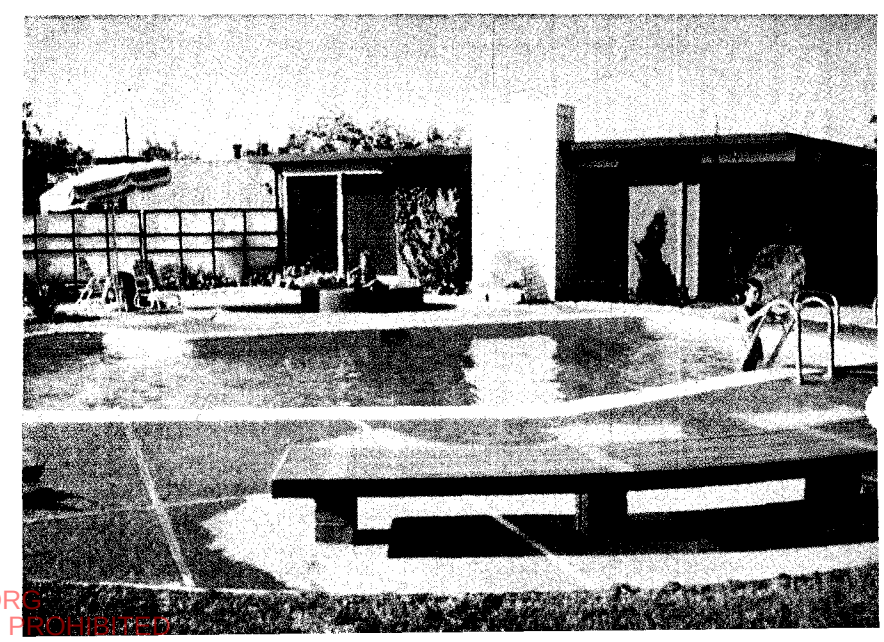
FLOOR PLAN
SCALE 0 5'

Bell House, Sunnyvale, California



The living room looks out to the fenced-in rear yard where the Bells' lot—only a fifth of an acre—provides ample space for a swimming pool, barbecue and play area, shown below from the far corner of their property.

Californians like indoor-outdoor living, but they want privacy too. The Jean Bells and their children have this combination in a dwelling built around a central court, with a fenced garden and recreation area at the rear of their small suburban lot. The floor plan illustrates the seclusion provided by the walled-in, Mediterranean design employed by architects Anshen and Allen. The street front is an almost windowless wall, and the Bells' property, like that of their neighbors, is surrounded sides and rear by a high wooden fence. The front entrance leads through the green-planted open court, or atrium, to the multi-purpose room at the rear of the house. The Bells use this room, which has sliding glass doors opening to the rear garden as well as to the atrium, primarily for dining. Guests are received here, but adult friends are entertained in the secluded corner living room. The Bells' three boys have their own hideaway in a hobby room next to the garage. This development house, built by Eichler Homes, has been duplicated hundreds of times with minor variations. It cost $22,000, to which the Bells added about $7000 for landscaping and for their swimming pool.



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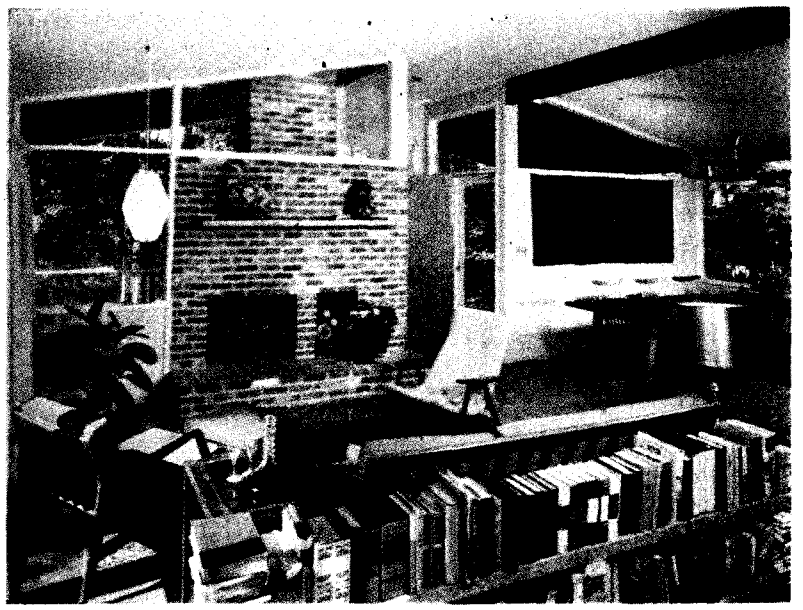
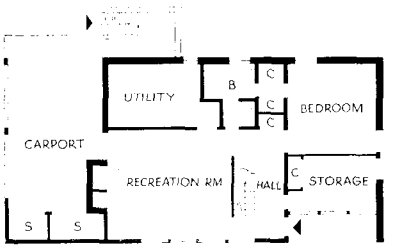
Williamson House,

Potomac Overlook, Md.

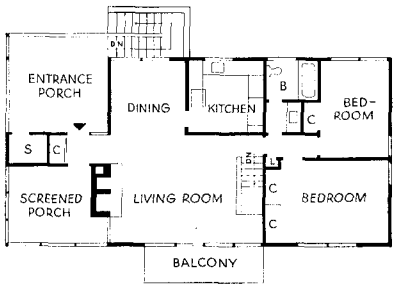
Mr. and Mrs. David Williamson Jr. describe their home in the woods, overlooking the Potomac River, as "intelligently integrated" with its surroundings in a way that is "informal, yet dignified." These were the aims of architects Keyes, Lethbridge and Condon in using variations of this design for twenty-one houses built by Matthews and Potter and by the Bennett Construction Company on a steep, eleven-acre hillside. Because the first floor was built into the side of the hill in most locations, excavation and grading were held to a minimum. Trees were retained and strips of natural forest growth left between the lots for privacy. The Williamsons' house and lot cost approximately $30,000. Architect Lethbridge specified a pitched, rather than flat or shed roof for two reasons: to create a spacious interior on the upper floor, where the ceiling height rises to twelve feet at the roof tree; and to furnish an overhanging eave above the glass panels on the long sides of the house. Although the Williamsons have no children, they agree with neighbors who have young families that the room arrangement strikes a happy medium between open planning and seclusion.



The Williamsons' vaulted living-dining room is open to trees and sky on three sides. The porch beyond the fireplace is walled off by glass.



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN SCALE 0 5'



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN SCALE 0 5'

The placement of this home makes the most of a two-story plan in which the principal rooms have large glass areas to create a visual link with the outdoors.

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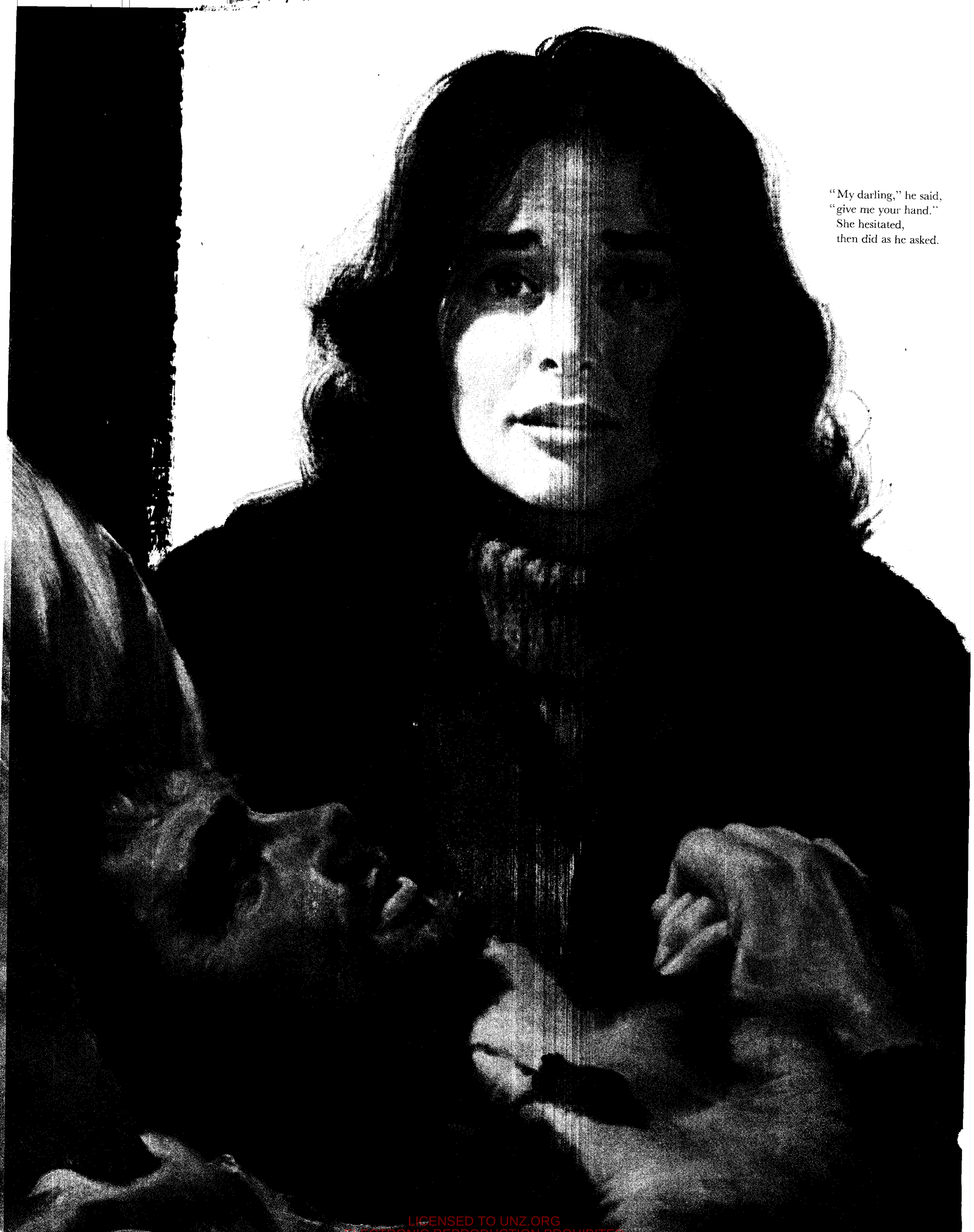

"My darling," he said,
"give me your hand."
She hesitated,
then did as he asked.

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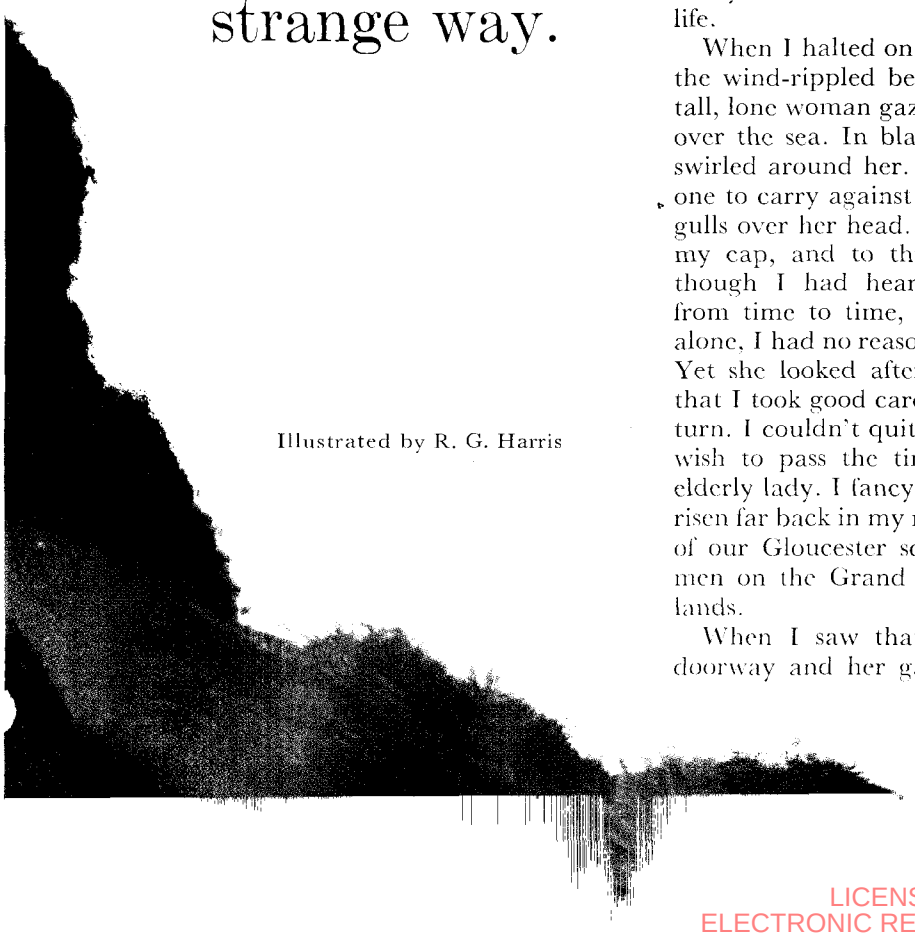
The Wedding of Marie Rose

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

Sometimes love comes into a woman's life in a strange way.



Illustrated by R. G. Harris

Because a vessel may not be unloaded a St. Pierre on a Sunday, I had the day to myself and I spent it by taking a walk out to Galantrie Head, where lies the abandoned hamlet once called Galantrie. There the Atlantic tides pass and repass between the French islands and Newfoundland.

Often enough, while taking my vessel into St. Pierre harbor, I had looked at Galantrie, its bone-white walls askew and the falling ruins of salt-scoured shelters for boats, long since removed to better fishing grounds. Only one cottage stood sound and whole at the time of my visit. In it Marie Rose had lived all her life.

When I halted on the hill, I saw her pacing the wind-rippled beach near her doorway, a tall, lone woman gazing out of those ruins and over the sea. In black curves a Breton cloak swirled around her. I gave her a hail, a loud one to carry against the wind and the cries of gulls over her head. When she turned I lifted my cap, and to this salute she bowed. Although I had heard something about her, from time to time, and knew that she lived alone, I had no reason to be sure of a welcome. Yet she looked after me with such keenness that I took good care to pass nearer on my return. I couldn't quite figure out why I should wish to pass the time of day with such an elderly lady. I fancy that her name had again risen far back in my memory, crowded by tales of our Gloucester schooners and Gloucestermen on the Grand Bank and among the islands.

When I saw that she stood between her doorway and her gate and gazed at me directly, I gave her the deep Newfoundland bow from the waist that my grandfather had taught me. He had been the third generation of our family to trade with the French.

She answered in the precise English of the convent school at St. Pierre. She glided forward, opened her gate and made a sign that I should enter. Even so quickly, I discerned that some quality in me had moved her deeply. The onrushing mood of her heart came into her eyes until they became suffused, like the eyes of a young woman in the way of love-making.

When I followed into the kitchen, I said to myself: *How very strange! She is stirred by tenderness.* I surmised that she might have remembered my grandfather. No, my name had no meaning to her.

She said, "Captain, you are a courteous young man, indeed. It is an event—a true event—in my life when a stranger pauses at my door. I have long been the only inhabitant of Galantrie."

I made a reply concerning her graciousness. She sat prim in an ancient, straightbacked chair that I thought had been made of rosewood. Wine and glasses were set out in my honor, and there were almond cakes from her oven. The blue day mixed mildly with the sea shadows changing on blue walls and the gleam of blue delft dishes upright on the mantelpiece. Next to a gold-rimmed cup of extraordinary size there lay a tool of our Gloucester fleet: a wooden bailer. On its scoop I read a vessel's name: *The Lark.*

Once more the remembrance of childhood began, and I recalled that in my father's boyhood *The Lark* had come home, her colors at half-mast for a young captain lost in a dory. *And how did it happen*, I asked myself, lifting my glass to her, *that he left his deck to haul fish in a dory?*

My striving memory told a tale of a doryman injured off the French islands. The captain had taken that man's place in the dory. A sundering gale had struck in. *The Lark* had had a brave afternoon of searching for dories. At nightfall she had found the captain's dorymate clinging to a trawl buoy. The captain had flung him that buoy, and then the gale had driven the dory off into the darkness. I remembered, too, that it had been a greenhorn blunder on the doryman's part that sent him slipping over the side.

"A safe voyage home, captain." Marie Rose touched her lips to the glass. It was only then I discovered the rare color of her eyes—the exact hue of meadow violets; and I recalled more of her. Those eyes had made her a great beauty, according to Armand LeMay, who had been my family's agent on the French island for half a century.

I rose to make my farewell, and I looked down at her, discovering traces of her beauty even in the sparse, untinted figure she had become. Her capable hands, long-fingered and reddened by a lifetime of labor, lay in her lap, the left hand quite hidden by the right.

"On my next voyage, madame, may I have the pleasure of bringing you some Boston apples?"

She thanked me; then, seeing my hand held out, she made her farewell. On looking after her hand when it

(Continued on Page 109)

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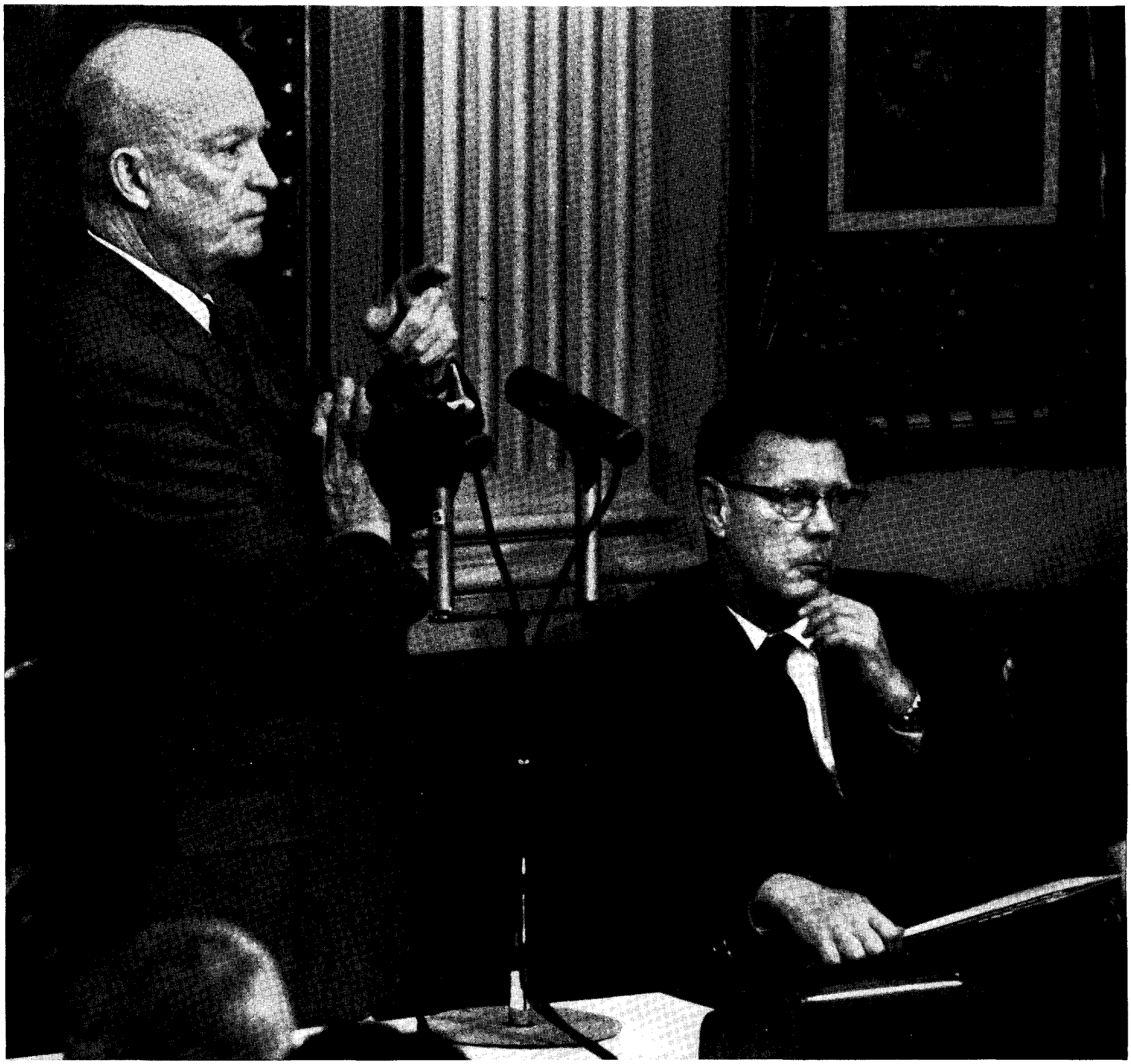

Presidential news conference, with the press secretary at his boss's side. Before these sessions, Hagerty outlines topics which reporters are likely to bring up, and briefs Ike for about 35 minutes.

Hagerty was Tom Dewey's long-time press secretary. "The conversion of Dewey into a lovable public character," says a friend, "will always remain Jim's masterpiece."

President Eisenhower approaches the end of his second term with a record of public confidence and affection unmatched in American annals. When future scholars review his Administration to determine its place in history, they may well decide that James Campbell Hagerty—an ex-newspaperman who has never professed to hold working papers as a statesman—was its most effective advocate.

The last seven and a half years has been an era of strain and stress, of repeated international crises, of nuclear tug of war and American tardiness in space. It has seen the President incapacitated by two major illnesses, both with protracted periods of convalescence. Yet there has never been more than temporary restiveness among a majority of the people, and there is every indication that the President will leave office without appreciable diminution of his personal popularity.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the credit for keeping affection for Eisenhower at a simmer belongs to Jim Hagerty, the indefatigable and sometimes rough-spoken White House press secretary who has served Ike so single-mindedly. Hagerty has signed no bills, executed no treaties and opened no seaways, but he has been a calm and articulate spokesman for the Administration in times of trouble and at all times its shrewdest public-relations adviser. He has dramatized a war-hero Presi-

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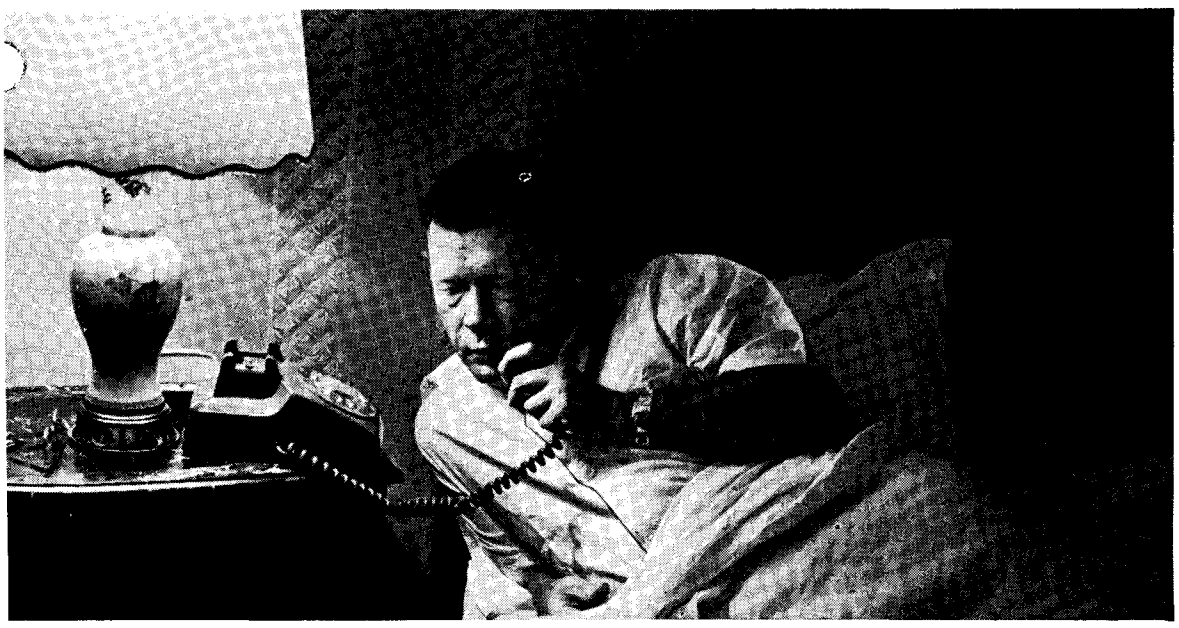

His bedside telephone has a direct line to the White House, and qualified reporters may call him at any hour; they always get an answer. "The bell wakes me up," he says, "so I might as well talk."

August, 1959: In his job as a "high-level tourist guide," he arrived in Paris a month ahead to prepare for Ike's official visit.

IKE'S MAN FRIDAY

By MILTON MACKAYE

A close look at Presidential Press Secretary Jim Hagerty's hectic routine as "mastermind" behind the Eisenhower image.

Jim, Marjorie and their younger son, Bruce, off for golf at the Columbia Country Club in Washington. Both Bruce and his brother Roger (not shown) are Marine Corps officers.

dent in hospital beds, at the Taj Mahal and down on the farm.

The post of White House press secretary, as now constituted, is too young to have much tradition about it, but few people will deny that Hagerty has exercised more power in the job than his predecessors. This has come about partly because the President has given him almost complete authority in dealing with press and communications and partly because of the world travel which statesmanship now seems to involve. Jim serves as scout and advance man for his boss's expeditions overseas, where he is the President's unfailing companion.

This has led to some misunderstanding abroad. One London newspaper last summer called Hagerty the mastermind of the Eisenhower Administration. Another remarked that he "tells the President what to say and how to say it." This occasioned hearty laughter among veteran reporters at the White House, just as did the statement of the London *Observer* that if Hagerty were a British civil servant, a grateful nation would eventually make him a peer. "No doubt," said one tickled correspondent, "Lord Hagerty of Harangue."

It is true that this is an era of public relations in politics and that Hagerty is a knowledgeable and hard-nosed technician. But the idea of a bespectacled, Episcopalian, Scotch-Irish Svengali operating in the west wing of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue was too much for credulity. Things just don't happen that way—particularly with a President who has been a five-star general and never for a moment forgets it. Hagerty doesn't make policy in domestic governmental affairs and distrusts himself so much in matters of foreign policy that he hesitates even to give reporters background information. He does not write the President's speeches—others are assigned to that task. He makes policy only in his particular field—the relationship of the President to press and public and the timely presentation of his views.

Actually the idea that a President has any responsibility to the press is newer than most people think. Woodrow Wilson was the first to hold news

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"He wrote this today," the interpreter said. "Where did he go?"

THE ENEMY MESSAGE

The story of an American soldier's strange discovery on an embattled atoll.

By HOBERT SKIDMORE

Rolling the glass of akadama wine between his sweating palms, Eric Hoyl tried to make himself oblivious to the gabble of voices, the polite girlish laughter and the bawdy shouting. Although it was about as pastoral as San Diego on New Year's Eve, the bar in Kobe was called the Place of the Strange Flowers. Eric peered about the room, seeing the young sailors hilariously freed from the warless seas, and the Japanese girls, their gentleness and graciousness almost concealed beneath their western clothing and make-up.

Well, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em, he thought bitterly.

In some peculiar way, he knew, the years since his own war had held neither conviction nor reality. They were remarkable only for their fleetness. In all that time he had been obsessed, tormented with an aberration. Secretly he told himself his enemy had not been vanquished—not for him, at least. He had deluded himself into thinking he was coming to Japan to see its mountains and Inland Sea, its temples and lovely women, its colors and brooding mists; but now, near the end of his journey, he knew he had to face the truth. With Kyoto only a few hours away, he wondered why in heaven's name he had come halfway around the world looking for a soldier, probably dead, a man he had never seen.

Though she had had years of experience—as the respectable bar manager—in handling men who were truculent, odd or merely human, the mamma-*san*, Miyoko, warily watched the man near the door. There was an intense and withdrawn air

(Continued on Page 58)

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I ALWAYS HAVE HELP

A man who has had more than his share of trouble—alcoholism, shattered marriage, tragic losses—tells anonymously how he manages to face life, one day at a time.

A friend of mine recently sent me a greeting card with the title, "How to Live in These Troubled Times," and the answer printed inside: "Keep Breathing." If not very helpful it was at least appropriate. As I write this I'm in as warty a financial pickle as a small businessman could contrive—broke, no property, heavy family responsibilities, head of a small concern which is also broke, with creditors expecting in a few months to be paid $20,000 it hasn't got. Less than this has driven highly strung people to breakdown and even suicide, and I confess I am a little uneasy. But because of a limited grasp of a philosophy which members of a celebrated secret society call The 24-Hour Plan, I'm fairly confident of pulling through.

Well, now, you say, this is not so much to shout about. Lots of people carry on through difficulties. Yes, I would reply, and lots of people don't. We have 18,000 suicides a year and 500,000 asylum inmates. Commitments to state mental hospitals have doubled since the end of World War II. Every day legally sane people swallow a number of tons of sedatives and wash them down with several million gallons of soothing alcoholic beverages, and still we're jittery. If anyone knows of what the ancients used to call "an ever-present help in trouble," it's a public duty, as I see it, to pass it along. Such a help came to me twelve years ago. I had cracked up under pressures which are not uncommon in our times. My wife had taken up with another man, my business was in ruins, and I was trying to get fished out of a morass created by twenty-five years of problem drinking. My mental state was such that I couldn't even ask for a job, much less hold one. I thought frequently of suicide. Then, half-doubting and half-hoping, I took up with some people who were supposed to know how to lay hold of a situation of this kind. They gave me a book called *Alcoholics Anonymous*, and my eye fell on a remarkable passage. Before I tell what it said, let me assure the reader that he doesn't have to be an alcoholic to proceed with this article; everyone concerned with open-minded living may find something of interest. This is what the authors promised: "We are going to know a new freedom and a new happiness. Feelings of uselessness and self-pity . . . fears of people and of economic insecurity . . . will leave us. We will intuitively know how to handle situations which used to baffle us. Our whole attitude and outlook on life will change."

I decided to try it—what could I lose? Twelve years later I may ask: Do I ever feel useless or sorry for myself? Has fear of people and of poverty left me? Do I always know intuitively what to do? Such perfection has, alas, evaded me; but this I can say: the extravagant promise has come true to an astonishing degree. The seemingly impossible has, indeed, happened—to me and to many. Some 200,000 of us have known these benefits to some extent. The foundation on which we all build is a way of looking at life which, as previously observed, we call The 24-Hour Plan. In essence the plan is to become aware that, if you take on the job of living one day at a time, you'll make it. But there's a good deal more to it than this; it has subtlety and paradox, corollaries and derivatives. I suppose the best way to tell about it is to look back over the past twelve years and tell about some of my days.

On a cold and rainy November night I went to my first meeting of people enrolled in the Plan. They met in a Y.M.C.A. meeting room, a basement cubicle with cracked plaster and a single unshaded bulb. That first evening I carried away little more than a vague impression that these people were trying to understand what life was mainly about and to live it by workable principles. As time went on I discovered that my first impression had been correct. I had enrolled in a school for living, high in its standards, stern beyond belief with backsliders. If you passed your exams you were marvelously rewarded; punishment for failure—alcoholic relapse—was self-administered and sometimes grim. There was Harry, the handsome state cop who came around off and on, but never seemed to grasp the main, big ideas. One day he pulled the state's car off the road and drew the state's automatic out of its holster and blew out his brains. There was Ed, guiding spirit of a good-sized sales organization, urbane and capable, but clumsy with the simple lessons taught at the school. One day he took a train from New York to Philadelphia, rode an elevator to the top of a tall hotel and jumped off. There was Jane, warned about the danger of brain edema, who pushed her luck

(Continued on Page 125)

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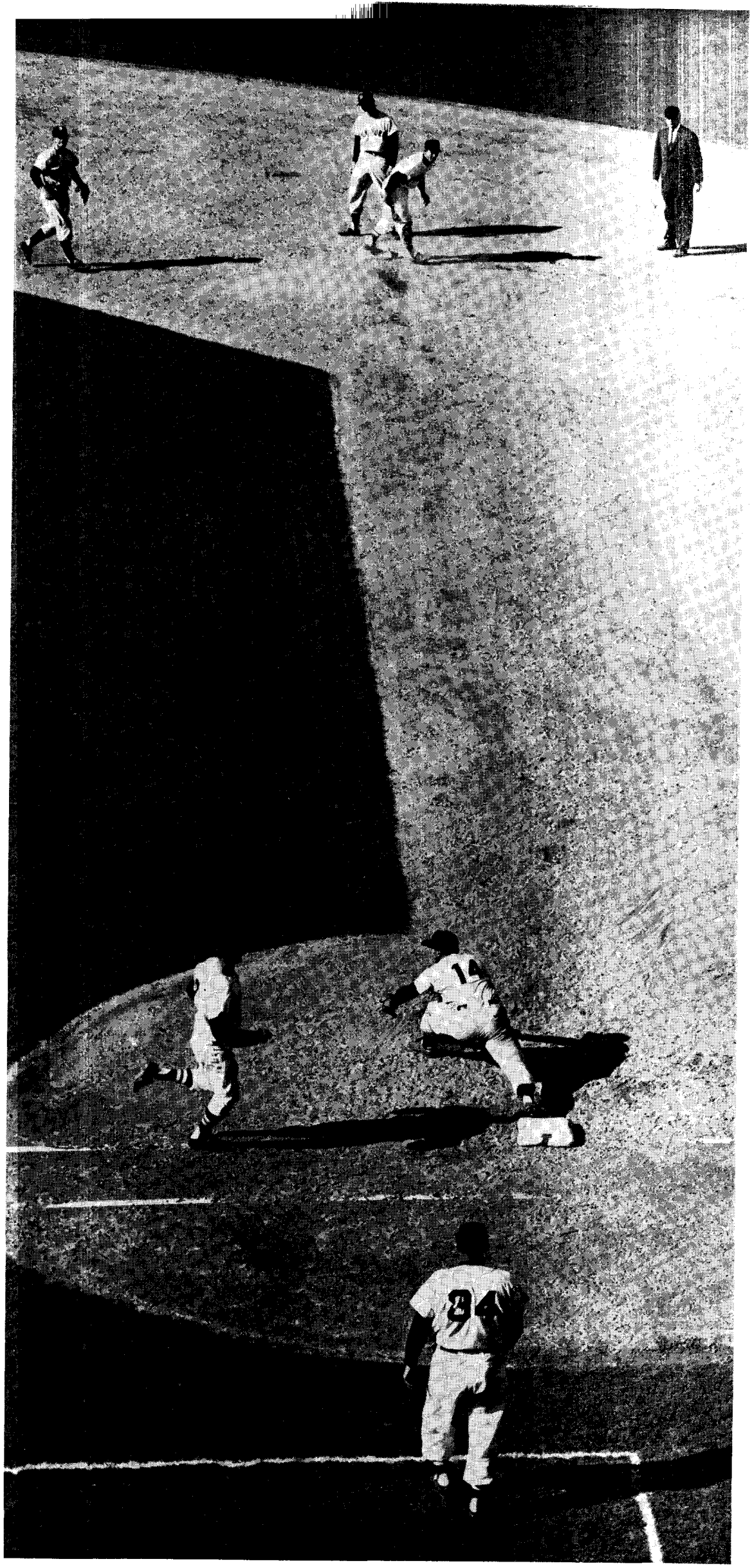
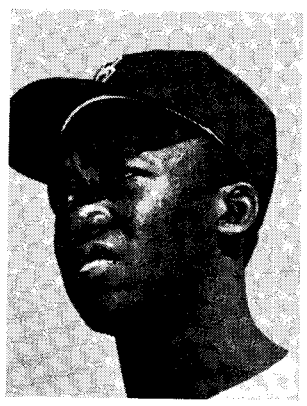
The Sad Case of the RED SOX

Multimillionaire Tom Yawkey has poured a fortune into his indifferent Boston team with little to show for it all. And this year prospects are more dismal than ever.

By Al Hirshberg

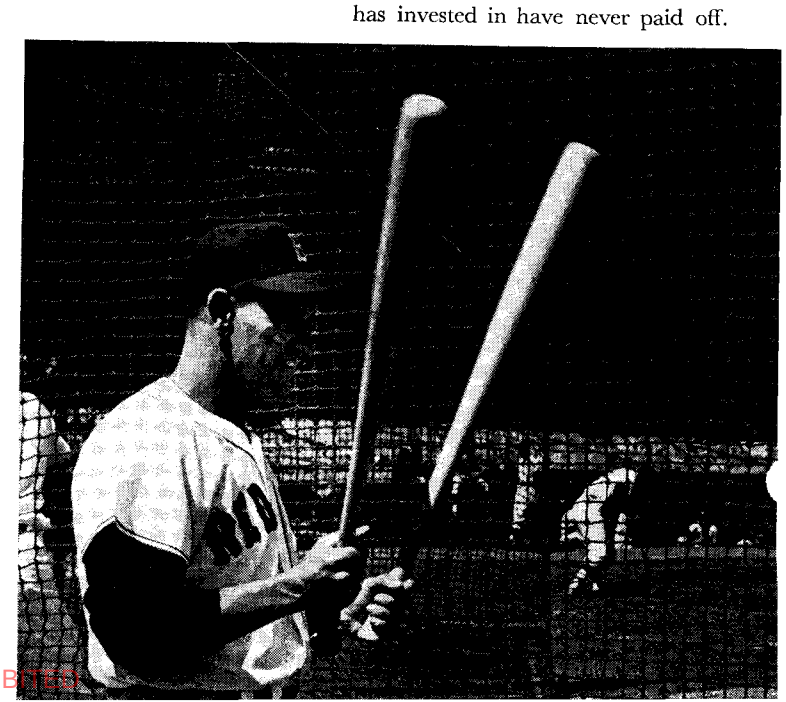


Above: Opening day at Fenway Park, 1960. Boston's Pete Runnels hit into this Yankee double play during the fifth inning; the player out at second is Don Buddin. The play went from Kubek (shortstop) to Richardson (second) to Skowron (first). The Yanks won, 8–4.



Left: Pumpsie Green, the first Negro to play with the Red Sox, joined the team in 1959. Baseball observers, says the author, have attributed some of Boston's difficulties to tardiness in acquiring colored players.

All-Star third baseman Frank Malzone (below) was signed by the Red Sox in 1948 for $150 a month. Paradoxically, most of the "bonus babies" Boston has invested in have never paid off.



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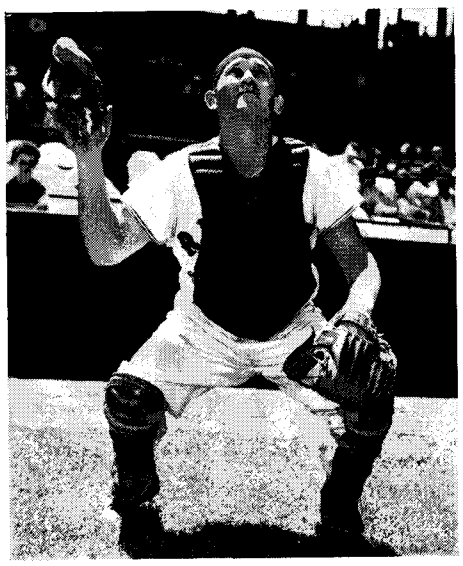
What's wrong with the Boston Red Sox? This has been a stock baseball question for years, but lately it has taken a new twist. The riddle used to be why this rich, heavy-spending ball club kept losing pennants it was favored to win. Now things have reached a more depressing stage. The Red Sox haven't come close to a pennant for a decade. Last year they dropped out of the first division. Some observers think the team is almost back where it started when multimillionaire owner Thomas A. Yawkey first took over this then-impoverished, last-place franchise twenty-seven years ago.

While Yawkey has had only one pennant—in 1946—to show for the net of around $4,250,000 he has pumped into the club, he at least has come up with a lot of star-studded casts—but not anymore. Superstar Ted Williams is over the hill, and slugging Jackie Jensen has retired. A spring trade with the Indians, nullified by Commissioner Ford Frick when Boston's Sammy White retired rather than go to Cleveland, left the Red Sox without an experienced big-league catcher. Today they have only one outstanding player—Frank Malzone—and assorted journeymen, unproved rookies and shopworn veterans.

Those closest to the situation won't admit that there is any problem. Going into the current season, general manager Bucky Harris thought the club had a chance to finish in the first division; so did Manager Billy Jurges. And Joe Cronin, a key Red Sox executive for nearly a quarter of a century before being named president of the American League last year, doesn't feel there's anything wrong. "Nobody can say the Red Sox are a weak club," he (Continued on Page 87)

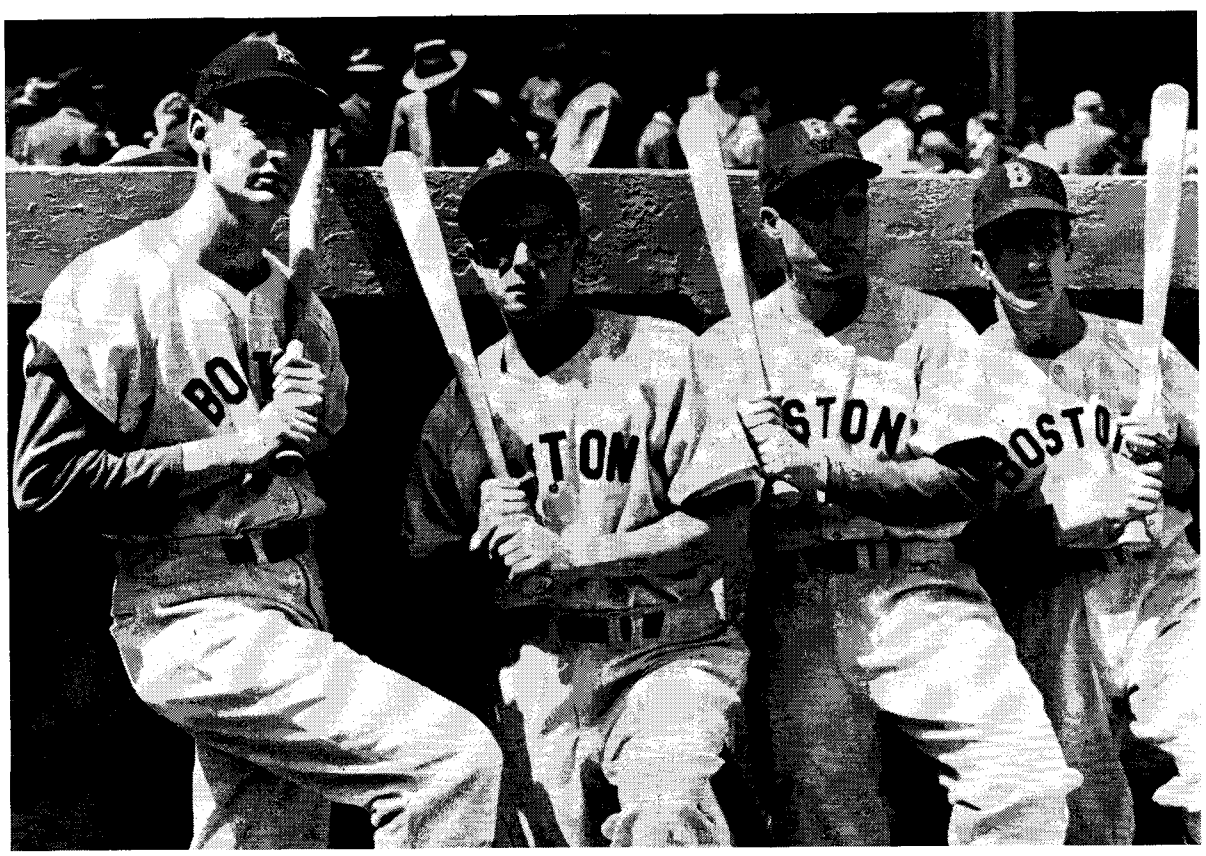
1938: Owner Tom Yawkey with his first wife, Elise. In those days he was a happy extrovert, pal of the team and the fans. Now he remains aloof from his players, the public and the press.

Even with superstar Ted Williams, shown here indulging in one of his famous tantrums, the Red Sox have failed to produce a consistently winning ball club.



In 1951 Yawkey paid the St. Louis Browns $100,000 for Les Moss (above). A year later he sold the catcher back to the same team for the waiver price of $10,000.

Boston Hall-of-Famers Joe Cronin (left) and Lefty Grove. Cronin, a key Red Sox player-manager and front-office executive for almost a quarter of a century, is now president of the American League.



From left: Williams, Dom DiMaggio, Bobby Doerr and Johnny Pesky, bulwarks of the 1946 team that won Boston's only pennant in the past 41 years.

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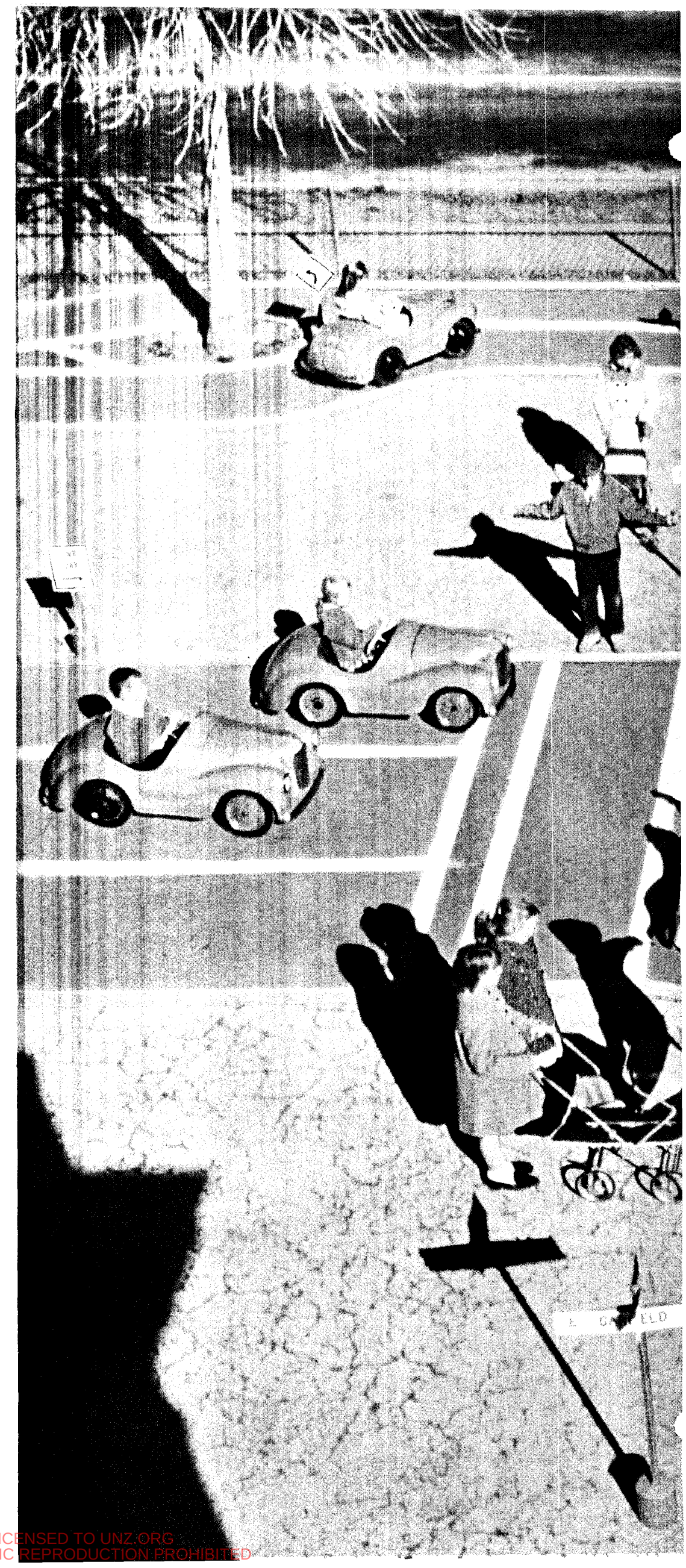
The Face of AMERICA

Class of 1970

If Papa shoots red lights when the cops aren't looking, and Mamma uses the crunch method of parking, chances are that little Junior will one day be the terror of the turnpikes. For him, the driver-training courses in high school may come too late. The rules of safe, courteous motoring, like foreign languages, are best taught to the very young. At the Garfield School in Phoenix, Arizona, these lessons begin in kindergarten classrooms. Then comes first grade—ah, sophistication!—and the beginning of three years' practice in pedal-powered miniature cars, driven on a school-yard traffic pattern. Twice a week 500 Garfield pupils take turns at driving, directing traffic and acting the parts of cautious pedestrians. Hand signals are stressed, but some six-year-olds fall into error; at that age they can't tell the left hand from the right. Teacher fixes that with an identifying strip of adhesive tape across the left-hand knuckles. ◎ Photograph by Jack Fields



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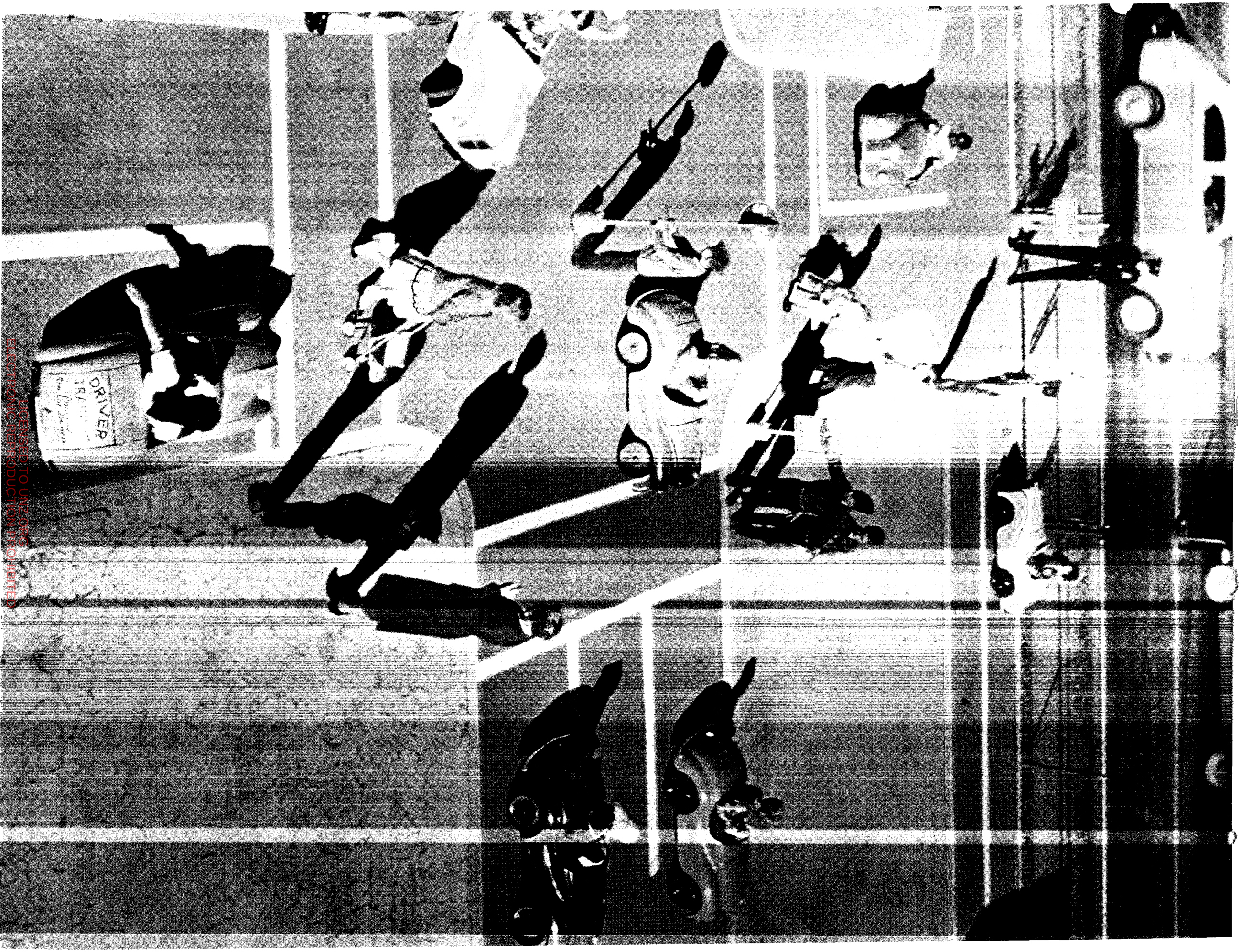

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HOW MY COMRADES LIVE By Joseph Novak

Sex, Marriage and Divorce

In Russia romance is officially scorned; a bride is merely "Comrade Wife." Divorce, once easy, is now "social decay." And sex simply puzzles the Soviets.

Instead of exchanging religious vows, Russians merely "register" their marriages. Here a secretary-registrar accepts the application of a young couple. The formal registration will be enacted at the new Palace of Weddings.

PART TWO

During my two years in the Soviet Union I had intimate talks with hundreds of Russian workers. One topic often pursued was love, marriage and children. The Russians' attitude toward these questions was quite practical, but, being Russians, they were long on theory too.

Marriage was never the beginning of a new life for these young people, but the continuation of things as they were—for two instead of one. I noticed what I came to call the "strategic" approach to marriage.

For example, a young Soviet man would figure it out like this: "If I remain single my superiors may send me to some difficult post far from here. They'll say, 'You're young, without dependents. It's no special hardship for you to move.' If I marry I won't be uprooted."

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One of my friends, Aliosha K., was twenty-two. He worked and attended vocational school at the same time. "If I marry before I graduate," he pointed out, "that means this year; and if my wife becomes pregnant, they can't transfer me. I would have to stay near my wife because they wouldn't have adequate living quarters in the more remote places for her and the baby."

An assistant instructor at Leningrad University told me that his students are apt to marry while they're still studying, for fear of being assigned to work in a bad climate or, even worse, far from any city. "But marriage itself isn't enough to protect them from being sent into the provinces; they need children for that.

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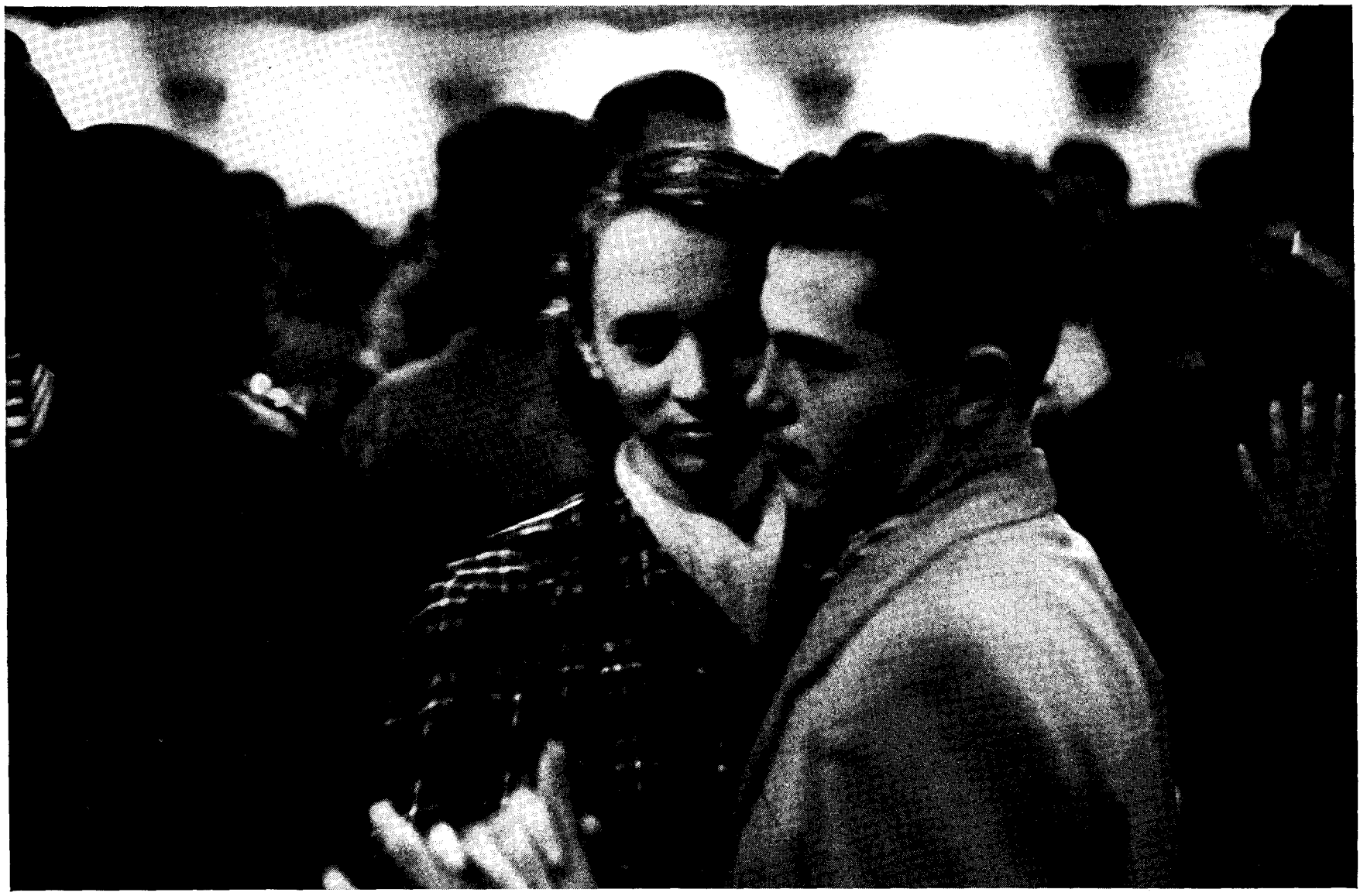

Kiev: Young workers at a dance in a *Dom Kultura* (house of culture). In Russia today, love is based almost exclusively on a high regard for moral qualities. Physical attraction is hardly considered.

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"It's coming down," Eddie screamed. "For God's sake, run!"

EARTHQUAKE

By ALICE LENT COVERT

How a man they called a coward met his test.

Bleak twilight was settling in over the shattered town when our rescue squad came back to Fire Station One. We were unshaven, filthy and staggering with exhaustion.

In the recreation room the radio was turned on. "Thirty are known dead," a voice was saying, "scores injured in the wake of an earthquake which early Tuesday devastated the small coast city of Bancroft. A portion of the business district was leveled, severe damage sustained over a wide area. A series of sharp aftershocks has continued at intervals for the past forty-eight hours ——"

I had to check myself sharply to keep from yelling, "Turn that damn' thing off!" Any minute now the voice might say something about Eddie Previn, and I didn't want to hear it. It was bad enough to keep thinking about Eddie, the way he had sounded, so young and tired and defeated, that last night we talked.

"You've been in this business a long time, Cass," he had said. "I guess you know a coward when you come across one, so take a good look at me and tell me what you see."

I told him, "You said it, boy. I didn't." But inside me I felt sick because it was true. A kid running blind scared, that was Eddie Previn.

Now the radio voice was saying, "A Bancroft fireman, Edward Previn, was critically injured when he went to the aid of two comrades endangered by a collapsing wall. The two were removing an injured woman from a partially demolished building, when an aftershock caused a portion of the already weakened structure to give way. Previn was able to brace the wall until his companions carried the woman to safety, but was himself struck by falling brick. Hospital attendants say there is little hope for the young fireman's recovery."

"*I guess you know a coward* ——"

I know a kid, I thought, *who had a hurting inside him, so deep he couldn't share it with anyone. A twenty-one-year-old kid, afraid of life.* Now he lay dying in a hospital, and because of him Connie Hale and I—and a woman whose name I didn't even know—were alive.

My name, for the record, is Cassidy. Everyone calls me Cass. (Continued on Page 78)

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I CALL ON
Sammy Davis Jr.

By PETE MARTIN

A searching interview with that amazing young man—a Negro convert to Judaism—who is one of the most gifted performers on stage today.

"The charge most frequently made against me," says Davis, "is that I want to be white. That accusation hurts."

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Sammy and his stand-in, Joe Jackson, watch Dean Martin deliver a straight right to the midriff of Joey Bishop. This clowning took place on the set of the new movie *Ocean's Eleven*, produced by Frank Sinatra, seated in the background.

Some say he's the fastest draw in Hollywood. Here he has the drop on singer Tommy Sands during a party at Davis' home. His ambition is to do an all-Negro Western. "Can you picture a Jewish colored cowboy?" he asks.

His bones are small. His hands and feet are tiny. He moves with catlike grace. As a result of an auto accident he has only one eye he can see with, and his face is mashed in, but Sammy Davis Jr. talks with passionate sincerity. There is no chip on his shoulder, no belligerence in his voice.

I had seen him first while he was being interviewed as half of a Mike Wallace TV show. I'd been the other half. Davis had worn pointed, black-velvet dancing pumps. He had talked about the troubles a Negro entertainer encounters while plying his trade up and down this country.

Now I was talking to him face to face. The black-velvet pumps were gone, but the rest of him was still there—the passionate intensity, the absence of any complaining note in his voice. I had eleven pages of questions in my briefcase, but I asked him only two of the questions on those eleven pages. Words flow readily from Sammy Davis, and we discussed anything and everything which came to mind—including his problems as a Negro entertainer and the solace he finds in the Jewish religion.

"In my interviews," I explained, "I jump around; then I try to put things together in some kind of order when I finish."

"Jump anywhere you want," he told me.

"People are going to want to know why you adopted Judaism," I said.

"The word is 'converted,'" he said. "I was converted because of one fact. Inside of every man there is a need to try to reach God in his own way. My dad is a Baptist, my mother was a Catholic. Her maiden name was Sanchez. She came from Puerto Rico. I tried Catholicism, but while it's the answer for millions of people, it was no answer for me. Nor did I change to Judaism because any of my friends influenced me, although some people say, 'He's around Jews so much he wanted to be a Jew.' The thing I found in Judaism which appealed to me is that it teaches justice for everyone."

"Is that the important word in your religion?" I asked.

"It is to me," he said. "Also, there's an affinity between the Jew and the Negro because they've both been oppressed for centuries. Another thing, the writing and wisdom of the great Hebrew scholars fascinated me. Once I read a little of their writings I wanted more. I found myself thinking, *This is good, this is honest. Anything that's any good I've ever done in life has been based on honesty. The only times I've gotten into trouble were when I wasn't honest—when I tried to cop out on things and be gracious instead of honest.*"

"Is it hard to become a Jew?" I asked. "Do you have to do a lot of studying?"

"It's not a thing you take lightly," he said. "There are three degrees of Judaism: Orthodox, Conservative and Reform. But you can be Chinese and a Jew or a Negro and a Jew. There is a congregation of Orthodox Negroes in Harlem who have their own temple. I manage to make it to a temple once or twice a month myself, and when Yom Kippur comes around, I don't work. I fast, meditate and read from the Talmud."

"I've heard that when the movie *Porgy and Bess* was being filmed, you refused to work during Yom Kippur."

"That's right," Davis said. "I warned Mr. Goldwyn, who was producing the picture, three weeks before we went on location. I said, 'Mr. Goldwyn, we'll (Continued on Page 104)

Davis held up production of the movie *Porgy and Bess*, in which he starred with Pearl Bailey (below), to observe the Jewish high holy day of Yom Kippur.

Sammy and a group of friends at a Hollywood dinner party before the première of the movie *Can Can*. From left: comedian Shelley Berman, Davis, Mrs. Claire Bregman (mother of Sammy's arranger, Buddy Bregman) and Swedish actress May Britt.

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Journey Into Danger

Now the caravan had two new members—renegades both.

By STUART CLOETE

"You would leave a good farm and trek into the wilderness because you think a headstrong girl would die before she gives up her horse?" *Tante* Maria Prinsloo asked her old brother-in-law, Willem. Willem's grandniece, Francina, had risked her life to keep the hated English soldiers from reclaiming her magnificent horse, Blaubooi. Now *Oom* Willem believed that the girl's daring escapade was a heaven-sent sign for him to lead the Boers' hazardous trek to the north.

Francina hid Blaubooi with her neighbors, the Beyers family. Then she went to warn Harry Bates, the deserter who had stolen Blaubooi and sold him to the Prinsloos, that the English were offering a reward for his capture. Fred Carter, a vicious member of Bates' outlaw band, accidentally learned of the reward. Unaware of this, Francina returned home and heard of her granduncle's startling decision. She did not share the fears of her grandmother, *Tante* Maria.

III

There were many difficult decisions to be made, *Tante* Maria thought as she looked at her poultry. Some hundred and fifty birds were pecking about at her feet—chickens of all ages. She would select a dozen—ten hens and two cocks. It would be best to take young birds. But she decided on six young hens and four old ones that were good, reliable mothers. She would take one young vigorous cock and one older one who was wise to the ways of snakes, hawks and other vermin. All the poultry would ride in the crates slung beneath the wagons.

Her mind now turned to other things. There were the medicines to see to. She must take plenty, for up there, Willem said, all the plants were different. Then there were the seeds—the seeds of pumpkin, melon, cabbage, carrot and turnip and the pits of fruits, of peach and plum. They must take several bags of salt and other things, things without number—blankets, pillows, feather mattresses, cups, beakers, plates, knives, spoons, cooking vessels, baskets and other receptacles, casks of brandy, water casks, sewing materials, cotton, material for repairs, needles of various sizes. There was no end of what must be collected, sorted and packed.

Oom Willem was also busy, checking the stores he would take. More powder and lead had been sent for from the Cape. The old guns were all cleaned and had been fitted with new flints. Spare yokes, skeys, riems and *trektows* had been prepared, and carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools collected. Garden tools, spades, hoes and axes, were ready. Three plows had been fully reconditioned, for the plow was his favorite weapon. It was with the plow that he intended to conquer the North.

When he returned to the house, he heard *Tante* Maria and Francina quarreling again. Truly there would be no peace till they were off.

"And now what is it?" he shouted.

"It's her," Francina said.

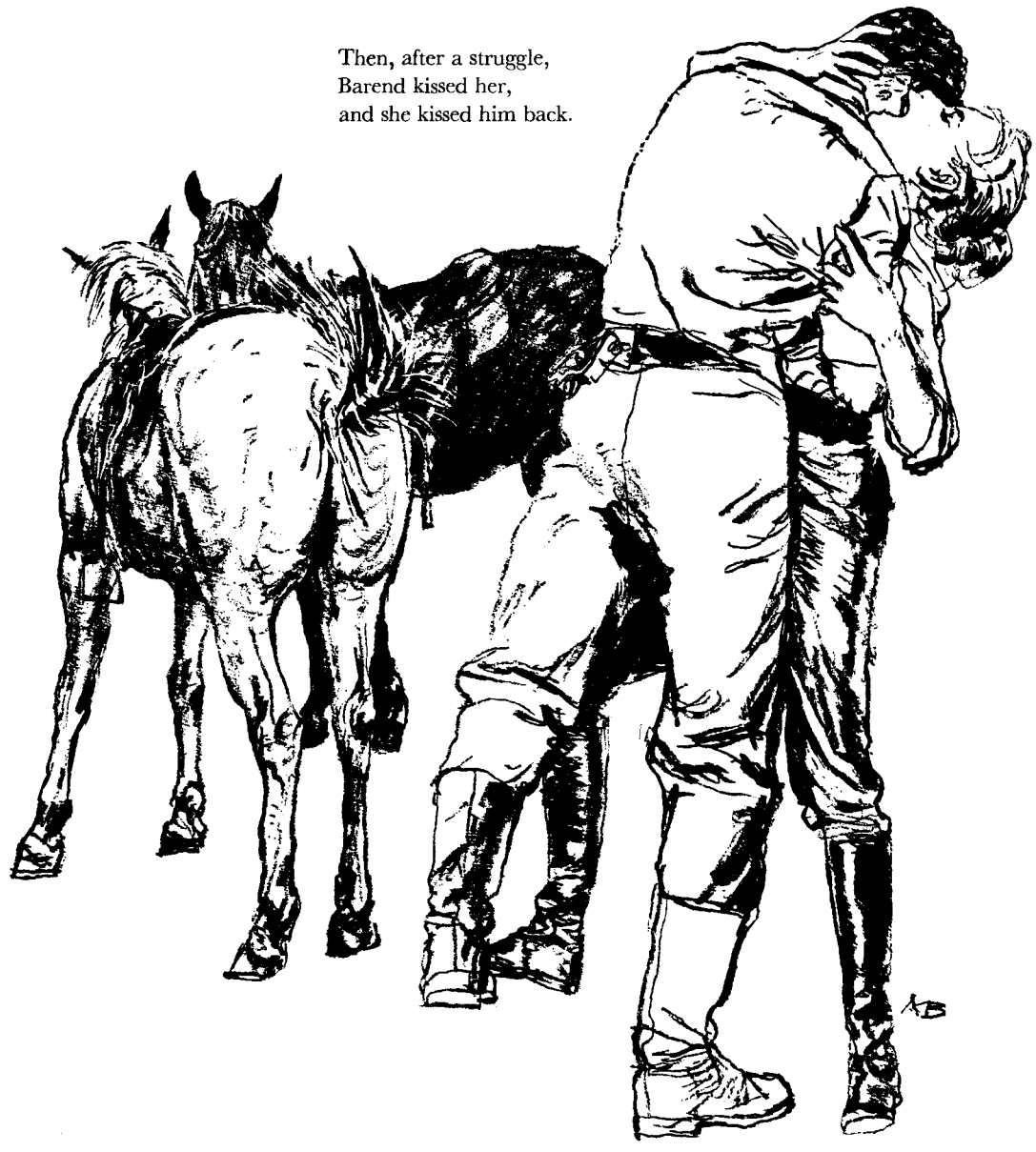
"She has a knife now," *Tante* Maria said.

"*Ja*, I have a knife—a man's knife."

"And where did you get it, young lady, may I ask?"

"From a man," Francina said, tossing her yellow mane. The smous had given it to her, but she would let her *ouma* think the worst. "Those bandits would have given me anything," she said.

Tante Maria shrugged her shoulders. What were children coming to today? Where would all this end?



Then, after a struggle,
Barend kissed her,
and she kissed him back.

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"We'll get nowhere here unless it's the gallows," Carter said.

Solomon Rosenberg was killing a number of birds with one stone. To begin with, he had sold everything he had left in his packs at a good price instead of a near loss. He had also arranged the purchase of all the goods that were needed for the trek—powder, lead, flints, coffee, tools, soft goods, and so on—through a friend in Cape Town and had sent a hired wagon down to fetch them. His business here was almost completed, and he now prepared a final present for Francina. So far he had given her a mirror and a fine German hunting knife with a handle of deer horn. He now selected two strings of imitation pearls, one bottle of perfume, a Spanish comb, two ordinary combs for her hair—he had told her she should comb it more often—a hairbrush and a small silken shawl. He wrapped all these things in a piece of linen. With the parcel under his arm he went to find Francina.

The girls Sara and Eva could not make up their minds about the trek. One day they were going; the next they were not. "Idiots!" Francina said.

"Why are we idiots?" The girls stood, their arms akimbo, staring up at her with insolent eyes.

"What do you talk about all day? What do you think about when you are silent?" The girls dropped their eyes. "Men," Francina said, "that is all you ever think of. Very well, then, trek or you will regret it when all the young men for a hundred miles around have gone. *Ja*," she said, "all the men, both white and brown. All that will be left will be the old toothless men and babies—also toothless."

"We will go," Eva said. "*Ja*, we will go. We cannot bear to be parted from our *nooi*. You are our little white sister," she said, dancing away from her as she saw the smous approaching. "*Meneer* smous," she called, "are you bringing us more presents? You have no idea, *meneer*, how nice we can be to those who bring us gifts."

"*Ach*, sis," Solomon said, "you are naughty girls. That is not country talk."

"Girls are girls everywhere, *meneer*," Sara said. "They all have love to offer—some for a *duk* and some for a ring." The smous put the parcel he was carrying into her hand. "For me?" she said. (Continued on Page 114)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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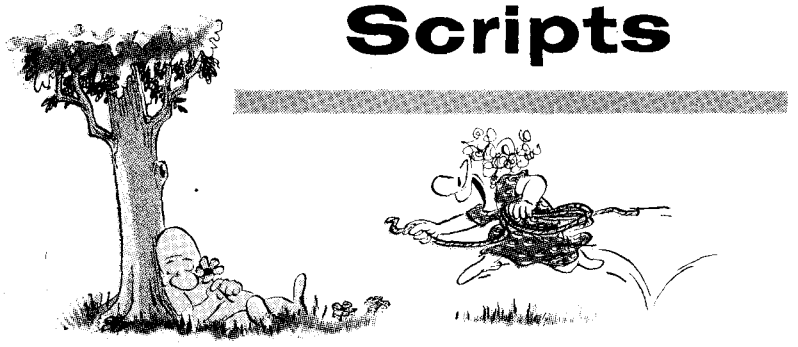
Post Scripts



Foreign Assignment

PARIS: Perfume for Mother, Aunt Grace and Vivian. Find modiste on the Rue ? and try to get that pink dress copied for Gay. Look up the Mitchells for Jinny and Ken—out near Fontainebleau somewhere. Have a couple at Maxim's for the Swansons.

MADRID: Buy fans for Carol (white lace), Pat R. (something to go with blue), Betty (any color, but not over $2) and Mrs. Miller. Have a couple for the Swansons at the Castellana Hilton.

BARCELONA: Exchange Aunt Nell's gloves (size 7½) at that little leather shop behind the cathedral with the twin spires. After the bullfight, look up a toreador named Manolo and ask him if he remembers *Señorita* Trudy Dusseldorf. Have a couple at the Ritz bar for the Swansons.

MONTE CARLO: Play roulette for Uncle Bert (No. 22 ten times, then No. 16. Limit $35). Put ten dollars on No. 11 for the postman and double if it wins. Play on the black for Helen ($5) and the red for Uncle Bert (but only if he wins on No. 16). Have a couple at the casino for the Swansons.

ROME: Say hello to Pope John for the McCarthys. Have a couple at the Excelsior for the Swansons.

NEW YORK: Have a couple at the Idlewild bar for

RALPH AND KAY NELSON

Dance News on the Local Scene

A full house at the Alabaster Arms Apartments was today in attendance for the première performance of *Rainy Saturday*, a new dance starring Fred Pillback, sixteen, in the role of Daddy-O and Mary Jean Cox, fifteen, as The Cool Kid, with a *corps de ballet* of six. Presented under the auspices of Miss Cox, whose parents were out shopping, *Rainy Saturday* was described by critic James Lumbar, downstairs, as "a thumping good show."

The first of the three movements was a fresh interpretation of native dances of the Madison High School Gymnasium, using the music of such folksongs as *Crush That Rock* and *Ooey-Gooey Baby*.

"It was difficult to single out any one dancer," said critic Norma Baskin, of Apartment 2C. "Personally, I felt not one of them could be wearing less than a Size Ten shoe."

Reviewer Imogene Huddle disagreed, saying Fred Pillback "added a great deal of weight. I'll bet that boy isn't an ounce under one hundred eighty pounds."

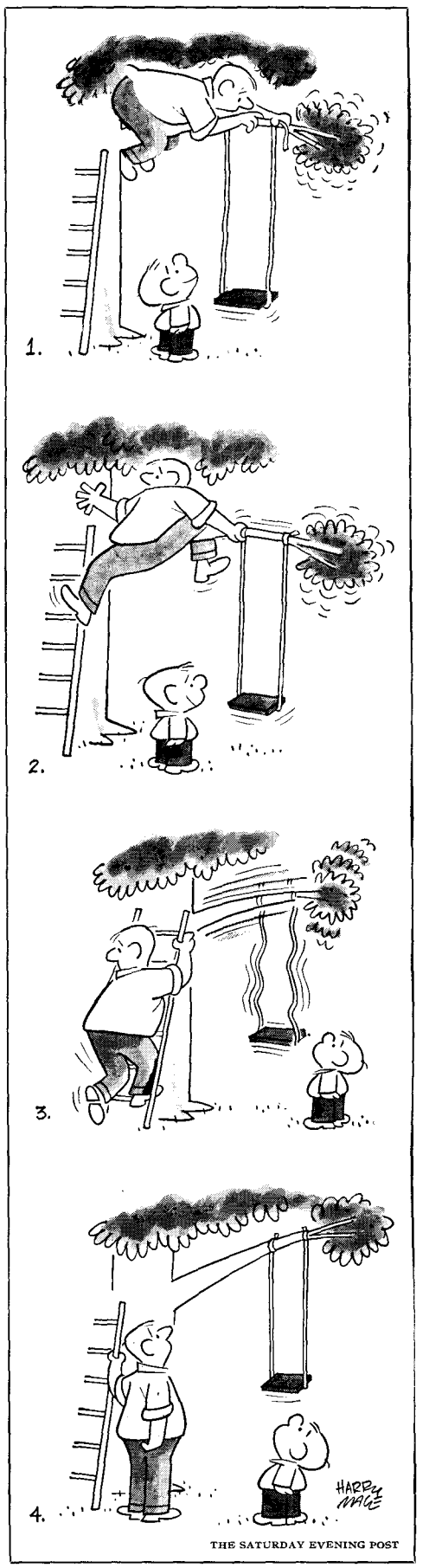
Mrs. Huddle added that some aspects of the dance were disappointing. "That was," she said, "the first Mocha-Fudge cake I've had fall in fifteen years."

The second movement, toward the refrigerator, set a quieter mood, being scored for giggles, squeals, bread knife and falling pop bottles. The third, in the lively vein of the first, used the recorded voice and guitar of Harry Hipswitch. It ended in a jubilant chorus for doorbell, telephone and clanging radiator and a spontaneous outburst from the audience.

Interest in the Maple Street Troupe was keen everywhere. "After all," said critic Melvin Bird, of 5B, "who knows what heights they may reach? The apartment over us is empty, and I heard Mr. Cox say something about getting a better view."

Later today, in an exclusive interview with George Muldoon, building superintendent, Mr. Cox revealed his daughter would be giving up her career as an impresario. "Frankly, I'm just as glad," he said. "Do you realize what two dozen ham sandwiches and a case of soda pop cost these days?"

RONALD M. DEUTSCH



"I understand you married a European."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

If a Product Isn't Finished, I Am

I'll buy no knocked-down basement bar
Of plastic, chrome and leather;
Prefabrication's not enough ——
I want things put together.

Let others build their stereos
With time that costs them dearly;
I bought mine in a cabinet
With ON and OFF marked clearly.

To see a box of pieces and
Directions makes me trembly;
I like new stuff, but where I draw
The line is at assembly.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!

Good things begin to happen

when working girls have their good hot soup

Got a hungry little helper in your house, Mother? How about taking 4 minutes off to heat some Campbell's Soup. Have it with sandwiches. Or all by itself. Any way you eat it, it just makes you feel kind of good all over.

All kinds of good things happen when you reach for a can of Campbell's. Ease happens. Nothing to fix. Just heat and eat. Speed happens. With Campbell's as your hot dish, a whole lunch is ready in less than 10 minutes. And a nice, happy family, 'cause everyone likes soup!

And did anybody ever tell you that soups are nourishing? Campbell's Soups are made of a wide variety of wholesome foods that are good for everybody. Like the tender chicken and golden egg noodles and good broth in that soup our working women like so much. Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. Wouldn't you like some, too?

Get the happy habit, why don't you? Have a good, healthy helping of soup at your house at least every day. See if good things don't begin to happen to you!

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's*, of course!

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One gunman was dead. Breed shot again, from under the horse's belly.

THE TEWKSBURY FEUD

The showdown: Breed Tewksbury against the Hash Knife killers.

By AMELIA BEAN

The Grahams had joined forces with Andy Cooper's Hash Knife riders to wipe out the Tewksburys. The Tewksburys were surrounded and far outnumbered when Judge Meadows arrived from Payson. He charged into the thick of the fighting. "I know who you are," he called to the Grahams and the Hash Knife gang, "and Sheriff Mulvenon's posse will be on your tail any minute." It was a daring bluff, but it worked. Mulvenon's posse rode nearly a full day behind the judge.

Breed Tewksbury knew that even if the judge could put an end to the feud between the Grahams and the Tewksburys, the guns in the Tonto Basin would not remain silent until Andy Cooper was dead. Breed and the Indian Hay-soos rode toward Holbrook for a showdown with Cooper.

VII

The high desert town of Holbrook straggled along both sides of the Santa Fe Railroad tracks which, paralleled by a rutted, dusty road, separated a dingy business district from an equally drab row of dwellings. On the south side of the tracks the high-fronted frame structures devoted to commerce leaned one against the other as though seeking common support against the buffeting of the constant and sand-laden wind. On the north side of the tracks the houses, most of them weathered frame shacks, were also dispirited, seeming to shrink from the seasonal exposure of the bare-limbed trees which had shed their dusty but curtaining leaves.

At the west end of the main street, on the south side, a somewhat larger building sat alone; the sagging sign read, BROWN AND KINDER'S LIVERY STABLE—BLACKSMITH. Sam Brown had had an early customer. He had just finished replacing a cast shoe on Andy Cooper's gelding when Andy had come for his horse and led it across the tracks and up the road to the Blevins house, not quite a full block east of the livery stable.

The blacksmith had practiced his trade for many years, and the stamp of it was indelibly cast on his person. He was a short man and bulky with a ponderous look as he moved, but there was no fat on him. A kindly, peaceful man, his combined trades placed him in a peculiarly informed—and thus exposed—position. He knew first of strangers who rode into Holbrook and he was aware of when and how riders left. He guarded such news for, blabbed to the wrong listener, information could explode into bad trouble—the way things had come to pass in the town. It had been, for several years, a meeting place and hangout of known outlaws, gunslingers and wanted men.

So it was that the blacksmith looked up and nodded, but spoke no greeting to the two trail-dusty men who dismounted to ask about livery-stable accommodations for their horses. "Take the first empties," was all he said, indicating the stalls in the rear of the building. He returned to his forge, and as they led the animals past him his practiced eyes missed no details.

The big, swarthy man wearing black leather chaps and a dark doeskin shirt looked vaguely familiar, but Brown couldn't place him. The Apache, with the customary twist of cloth binding his black shoulder-length hair, was clad in a faded-blue, Army fatigue coat over native leggings. He resembled every other Indian to the blacksmith—being middle-sized, wiry and slightly bowlegged.

When the men came up front each had a rifle across his arm. The tall man asked without preamble, "Is Andy Cooper in town?"

Brown's phlegmatic mask did not betray his inner stiffening. He decided to speak the truth but so far as it (Continued on Page 94)

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Big window view of the cutting line

Exclusive non-jamming blade guard

40% more power for any kind of cut

Save up to $15.00 on Stanley heavy-duty builders saws!

Take advantage of the smartest buy you'll *ever* make for improvements around your home. If you're planning a new breezeway, bar, fence, porch, playroom—here's the tool that lets you tackle *any* big cutting job . . . faster, easier and with professional results.

These are the *only* builders saws with all controls mounted on the back. You change bevel or depth adjustments in a second. They are light, balanced . . . easy to handle and power-packed to zip through long ripping cuts *fast*. You have a big "window view" of the point of entry and the cutting line—at all times!

So get ready for Spring fix-up now. See Stanley's builders saws and kits at your dealer's today. Special offer ends July 31st. Buy now!

Kits include saw, rip guide, wrench and sturdy steel case

SPECIAL SPRING SAVINGS
Offer ends July 31, 1960

	Reg. Price	NOW	YOU SAVE
H268 6½″ Saw	$54.95	$49.95	$ 5.00
H268K 6½″ Saw Kit	69.95*	56.95	13.00
H269K 6½″ Saw Kit (All ball and needle bearings)	79.95*	67.95	12.00
H270K 7″ Saw Kit (All ball and needle bearings)	94.95*	79.95	15.00

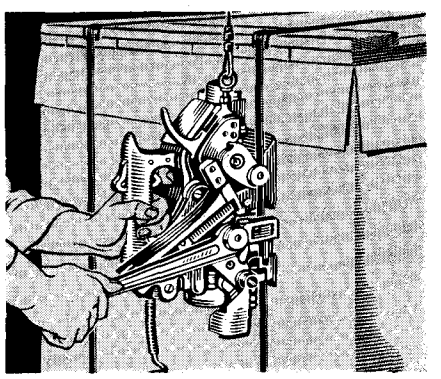
*IF ITEMS BOUGHT SEPARATELY

Prices slightly higher in Canada. Subject to change without notice.

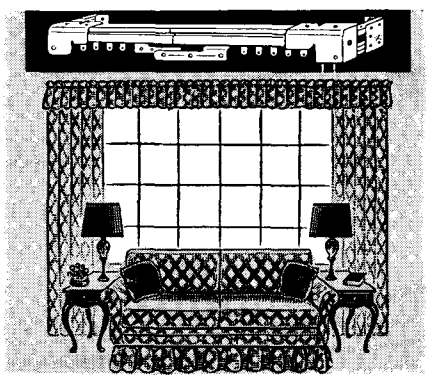
Say Stanley

STANLEY

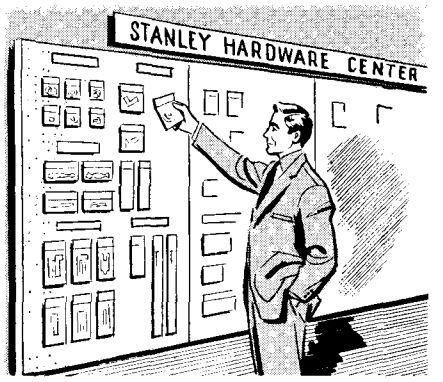
says quality
on hundreds of
products like these



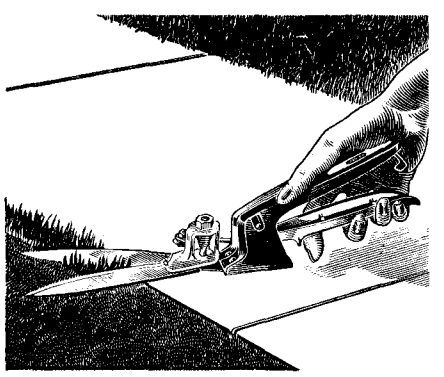
Stanley Electric Skid Magazine Tool tightens and seals strapping around bulk products for fast, safe handling.



Drapery Hardware—a complete line of decorator-approved traverse rods. Also cafe rods, curtain rods and accessories.



Stanley Hardware Centers at your local hardware or building supply stores have everything you need for Spring fix-up.



Stanley Grass Shears cut slick and quick, squeeze easily . . . protect knuckles with comfortable, high-angle handle.

STANLEY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AMERICA BUILDS BETTER AND LIVES BETTER WITH STANLEY
This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.—hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping—made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

CANADIAN PLANTS: HAMILTON, ONTARIO AND ROXTON POND, P. Q.

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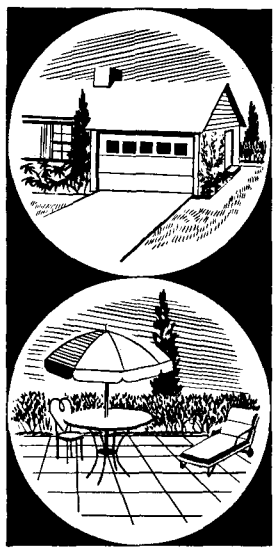
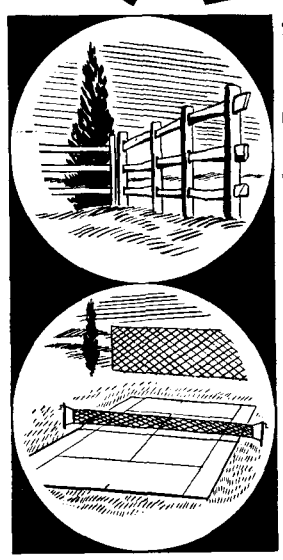


Here are 9 good reasons why you should kill weeds and grass with new

AMCHEM Xall!



in driveways walks patios tennis-courts stone-walls ball-diamonds fence-lines—

wherever complete control of weeds and grass is desired!

X-All kills . . . fast! Weeds and grass begin to die within a week.

One application of X-All controls weeds and grass for a whole season.

X-All contains no arsenic! Low toxicity makes it safer.

X-All will not contaminate sprinkling can or sprayer.

X-All will not stain patios, drives, walks.

X-All is odorless.

X-All will not sterilize the soil.

X-All is easy to use —mix with water. Can be applied with watering can.

X-All is compounded under exacting scientific control by the makers of Weedone.

LOOK FOR THE "SPRINKLING CAN" PACKAGE

2-ounce package.....$1.25 (treats 75 sq. ft.)

8-ounce canister.....$3.50 (treats 300 sq. ft.)

AMCHEM Xall!

Amchem, X-All, Weedone are registered trademarks of AMCHEM PRODUCTS, INC. (Formerly American Chemical Paint Co.) AMBLER, PA. • Niles, Calif. • St. Joseph, Mo.

Ike's Man Friday

(Continued from Page 35)

conferences and he eventually wearied of them. Warren G. Harding revived the conferences, came off second best and created a rule that all questions must be submitted in writing and in advance. Calvin Coolidge, in his turn, answered the written questions he wanted to answer, blandly ignored the rest. Herbert Hoover also held the reporters at arm's length.

Steve Early, a onetime crack reporter for the Associated Press, was the first full-time Presidential press secretary. Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom he served for thirteen years, abolished written questions, but he kept in effect the ordinance that the President of the United States could not be directly quoted without specific permission. So did Harry S. Truman, although he increasingly permitted direct quotation. Eisenhower was to change the signals.

Jim Hagerty came to the White House from a professional background, with the dust of practical politics on his shoulders. His credentials as a newspaperman could not be questioned; he had served for eight years as a reporter for *The New York Times*, and was the son of James A. Hagerty, celebrated political correspondent of *The Times* now retired. His credentials as a public-relations man wore epaulets—since 1943 he had served as press secretary to Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York. He had efficiently carried the press load during both of Dewey's campaigns for the Presidency and did the same job for Eisenhower in 1952. Only Steve Early could match that for service stripes; Jim set a new all-time record when he returned to the wars in the Eisenhower re-election campaign of 1956.

Now fifty-one, Hagerty has spent seventeen years near the seats of the mighty. He has worked for two demanding bosses; and because—in Eisenhower's own words—he "does not scare easy" he has been able to make his opinions count. Compatriots of his Albany days tend to look at his White House successes as anticlimactic in stage magic. "The conversion of Tom Dewey into a lovable public character," said an old friend who has since abandoned newspapering, "will always remain Jim's masterpiece." This may be a nostalgic view, but it has its points. When the governor went to Albany, his unpopularity among reporters was almost embarrassing. When he retired three terms later, a beaming press corps gave him a back-slapping farewell party.

Certainly it was in Albany that Hagerty polished and perfected the techniques which have been so useful to him and to the President in times of vicissitude. Probably there is no one in public life with a greater knowledge of modern communications. Jim is as cognizant of the problems of the working photographer as of the reporter and zealously guards the interests of both. Few professionals have as detailed an understanding of the intricate circulatory systems of the radio and television networks which carry the human voice to the grass roots, or of the cable, short-wave and telephonic complexes which bring the world close to Washington and Washington close to the world.

One of Hagerty's first moves in his Washington job was to preside at the obsequies of White House anonymity. As a result, everything the President now says at a press conference is on the record and may be printed verbatim. Complete tapes of the conferences are available to radio networks, and Hagerty has made new friends among scores of small local stations—and given more radio time for his boss—by another innovation. Duplicate tapes are sent on request to the independent stations if they mail a blank tape in return. The traffic is heavy. About fifty stations now use this service.

Jim stepped up his own press conferences from one a day to two a day and eased the labors of lethargic newshawks by bulk production of official statements distributed from his office as handouts. Then, in 1955, he pioneered by admitting television cameras to Presidential press conferences. Five TV cameras are now regularly on hand when Eisenhower meets correspondents. "Jim gets the family twice that night," said a friend recently. "In the evening paper and on that TV screen."

The jet age now surrounds the White House where Lincoln tossed on his pillow and Coolidge dozed away inconsequential afternoons. News, and what often passes for news, is no longer a by-product of policy-making, but a commodity in itself—it is not only made, it is beveled and burnished and packaged. When Grant and Lee met at Appomattox, there were only a few weary staff officers in the silent room where the Civil War surrender took place. When a supplementary Japanese treaty was signed recently, there were on hand thirty-five newsreel or TV cameramen, thirty-five news photographers and a squadron of correspondents. News is big business on Pennsylvania Avenue. Hagerty's talents for organization keep the machine running smoothly.

During the past few years Hagerty has qualified as a high-level tourist guide, for no American President in office has ever traveled so far or so often as his soldierly boss, or with so large an entourage. There were trips to Bermuda, Paris and Geneva for earlier important international conferences. Last summer the President visited Bonn, London and Paris, and in December made his spectacular 22,000-mile good-will trip to Italy, Turkey, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Spain and North Africa. Total Presidential mileage for 1959 was more than 77,000 miles. With another program of world wandering already under way—South America was first, Paris for the summit conference, Moscow in June, and Japan on his way home from the U.S.S.R.—this record will be exceeded this year.

Responsibility for planning these momentous expeditions is Hagerty's, and he leaves nothing to chance. Accompanied by a small staff of experts, clothed with Presidential authority, sometimes transported by the President's jet liner, he flies abroad in advance to prepare for the official visit. "He arrives imperiously," commented a British editor, "like a proconsul from the past." Jim confers with heads of state, with foreign information officers and with our own embassies. He arranges for communications facilities and housing for the official party and the press party and then lays out a logistical plan.

Recently I took a look at a mimeographed brochure which was handed to every correspondent before the trip to India. It occupied thirty-seven single-spaced pages, was more a Baedeker than an itinerary and it programed the President's life hour by hour for the eighteen days it covered. And that's just about the way the President lived it. Jim prepared the brochure personally. He has an occupational vice unusual among busy men—a passionate, secret love for detail.

Just before the President's visit to South America, I attended a briefing session in Hagerty's office. Sixty-four correspondents were to fly in the press planes leased by their employers at a cost of about $3500 for each man. In an advance trip Jim had already canvassed the difficulties to be expected. "At São Paulo," he began briskly, "the electric current is one hundred fifteen volts, sixty cycles; telephones are (*Continued on Page 54*)

"I've grown to love your mother."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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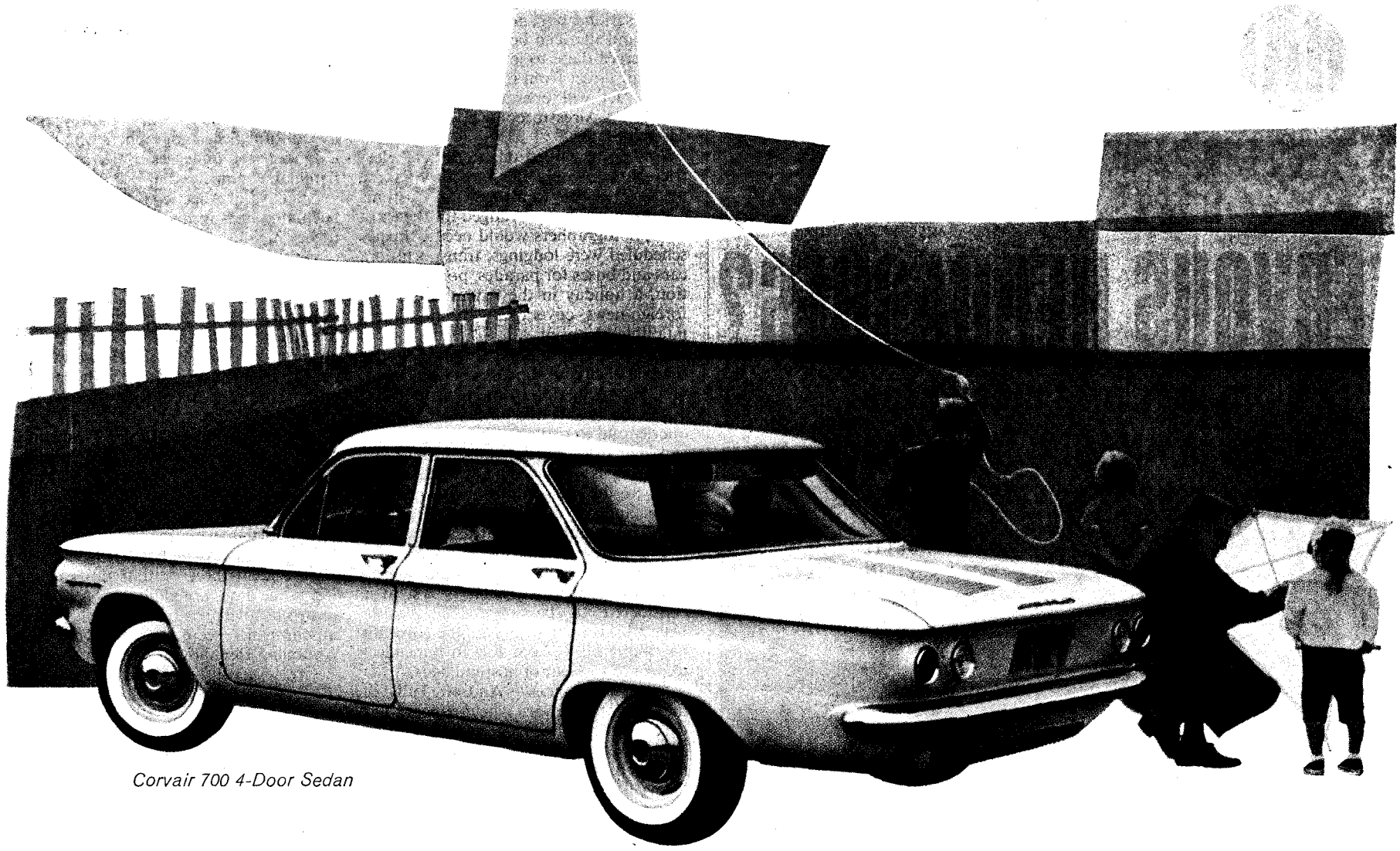

Corvair 700 4-Door Sedan

Light-handed, light-footed, light-hearted!

Even though a Corvair's main virtues are economy and efficiency, we're willing to wager the thing which sends you away singing from your first drive is the way it *handles*. Only rear-engine design gives you steering that is so light and responsive, traction that is so solid and reassuring, braking so beautifully balanced front and rear. This is a light-hearted car, because it does everything so crisply and so easily; light-footed because there's *independent* suspension at all four wheels; light-handed because the steering doesn't have to cope with the weight of a front engine. But try it yourself—and find a completely new dimension in driving!

A magician on mileage. *Your gas dollars will now go farther... because the Corvair delivers miles and miles and miles per gallon.*

Engine's in the rear... *where it belongs in a compact car... to give you nimbler handling, greater traction, better 4-wheel braking.*

Fold-down rear seat. *Now every Corvair converts into a station sedan with 17.6 cu. ft. of extra storage space behind front seat.*

Independent suspension at all 4 wheels. *Coil springs at each and every wheel take bumps with independent knee-action for a ride that rivals the costliest cars.*

Unipack power team. *Wraps engine, transmission and drive gears into one compact package... takes less room, leaves you more.*

Choice of automatic or manual transmission. *You can have Powerglide* or a smooth-shifting Synchro-Mesh standard transmission.*

**Optional at extra cost.*

Four models. *Practical four-door or sleek new two-door in standard or de luxe versions.*

Trunk's up front. *Plenty of luggage space under the hood, where it's convenient to get to.*

All at a practical kind of price. *Check your dealer on the short, sweet details.... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.*

the happiest driving compact car

corvair

by Chevrolet

Corvair 700 5-Passenger Club Coupe

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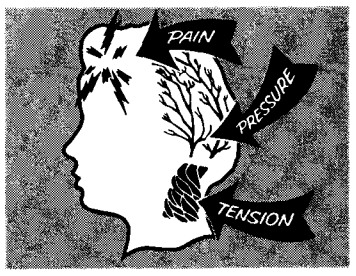
WHAT DO DOCTORS DO FOR TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients in ANACIN® for headache pain

When *you* suffer pain from headache, neuritis or neuralgia, why not take what most doctors recommend – the ingredients in Anacin for fast relief! Here is *why* Anacin gives such superior pain-relief. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever. They *have no* special medication to relax your nervous tension. Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients, including special medication that not only relieves pain incredibly fast, but also relaxes tension and releases painful pressure on nerves. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not irritate or upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today!

Why ANACIN gives more complete PAIN-RELIEF



Most headaches are caused by tension that presses on nerves and results in headache pain. Tension headaches call for the special medication in Anacin. Unlike aspirin or buffered aspirin which contains **only one** pain reliever and has no special medication to relax tension – Anacin contains medication that (1) relaxes tension (2) releases pressure on nerves (3) relieves pain fast. That's why Anacin gives a better **total** effect—more **complete** pain relief.

FOR FAST, FAST, *FAST* RELIEF!

(*Continued from Page 52*) adequate for conversation, but not for broadcasts; tapes and film can be flown out to Rio, transferred there to jets. No hope of flying stuff direct from Chile to the United States. Jet will operate from Santiago to Buenos Aires to connect with jet for United States."

And so he rattled on. Reporters' electric shavers would not operate in some places without transformers. Customs clearance had been arranged for the extra film photographers would need. Already scheduled were lodgings, transportation, cars and buses for parades, police protection, a holiday in the Andes. Here was foreign-news coverage with an almost infallible blueprint.

A White House press secretary, under the best of circumstances, serves two masters. His obligation to the reporters who cover the President's office is to answer queries and to make available to them all legitimate news. His obligation to the President is to present Administration policy to the Press in the most persuasive terms and, at all times, to protect his chief from public embarrassment. The two loyalties are not always compatible, and a press secretary with chronic indigestion and a shattered nervous system is considered to be in normal health. Hagerty brought ulcers to the job, but has managed—except for an appendectomy—to stay out of hospital beds.

"There are times," Andrew Tully of the Scripps-Howard newspapers has written, "when Jim Hagerty is enough to drive a reporter crazy. Often he is bad-tempered, and there are times when he seems deliberately evasive about things that seem of the utmost triviality. He is apt to read unfriendliness into a question which is merely penetrating. But generally Jim does all right in his relations with the press. If he won't budge off a story he's obviously sitting on, reporters may bark their displeasure. But they know it's not Jim's fault. Barking is their way of trying to get Jim to persuade the boss to let him say something."

On occasion when Jim feels unjustly barked at, he imprudently barks back. He treated himself to a memorable extravagance when he tangled with Art Buchwald, correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, at the Paris NATO meeting. Humorist Buchwald did a lighthearted burlesque of a Hagerty press conference, which delighted his readers but, for some reason, infuriated Jim. When Hagerty interpreted amiable joshing as a deadly insult, his friends decided he had mislaid his sense of humor. The President, whose own temper is quick, made a remark which became part of the language—"Simmer down, Jim, simmer down."

One souvenir of his simmering down is a framed bit of verse—authorship unknown—which hangs on his office wall. Robert Montgomery, actor and television adviser to the President, gave it to him.

Fame is a fleeting, fretful flame,
Which shines awhile on John Jones'
name,
And then puts John right on the spot.
The flame shines on—
But John does not.

The press secretary's day in his pale-green office begins at eight A.M. and does not end until seven in the evening—often later. Even after serving a man of military habits for seven and a half years Hagerty is still an unwilling early riser. As soon as he leaves his bed he turns on his hi-fi full volume. This is calculated to blast him into wakefulness before a White House automobile calls for him at the eight-room brick colonial dwelling where he and his wife Marjorie live on Washington's Reno Road. His staff shares his long hours. It is a small staff—Anne Wheaton, his deputy, who formerly worked for the Republican National Committee; his gentle, dark-haired, long-suffering secretary, Mary Caffrey; and five faithful girl stenographers who know a kind heart underlies Jim's shirt and flammable temper.

All days are hectic. One of the four telephone lines in his outer office is sure to be ringing when he arrives; calls frequently run as high as 500 a day. Hagerty takes, or is involved in, at least half of these; he wants to be consulted on even minor decisions. One of the three telephones in his office is his private line connected only with the White House switchboard; over this he talks with cabinet officers and other members of the official hierarchy. A buzzer beneath his desk is an immediate summons to the President's office, but he is usually called by phone.

Only a few activities are routine. Hagerty has his own press conferences at ten-thirty A.M. and four P.M. for the twenty-odd reporters who regularly cover the White House. Sometimes Hagerty sees the President three or four times a day and, some days, not at all. When Jim has an urgent query, he calls Tom Stephens, appointments secretary, or Mrs. Ann Whitman, Eisenhower's personal secretary, and waits for a gap in the schedule. Things were more informal in F.D.R.'s day. Graying reporters remember that Steve Early would often pick up his telephone and say, "Wait a moment. I'll ask the boss." That doesn't happen now.

In and out of Jim's office in the daylight hours trudge feature writers, newsmagazine researchers, newsreel people, visiting editors from out of town, columnists, even gal reporters trying to find a woman's angle to the summit conference. They all have problems, and Jim has answers. He tries to take care of all reasonable demands upon his time. His staff watches out particularly for the correspondent who serves a string of small newspapers and doesn't have enough feet to walk all his capital beat. When there is White House information which will make headlines in such a correspondent's papers, he does not need to call Jim—Jim calls him.

When the going is not too rough, Hagerty even tries to put up with unreasonable demands. He likes to tell the story of the driven reporter who, on office orders, three times demanded to know why ham was never served at Eisenhower meals. On each occasion Jim answered, "He doesn't like it." Finally the reporter received a telegram from his editor, "Never mind Ike's likes or dislikes. Find out the medical significance of why there's no ham on his diet."

Unlike his predecessors, Hagerty attends most Cabinet sessions and sits in on the meetings between Eisenhower and his party leaders in Congress. When there is disagreement on a course to be followed, the President often remarks, "Let's hear what Jim has to say." As the Administration has grown older, Jim has had plenty to say, (*Continued on Page 57*)

Separation

I find my farewell heart
Is water, and my heel
Is lead. As I depart
Only my mind stays steel.

Dan Anderson

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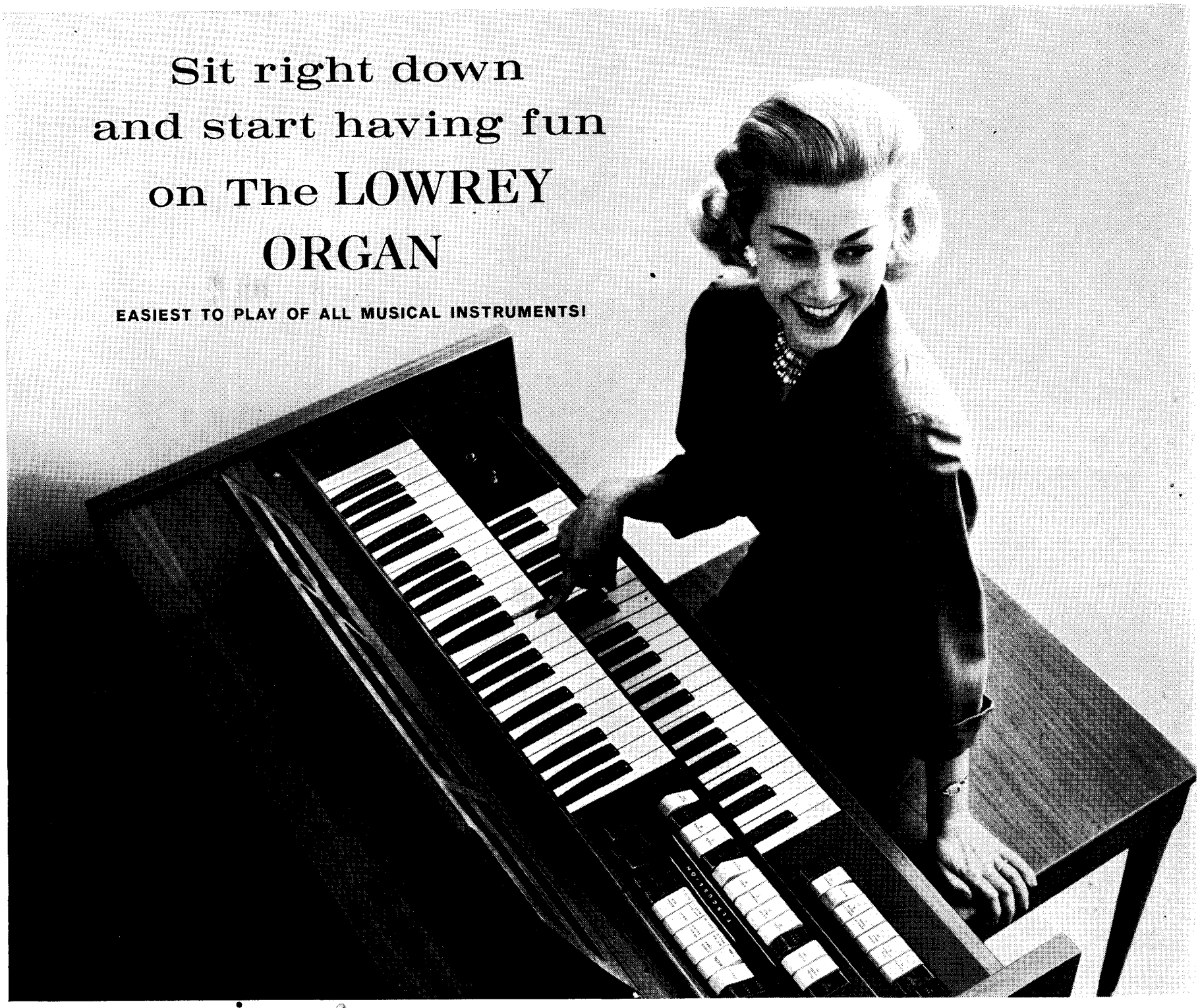

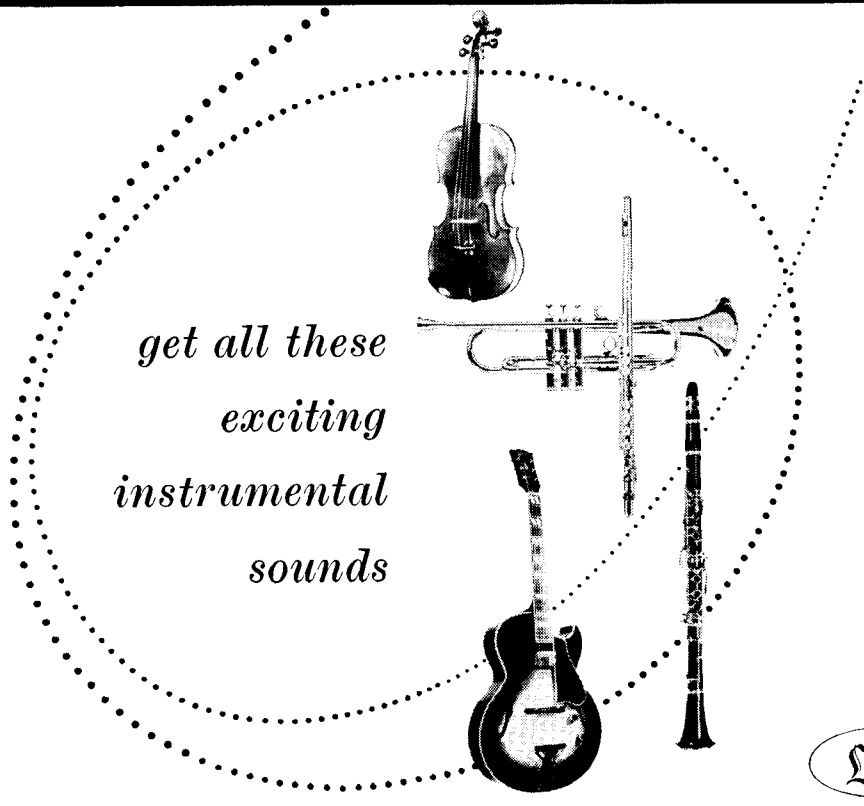

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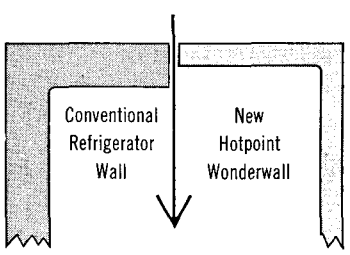

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(*Continued from Page 54*) and his authority is felt in most Federal departments. The source of his authority, of course, is the President's trust in him.

Most Americans recall the alarm that spread across the nation when Dwight Eisenhower was laid low by a heart attack. The President was on vacation in Denver. Hagerty in Washington was also on vacation, his first long one in three years. At 5:30 P.M., September 24, 1955, Hagerty was snoozing, golf-weary, on a couch at home when the telephone rang. Murray Snyder, then Jim's assistant, was calling from Colorado. General Ike had suffered a coronary thrombosis. A few minutes later Maj. Gen. Howard McC. Snyder, White House physician, told his bedded patient that Hagerty was flying West, and the President said, "Good. Tell Jim to take over."

For the next twelve weeks Hagerty was the main voice of the White House. At a time when many other members of the official family were panicky and indecisive, the promoted press secretary made decisions calmly and surely. He was by no means "acting President," as some newspapers suggested; fortunately for the country there were no matters of grave national or international import hanging fire. But the authority in Denver was Hagerty's, and he exercised it. Medical bulletins were frequent and frank. "A Presidential heart attack is the property of the people," Hagerty adamantly told another White House aide who considered such medical frankness to be undignified.

However, there is a time for statesmanship and a time for politics, in the Hagerty view. Less than a year later when Eisenhower went to Walter Reed Hospital with ileitis, Hagerty set up a special phone outside the operating room. Three minutes after the doctors finished, he passed on to reporters the news of successful surgery. At the frequent press conferences thereafter, announcements were ebullient and rosy; it was not by accident that visitors to the sickroom unanimously remarked to the press on the President's vigor. Hagerty now is perfectly willing to admit that Eisenhower's availability for re-election that year was never far from his mind. There was a difference in degree between the two illnesses. "When the diagnosis was ileitis," Hagerty told me recently, "we knew that the President's life was not endangered."

Jim was born in Plattsburgh, New York, the eldest of three sons; one of his brothers, Don, now lives in California, and the other, Robert, is in the printing business in New York. His boyhood was spent in the then leisurely and comfortable Washington Heights section of New York City. Just before his senior year in high school, his father decided that Jim's study habits were too leisurely and sent him away to Blair Academy at Blairstown, New Jersey, for some scholarly discomfort. He entered Columbia University in the fall of 1930. When he was a sophomore, he decided on his own that he wanted to be a reporter, and his father got him a job as campus correspondent for *The New York Times*. After graduation, his transfer to *The Times* city room was painless. In 1938 he began covering state politics in Albany.

Two years later he was a reporter on the Wendell Willkie campaign train, and there learned some practical lessons. Willkie and Hagerty became personal friends, played golf together, drank Scotch highballs together. Friendship had its test one Sunday morning. Willkie had assured Hagerty the night before there would be no news breaks next day, and Hagerty set out to confirm reports of early Spanish explorers that the waters in Colorado Springs were invigorating and delayed old age. Next day he woke queasily, staggered downstairs and found that his changeable friend had decided to inspect the Denver stockyards. Jim has a sensitive nose but, between bouts of nausea, he covered the story. The capriciousness of candidate Willkie did not displease Jim so much as the mismanagement of his campaign train. There was no system, and nothing ever went right. At whistle stops, reporters were frequently left behind. Jim never forgot. The campaign trains Jim has directed in four Presidential campaigns have been models of efficiency.

Hagerty and Marjorie Lucas were married in 1937. They met as children in Washington Heights, but did not know each other well until Jim was on *The Times*. They have two sons—Roger, a graduate of Hamilton College, now a captain in the marines; and Bruce, also in the marines, a brand-new second lieutenant. Roger married Eva Thoren, a teacher who came to this country to serve as governess in the Washington home of the Swedish delegate to the United Nations. The Hagertys now have two grandchildren. When Bruce was graduated from Allegheny College in Pennsylvania last year, his father in the same ceremonies received an honorary doctorate with this citation—"Tough, aggressive, utterly loyal to the man he serves, he has utilized news fully as public relations."

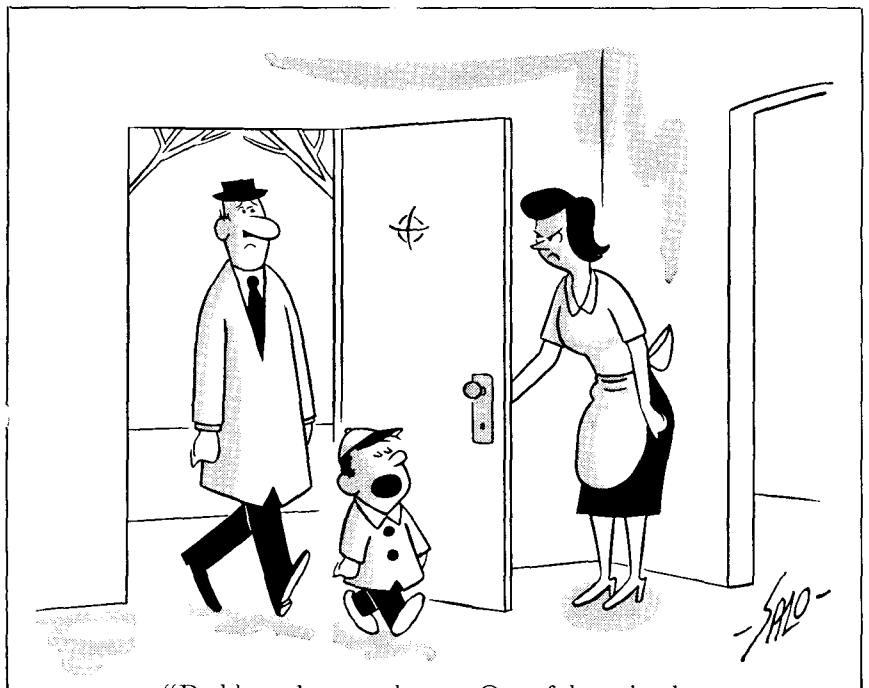
Hagerty has been loyal to the two men he has served, although friends say that in the beginning he did not like Governor Dewey. His kind of loyalty and his kind of job inhibit family living. A telephone with a direct line to the White House rests on his bedside table; reporters who regularly cover the White House are put through to him at any hour, and they always get an answer. "What the hell? The bell wakes me up," Jim said recently, "so I might as well talk." Marjorie Hagerty, tall, blond and most of the time unruffled, pays the taxes and the household bills, purchases her husband's ties and shirts and underwear and sends tailors to the White House to measure him for suits. Until a few years ago she did all the family chauffeuring; Hagerty had not then learned to drive. When they were about to move to Washington, Jim went to Korea with Eisenhower. In his absence she selected and bought the Reno Road house. Her mother, Mrs. Louise Lucas, lives there with them. Incidentally, Jim took a pay cut—from $22,500 to $18,000 a year—when he came to Washington. He now earns $21,000.

The Hagertys share an enthusiasm for golf and belong to Washington's Columbia Country Club. Marjorie, who shoots in the high 80's, is an inveterate campaigner; weather permitting, she is on the links every morning. Jim is a mercurial golfer; last year he shot a 72 at Columbia, but he is also capable of blowing sky-high. When the President's inner group of golfing friends is not on tap, Jim often is drafted as a partner. His persistent inability to beat his boss subjects him to much chaffing by White House reporters. This, however, has historical precedent. Years ago many people wondered—and with reason—why young, vigorous assistants just out of college could never beat Theodore Roosevelt at tennis.

On occasions Jim can be arrogant; he is impatient with slow minds and he can say wounding things. Some Washington newsmen dislike him heartily; there are others who regard him more as press agent than press secretary. They profess to find in him an insensitivity and an indifference to matters of public policy which do not concern, in one reporter's phrase, "pork chops and practical politics." Jim also has a small-boy love of boisterous fun—he finds much delight in a speeding, sirening Secret Service car. He makes no bones about the fact that he prefers to work hard and play hard and that, granted an off night and a quiescent ulcer, he likes to deal fairly and robustly with a highball glass. Such an off night once brought him a dressing down from Sherman Adams.

He has a gift for rhyming and, in the old days, wrote many of the songs for the Albany correspondents' annual satirical show. He is an excellent dancer, likes theater and ballet and has—on the witness of an eastern senator who once shared a convivial Saturday evening—an admirable repertoire of barroom ballads.

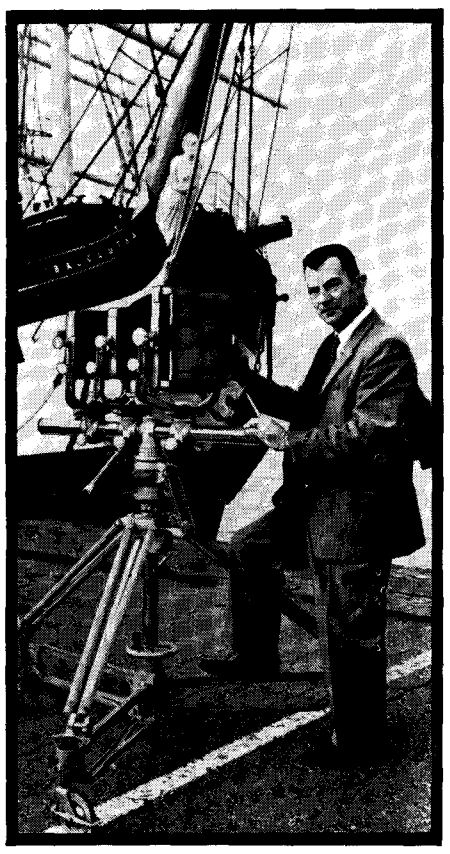
His closeness to the President has made Hagerty privy to the Eisenhower views on many subjects; but after the heart attack, correspondents began to note with amusement an ex-cathedra tone in some of Hagerty's statements— as one of them said, "a sort of elevated mutuality." The words "we" and "us" increasingly crept into conversation. Would Eisenhower



"Daddy took me to the zoo. One of the animals came in and paid $33.80 across the board."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

California photographer discovers oil...



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cancel an engagement in Chicago? "We are taking another look at that," said Hagerty at Gettysburg. Well, the President did go to Chicago, and Sen. Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois, who went along, developed nosebleed on the plane. After landing, reporters were discussing Dirksen's mishap with Jim. A reporter who came late began asking excited questions; the President's health was big news then, and the reporter was laboring under a misapprehension.

"Oh, I see," said Hagerty, smiling. "You thought *we* had the nosebleed."

This was too good to keep, and the story was published. Some people decided Jim was the victim of a common Washington ailment which Arthur Krock has described as "*caput magnus Potomacus*"—or Potomac big head. The royal pronouns soon disappeared from Jim's lexicon, but he has never considered that his job calls for personal anonymity. Now that the President can be quoted directly, his press secretary can be quoted too. Hagerty has appeared on television shows, and a few months back put his foot in a lasso while on Edward R. Murrow's *Small World*. The other participants were Malcolm Muggeridge, former *Punch* editor, in London and Jacques Soustelle, then de Gaulle's press minister, in Paris. They were discussing news leaks from government sources, and Jim said they "added more gray hairs to my head." "But what about the leaks that give you black hairs?" asked Muggeridge. "I mean the leaks you like." This colloquy followed.

Hagerty: "Well now, I would not call those leaks. I would call them background stories."

Soustelle: "Oh, that's a good one!"

Muggeridge: "In other words, when you leak, it's a background story; and when someone else does it, it's a leak."

Hagerty: "Well, that's the way it's applied—at least in the newspaper business in Washington."

Anyway, Jim believes television is here to stay and that Eisenhower's successor—whoever he is—will hesitate to banish it from Presidential press conferences. Jim beat down opposition to get TV there because he believed the electronic camera would carry into more homes than the newspapers "a clear image of the President's honesty and sincerity." Eisenhower's rambling delivery during question-and-answer periods has been criticized often, and his syntax derided. Neither the President nor his secretary is disturbed.

A modern marriage is one in which the wife works—so she can afford clothes to wear to the office.

CHARLES RUFFING

"The American people understand him," Hagerty told me with a grin. "He talks the same way they do."

Presidential press conferences are held with fair regularity on Wednesdays, and about 250 reporters attend. The staff method of preparing for them is not a Hagerty invention; it was begun during the Truman regime. The preparations begin Monday morning when Hagerty dictates an outline of topics about which the President is likely to be queried. Nowadays these will inevitably concern civil rights, missiles, squabbles in the space field, progress of Administration legislation in Congress and the latest Khrushchev katzenjammer. Other questions will be dictated largely by current news. I counted twenty-two topics on one of Hagerty's recent outlines. Copies of the outline are distributed among the White House people who maintain liaison with the many Federal agencies; it is their job to collect the information. Hagerty himself usually talks to Secretary of State Herter or Lincoln White, his press officer, about the latest developments on the international front.

The information papers reach Hagerty's desk on Tuesday—a State Department summary I saw ran to fifty typewritten pages. Jim then begins the job of separating chaff and substance. Wednesday the full White House staff—about forty persons—meets in the conference room from seven to 8:30 A.M. From 8:30 to nine Jim and a few top aides continue discussions at breakfast in the downstairs lunchroom. At 9:45 Hagerty and this group—and often Herter—go to see the President. Jim's briefing usually takes about thirty-five minutes and ends with, "Well, that's all I have." Ten minutes later the President meets the reporters—and is on his own.

Over the years Hagerty has been criticized on many scores, but his back is rubbery, and the barbs bounce off. One charge is that he has painted in the public mind the portrait of a President more vigorous and hard-working than actually is the case. It is true that at the time of the ileitis attack and the President's subsequent mild cerebral occlusion, Hagerty did some masterly and artistic high-tinting. During convalescences and even on vacations, shooting expeditions and golfing forays into the lands of sunshine, he has made Eisenhower's homes away from home seem like extremely busy places. He takes along knapsacks of news-making documents for the President to sign, flies Cabinet members from Washington for important conferences and generally keeps things humming.

Hagerty readily admits that he seeks always to present his boss in the best of lights and he says if that be press-agentry, "Who could ask for a more important client than the President of the United States?" Jim is scrupulously nice to Democrats in a social way, but he is Republican and he is partisan. As far as he is concerned, the President comes first in everything. He is belligerent about it and he can be sentimental about it. And, affection and admiration aside, Ike is the man he works for.

Hagerty will leave the White House when his President does. He has no intention of immediately writing a book of memoirs—he refuses even to discuss the matter with publishers while still in office. He has an ample-salaried job in private industry awaiting him when he steps out, but will not say what it is. Some of his associates believe it is with the Coca-Cola Company.

A while back Hagerty told a group of editors what his message to his successor would be. It won't need to be brought up to date. The message—"Good luck, God bless you, God help you."

The Enemy Message (Continued from Page 36)

about him which disturbed her. Most Americans who came into the bar, on liberty or otherwise, were lonely or sad or running from something; but for three nights the sandy-haired man had waved away the girls she sent to his table. His indifference made her apprehensive and uneasy.

Eric took a drink of the sweet wine, but it only heightened his sense of sick desperation. As it had for more than fifteen years, ever since he had found the diary in the Gilbert Islands, the single sentence from the enemy's writing waited in his mind: "The place where a soldier dies is very important."

Obvious and yet startling, the words haunted him like an invincible presence. He felt the perspiration running down his sides and resentful of the stifling air and raucousness, he cupped his hands over his ears, recalling in sharp detail the evening he had found the diary—December 8, 1943, the day the last entry had been made by Pvt. Juzo Atobe of the Imperial Japanese Army.

A squall had come up in the late afternoon, rattling the leaves of the coconut and pandanus trees. His soaked fatigues stuck to him, heavy but somehow reassuring; and when the outfit reached the end of Makin Island, completing the final mopping up, he and a couple of his buddies—places and names long forgotten—crawled into a native hut, glad to flop anywhere out of the rain and to hell with the war for a while. The schoolboy's notebook was lying in the center of the hut as though it had been placed there on purpose. It felt warm when he picked it up. *Someone had just had this in his hands*, he thought and looked up quickly and shouted, "Hey, Toma! Come here. On the run!"

The nisei translator hopped down from the truck where he had been broadcasting for any possible survivors to surrender and ran, bent into the slanting rain, toward the hut. "Good deal," Toma said, glancing about the dry shed. "We sleep here tonight. No Japanese soldiers left on this island. That's for sure."

It took more than an hour to read the diary. Toma kept shaking his head, and Eric, listening, stared into the dripping boondocks. All sense of fear and anger left him, and in the gathering darkness a profound awareness of selfless courage, of beauty and dignity evolved, strange and alien in a war, startling to a man who had been existing in fright.

When he read the last line, the interpreter turned, confounded. "He wrote this today? Where did he go?"

"Beats me," Eric said, knowing that in all the diary there had been no word of hate or fury or doubt—and knowing, too, that during the long day's patrol every foot of ground had been probed and not a single enemy had been unearthed. Not a shot had been fired, and no suicide had been found with the muzzle of a rifle beneath the chin and the right giant toe hooked onto the trigger. But during the day Private Juzo Atobe of Kyoto, Japan, deeply in love but oblivious to death, had written finally, "The place where a soldier dies is very important."

And then he had vanished. *Vanished to everyone but me*, Eric thought, staring into the dark wine. It was not the enemy's inexplicable disappearance which had obsessed him, he knew, but the way Juzo Atobe's words had given him a serene courage, an indifference to death which had seen him through a dozen bloody battles; and which had left him, during the warless years when his life was not in jeopardy, incapable of cherishing what he once had loved—life itself. Somehow the unknown enemy had made him less than himself, or greater, but no longer Eric Hoyl.

Suddenly a couple of sailors stumbled against the table. "Excuse us, excuse us, Mac," the shorter one drawled, then straightened and exclaimed, "Hey, you're from back home! How about that? How about a drink of this real swingin' akeydamey wine?"

Eric glanced at them, forcing a tolerant smile, and shook his head. Though they were his countrymen, they appeared foreign and intrusive, boys costumed for some high-school performance of *Pirates of Penzance*. Still, watching them as they lunged toward the bar, he envied their simplicity and wholeness.

Running his moist fingers through his close-cropped hair, he told himself he was a fool, an idiot, a man out of his mind. But it did not change the realization that from the first time he had held the diary in his hands, Juzo Atobe had been alive to him, more alive and vital than he himself had been since he had killed his first and only man.

"*Konban wa*. Good evening."

The mamma-*san* bowed slightly, smiling, her eyes and lips provocative. Her black hair was tied in a pony tail, and the chemise dress appeared neither Western nor Oriental, but an astonishing blending of both. "You like a girl?"

"No. No, thanks. I'm just leaving."

"Is very nice. Very young," the mamma-*san* said, studying the strangely lifeless eyes in the clean and sensitive face. "Speak American like a sailor."

That would really do it, Eric thought and glanced at the females along the bar. They were all ages. They smiled and bowed invitingly, but they were not girls Juzo Atobe would have known. In the years Eric had read and reread the translated diary, learning by heart what was written and all that was left unsaid, Juzo's love of beauty and delicacy, his sense of life uninterrupted and unchanged, the persistence of the spirit, all these had become as intrinsic as his own feelings. The sensuous opening of a water lily, seen in the first morning light, the winter moon above Ginkakuji, the Silver Pavilion, the gentle grace of his beloved Miyoko were the memories which had sustained Juzo when he had been divested of everything but life itself. In the last days of the battle, with all his comrades dead and no hope of rescue, without ammunition or a grenade with which to kill himself, he had searched for natives to help him launch one of their huge canoes. But the Gilbertese had fled to the enemy or hidden. Unable to move the canoe himself, he stripped and tried to swim to an atoll to the north, a hump of coral too small to concern the enemy. But the night sea had driven him back. His clothing was gone and, naked and alone, he had returned to the hut where he had left his diary. ". . . I think of my loved ones and the courage a man needs when he is far from home," he had written. "I do not seem to exist, and yet I am very lonely."

Looking at the girls along the bar, Eric said, "No. No, thanks. No B-girls tonight."

"Not B-girl. Very nice. Very intelligent."

"I'll buy you a drink."

"Oh, thank you. Thank you very much. But I am mamma-*san*—must look out for everybody."

"O.K., mamma-*san*."

(*Continued on Page 62*)

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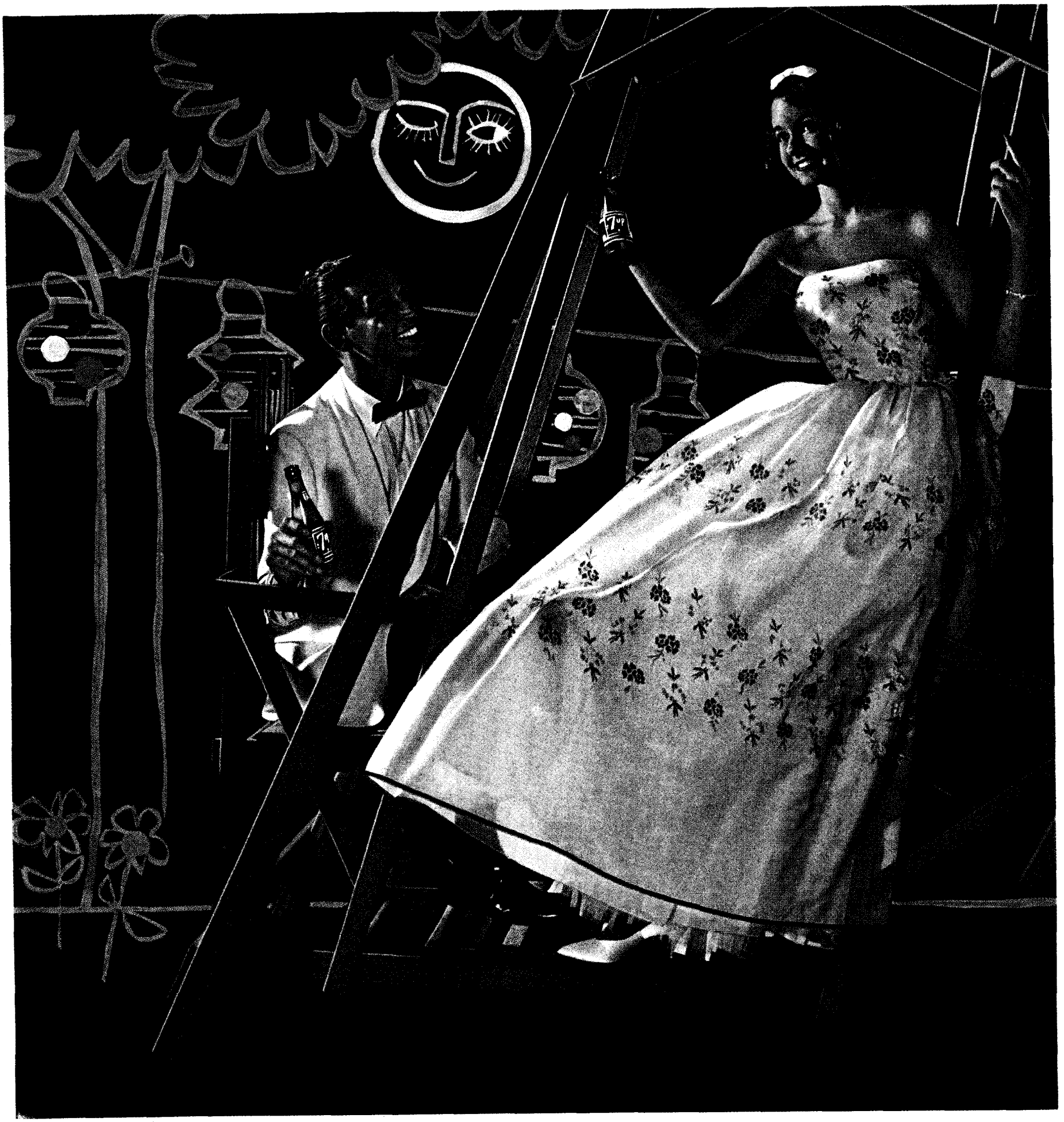

You'll outshine the Man-in-the-Moon with this quick, refreshing lift!

The brightest thing a girl can do on any date is to keep sparkling. No wonder so many bright girls are seen with 7-Up! One chilled bottle gives you brand new energy in just two to six minutes. Your throat feels cool. Your mouth feels fresh. You've got that star-quality again. Don't wait for the next big dance. Start sparkling tonight. It's always 7-Up time!

Nothing, nothing, nothing does it like Seven-Up!

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You can
light either end!

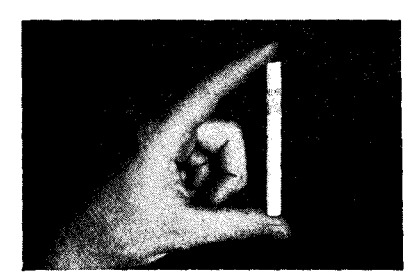
Get satisfying flavor...

So friendly to your taste!

NO FLAT
"FILTERED-OUT"
FLAVOR!

NO DRY
"SMOKED-OUT"
TASTE!

SEE HOW Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!



HERE'S WHY SMOKE

1 You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.

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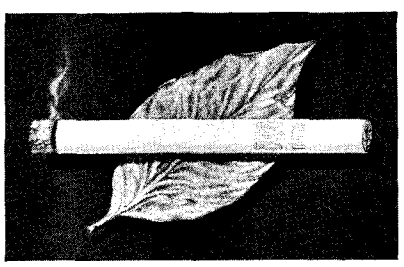
PALL MALL

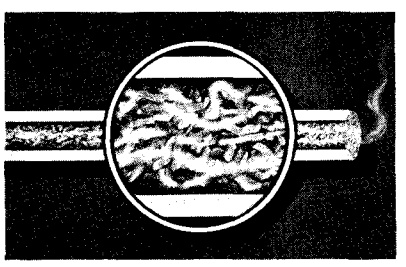
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Never too strong.
Never too weak.
Always just right!





"TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .

3 Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos—and makes it mild!

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(*Continued from Page 58*) "Call me Mary," she said, giving herself an American name the way all the girls did to make it easier for the sailors. "It is not good to be lonely," she added quickly, for he seemed to be withdrawing again, concealing himself behind his indifference.

"No, it's not good at all," he admitted as the almost unbearable feel of estrangement from himself engulfed him. Sometimes he accused himself of having wanted to die back during the times of battle when life was vivid and present, and his comrades filled him with a close compassion. Though he would not have minded death then, he knew the accusation was not true.

Like quickly passing pictures moving backward, there were in his mind the recollections of Okinawa and Guam and Saipan and Makin and the horrifying night of his first invasion.

He had been twenty-one, and death, seen and known and heard and smelled for the first time, shocked him, but only with the awareness that life does end.

In the dusk they had hurriedly dug in between a taro patch and a native hut. Darkness came quickly, as abruptly as a November night in New England, and the minutes were stiff with stillness. An abandoned clock in the hut tolled out the hour, its half and quarters. Unseen birds screeched, and giant land crabs rustled in the fallen fronds.

Eric lay quietly, thirty feet behind the riflemen and gunners, his medic's equipment held tightly against his left side and a knife in his free hand, listening. He thought of the way he had lived during the past three years, the carousing, the endless drinking, open or sly, bottles hidden in barracks, and hospital alcohol to make life blithe and a war inconsequential. He wanted a drink now, needed the courage it would give him. Trembling, he hoped he would not crack. *Don't let me chicken out*, he prayed, frightened of his weakness.

Then other sounds began, softly at first—an imitation of a native baby crying.

The crazy Japs are trying to fool us, he told himself. *They want us to think a bunch of natives are coming through. Don't hold your fire, guys! Let 'em have it. All of 'em!*

And then came the furtive whisper, "Joe, you there, Joe?"

A frenzied terror almost suffocated him. There was silence again, and then off to the left, "Where medic, Joe?"

Eric shook, beseeching himself silently, *Don't think, don't sweat!*

Slowly at first, growing incessantly, an eerie tom-tom began, spreading through the dripping darkness. And then, fierce and wild with shrieks, the banzai began. Rifles cracked, shells spattered, and men screamed and died. Eric stared in disbelief and horror as a bandy-legged Jap ran drunkenly alongside his foxhole brandishing a gleaming sword. A bullet hit him in the shoulder. He whirled once completely and fell backward into the foxhole saying, "Joe, Joe."

Yanking his right arm free from the heavy body, Eric lifted the knife and sent it deep into the man's throat, working it furiously. And then he fell back, sobbing.

The orgy was over. In the sudden quietness he heard O'Keefe moaning out beside the machine-gun nest.

More with impatience than revulsion, he kicked free of the stubby body and, crawling on his elbows, inched his way through the dead, the enemy's and his own, toward the machine-gun. O'Keefe was wounded in the right leg. As though it were no more dangerous than a maneuver in the Mojave Desert, Eric bent over him, bandaging the leg quickly. A Jap sniper, lashed to the top of a coconut tree across the taro patch, fired once. Eric felt something graze his arm, and O'Keefe yelled as the bullet buried itself in his other leg. Without thinking, Eric slapped his hand over the gunner's mouth and held it tight. "Quiet," he whispered. "Easy, boy, easy."

After a long while he lifted his hand, and O'Keefe begged, "Give me morphine."

"I can't, buddy. I can't. You might wander away." Lying close beside O'Keefe, his arm across the wounded man's chest, Eric whispered, "I'll stick with you. Only don't moan. Don't make a sound."

All night they lay clutched, one in pain and one in fear, as the oblivious clock marked the quarter hours until dawn.

"I see you last night. And the night before. Three nights already," the mamma-*san* said. "You wait for someone?"

Eric barely heard her. He knew his eyes were glazed and expressionless. He was beginning to tremble helplessly as he had the morning after the attack. In his bloody fatigues he had leaned against the front of the jeep, drinking coffee and only partially listening to the words the C. O. spoke commending him for his bravery. And then he had walked down to the edge of the lagoon and sat alone by the emerald water, sick with weariness, his face lowered onto his drawn-up knees. His body shook with release and, though he kept muttering his hatred for the enemy, he thought, over and over, *It's all so inhuman. I can't do a good job in this lousy stinkin' war unless one of my buddies is hurt. I can't help unless someone is all shot up and dying. And I'm scared. I know it. I know it.*

Even now he did not know why the knowledge had left him reckless—not reckless exactly, but no longer querulous with death.

"You in love, Joe?" mamma-*san* asked.

He did not bother to look up. "I'm not Joe. My name's Eric. And I am not in love. At least, if I am, I don't know it."

"You want I should stay with you?" She smiled, making her dark eyes lively, but she studied his face carefully. His expression was stoical, as though all springs and summers and autumns had passed. "I stay, you want," she repeated.

Eric shrugged. He was thinking of Juzo's diary and the entry he had made the afternoon of the drunken banzai. *D Day*, he thought, *and me so scared I could smell it.* ". . . we drink some wine from the church, and everybody is high-spirited. We know we are going to die, so we have no fear of anyone or anything."

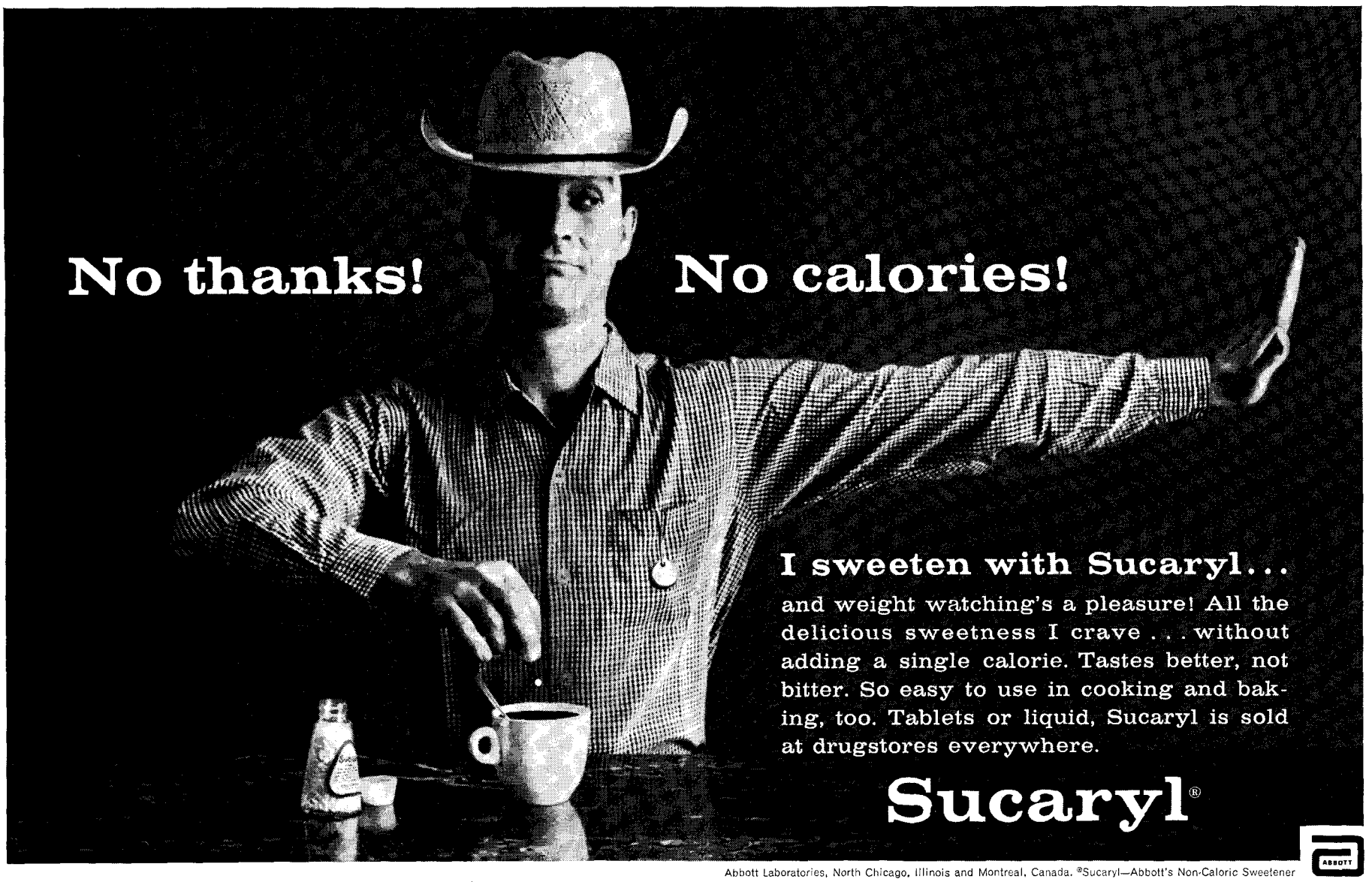
And the next day, Eric remembered, the unknown enemy had used a phrase

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Simple Self-Defense

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

An hour at a cocktail party
makes
One general rule declarable:
Some hoist their grog
like accomplished rakes;
In fact, their behavior's
terrible.
But most guests drink no
more than it takes
To render the first group
bearable.


No thanks!
No calories!
I sweeten with Sucaryl...
and weight watching's a pleasure! All the delicious sweetness I crave . . . without adding a single calorie. Tastes better, not bitter. So easy to use in cooking and baking, too. Tablets or liquid, Sucaryl is sold at drugstores everywhere.
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he was to repeat until the final entry was made, "Strangely I am still alive."

"You tourist, Eric-*san*? You travel?"

Only then did he glance up. Mamma-*san* is no girl—pretty, but no kid, he thought and smiled ironically, wondering why it was he could never believe he was thirty-six. For years he had thought of everyone as being younger than himself or older, as though he existed at some indefinite and unchanging time, but was curiously alive.

"You smile," Mary said. "That make me happy. We have a drink, yes?"

"Good."

While they waited for the bottle, they talked, speaking as strangers searching for something in common. But as she moved her hands, lighting his cigarette, smiling as though whatever he might say would be delightful, she saw herself as a little girl in Kyoto, in love and waiting for a victory which was never to come. She dropped the match in the ash tray and asked him where he was from and what he did. He told her Sausalito, across the bay from San Francisco, and that he was an illustrator for magazines. "I used to think I wanted to be a portrait painter, but——" He took a deep drag on his cigarette and shrugged. Even if he could explain it, he knew, it was no longer important. His desire to create, to be alive and vital, had long since ebbed away, vanished, leaving him with the fearful realization that he had been stripped of the ability to feel joy or sorrow or love.

"Luck," she said.

Eric lifted his glass to hers. "Luck." Though the wine was sweet, it left a bitter aftertaste. He closed his eyes, savoring it, thinking of the earth, the moisture, the sun and gentle winds, the night coolness, all the little miracles of nature which had conspired to perfect the grape, only to have it end as a purple fluid held in a glass in the Place of the Strange Flowers looking out to the Inland Sea. "Luck," he repeated dryly.

"You go to Kyoto?"

"No. No, I don't think so." Always before, he knew, he had thought that if he could get to Kyoto and find out if Juzo Atobe had survived and how, his obsession would disappear and his own life would take on immediacy again. Suddenly the simple statement which had tormented him for years seemed irrelevant. *Who cares where a soldier dies?* he thought.

"Is very beautiful in Kyoto."

"So they tell me." He looked at her, studying the vestiges of elegance in her face and the movement of her hands, wondering how he could have been so self-deluded. *Even if the guy's alive, wading in a rice field or selling souvenirs to servicemen, we'll have nothing in common. When that nisei translator first read the diary I thought I knew Juzo, but I didn't. I only conjured up a picture of a gentle man whose job was to kill me, and I felt sorry for him.*

"When I was a girl in Kyoto I was happy. It was very beautiful being a girl in Kyoto," she added so softly he hardly heard her.

For years, Eric knew, he had tried to imagine the moment when he might meet Juzo and the deep joy he would have in returning his diary to him and telling him how much it had meant, the unbelievable courage it had given him. He had always thought Juzo would smile and bow gratefully, and they would clasp each other like friends long separated; but now Eric knew he would feel like a thief, a thief who had stolen the most personal possession a man had, the record of his love and sorrow and loneliness and loyalty—his existence, his being, really, for no man remembers all he has felt and seen and been.

The realization, vivid and startling beneath the blatant noise and mamma-*san*'s polite chatter, left him appalled. The diary, safely held in his briefcase at the hotel, was like Juzo Atobe himself, and Eric knew he could not destroy it, nor could he keep it forever.

Forcing his mind from its obsession, he tried to recall the years since his discharge—almost half of his lifetime. Yet the time was disjointed and without continuity. He could remember only isolated moments—the cold grace of Manolete killing a bull in Yucatán, the twilight cidery smell of the orchards in the Finger Lake country, the gentle hushing sound of night snow falling outside the house he had had one winter in Connecticut, driving alone across the moonlit desert when even the motor seemed soundless, the white fog above the lovely whiteness of San Francisco. All were sights and sounds and smells. There had been moments of desire and passion and yearning, but he could not remember them nor whom they involved.

Hardly aware of what he was doing, he got to his feet and, taking the mamma-*san*'s hand, he led her to the dance floor near the thundering jukebox. He held her tightly, hoping to feel something, even if only a simple, transitory desire. But he did not. With her head leaning warmly against his cheek, he stared unseeingly, astonished, nearly frightened, for his presence seemed to be slipping from him.

Miyoko struggled to follow his awkward shuffling. His movements were wooden and (*Continued on Page 66*)

Pamper your lawn and enjoy yourself with The JAVELIN, JACOBSEN'S New Multi-Purpose Mower

The new Jacobsen Javelin is a great riding mower, engineered like a fine car, with many refinements and exclusive advantages—even with electric starting if you like, at extra cost. It cuts a clean 26 inch swath—up to an acre an hour on level lawns. And you ought to see how it climbs grades up to 40%, or trims close to obstructions.

But the Javelin is more than a mower. It is capable of drawing a garden cart, a seed and fertilizer spreader, a roller, a sweeper, a spiker or aerator, or it even can push a snow plow in season. A good lawn needs all of these implements to make it look its best.

Give your lawn the beauty treatment—and have the time of your life, with a Javelin. Ask your Jacobsen dealer to put one on your lawn for a try-out. Find his name under "Lawn Mowers" in the yellow pages, or write us.

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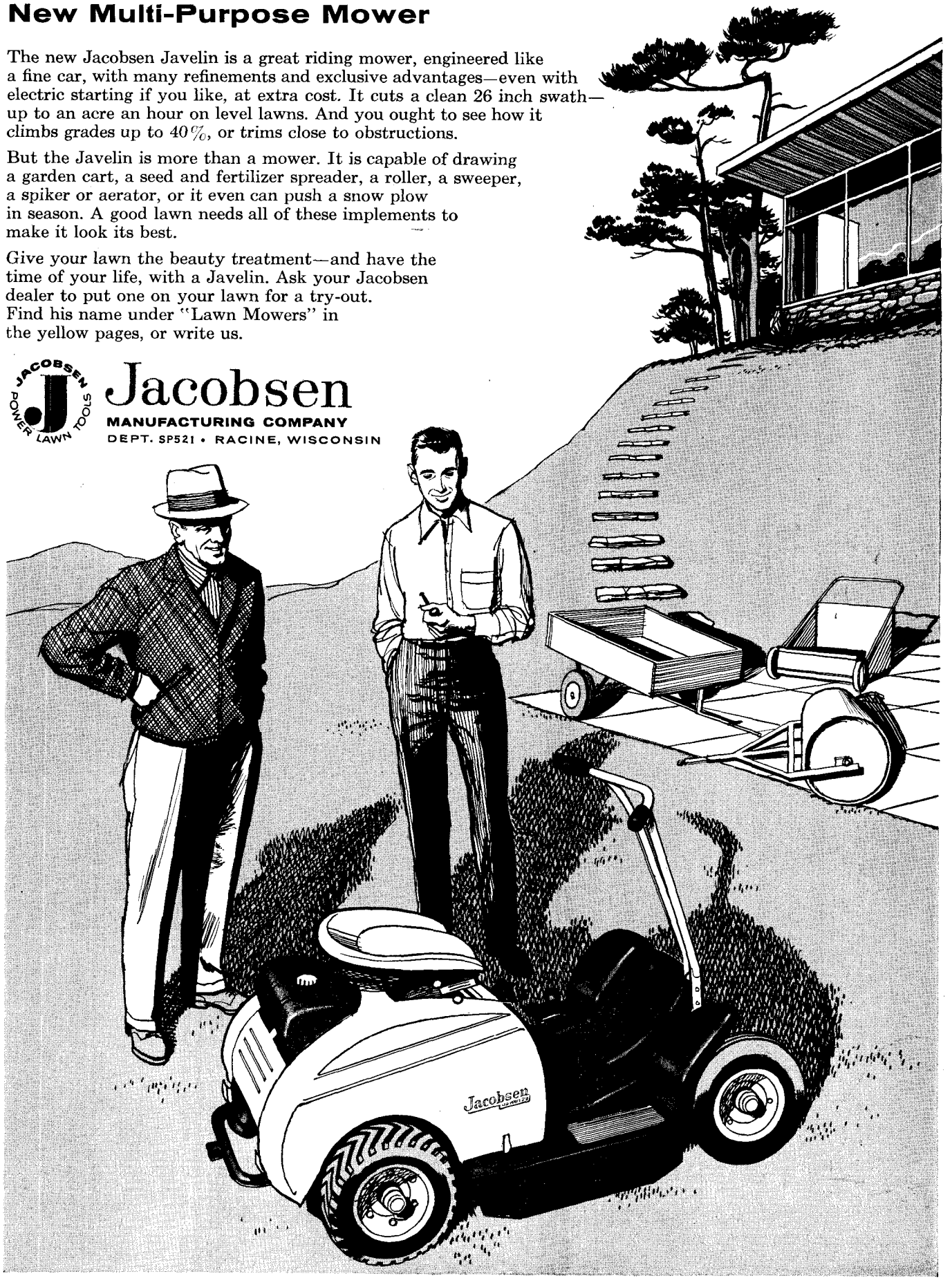

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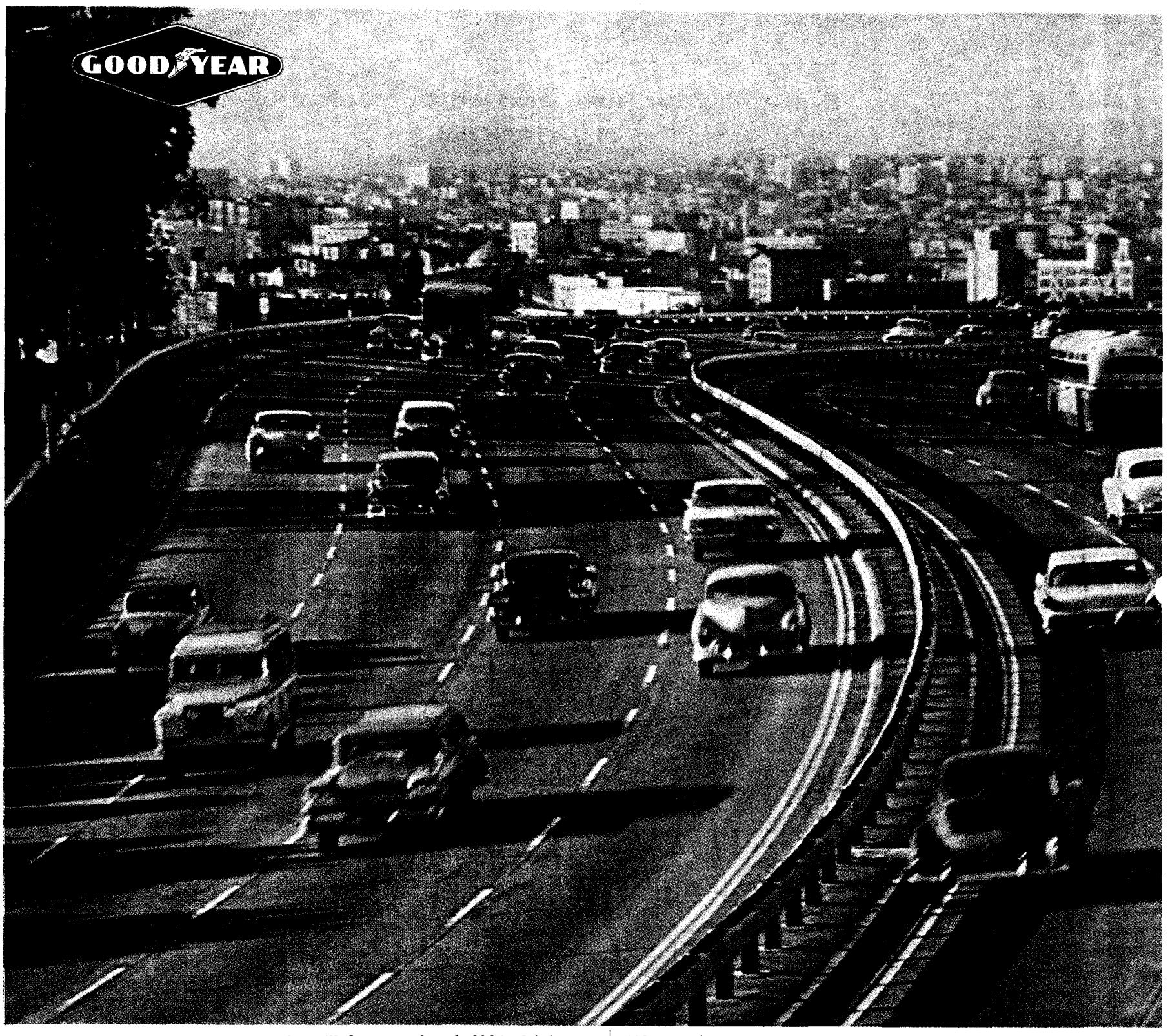
The World's First Ti



This year, the average motorist will do more than half his driving on modern throughways, freeways and turnpikes—at high legal speeds.

(Above, heading north on California's Bay Shore Freeway—an easy-driving, scenic approach to San Francisco.)

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

GOOD

Watch the award-winning "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

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May 21, 1960

npike-Proved Tires

Now precision-built with electronic controls . . . to give you the three great new tire advances of 1960

Now electronic quality control—a new way of *precision-building* a tire—has been added to the superior materials Goodyear puts *into* a tire: **new rubbers, new chemicals, new 3-T Cords.**

What it means to you is this. You get:

1. Up to 25% more safe mileage than before—anywhere. Now, the mixing of Goodyear's new chemicals and tread rubber—into a tougher, more "intimately mixed" compound—is controlled by electronics. And the other major reason for Goodyear's Turnpike-Proved mileage—exclusive, triple-tempered 3-T Cord (Rayon or Nylon)—is produced and built into tires with the precision quality control of electronic eyes.

2. New whisper-quiet, cushion-soft ride. You'll hear a lot about this in 1960, but it actually started with Goodyear some 30 months ago. At that time, we discovered that certain new chemicals permit us to soften the tread rubber of our tires *without sacrificing mileage.*

In fact, because we've been able to produce a rubber that's softer, yet tougher, Goodyear tires now give you up to 25% *more* safe mileage than before.

3. New 3-way surgeless on the road. Quicker starts—safer stops—better car control on turns. You get sealed-down traction you'll notice most on wet pavements. Again, this 3-way Goodyear advance comes not only from design factors—tread design, and the rubber and 3-T Cords used—but also from the precision we get from *electronic controls.*

Without question, these new precision-built Goodyear tires are the finest we've ever built. You can get them now at your nearby Goodyear dealer's—*and they won't cost you one cent more.* Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

CUSTOM
SUPER-CUSHION

LOTS OF GOOD THINGS COME FROM GOODYEAR

YEAR

NOW PRECISION-BUILT WITH ELECTRONIC CONTROLS

Super-Cushion, T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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(*Continued from Page 63*) jerky like the steps of a marionette or a *kabuki* dancer. She wondered if she and Juzo had ever danced together if it would have been like this—with their bodies touching from hip to cheek. She doubted it. It would not have been his way—nor hers. Only since the Americans had come to occupy Japan had she danced in this fashion.

And yet, with Eric's arm around her, she allowed herself a rare indulgence. She thought of Juzo and the love they had known—walking silently through the temples and gardens of Kyoto, sitting quietly by the lake where the moon found its bridge beneath the water, looking at each other, glances solemn, and the day he left for the army, with only their eyes revealing their anguish. How brave and proud he had been for a boy of eighteen, she thought, holding Eric closer to her as if the warmth of his body rekindled all she had felt.

Miyoko, Miyoko, she said silently, thinking of the shy and innocent girl whose father had come home one evening and, over the meager supper, said gravely and unforgettably, "We are defeated."

The war had ended, and soon the hope of love had ended. Only after months had she had the courage to leave Kyoto. She had been too old to be trained as a geisha, but her father's cousin, Kichi Saburo, a mamma-*san*, had offered her work in a Kobe bar. As the train left Kyoto tears ran down her cheeks, translucent as the slow dripping of a white candle. The war was over. Hope was gone, she had thought and she had placed her dreams like a single flower on a tokonoma and slid closed the door to the room, withdrawing. She had never allowed herself to think of Juzo—for he, too, had chosen to be closed behind the paper door.

Suddenly Eric stopped dancing. Taking her hand, he shoved his way blindly through the crowd and back to the table. He felt dizzy and weak. *Am I getting tight*, he wondered, and fearful that he would not, he ordered a bottle of whisky, reaching for it as he would reach for oblivion. He flushed with a brief fever. His eyes lost their focus, and his ears held a distant roar as though covered with huge conch shells which had captured a vast and timeless surf.

But the tide was ebbing now, leaving him without strength and floundering. He heard himself talking, but the voice sounded removed and strange. It fascinated him like a thing both evil and beautiful. It grew fainter. He felt a monstrous loneliness and he wanted to cry out to the voice, pleading with it to return; but it floated away, leaving him void of awareness.

"It is all with the will of the gods." He gave the words voice.

Miyoko looked at him. His face was slack, his eyes motionless, his voice metallic.

"I want to die proudly, but I have no gun, and the enemy does not come to me."

She gasped, knowing the words were not Eric's, but something he was recalling.

"From hiding in the ocean and the rains, the skin on my hands looks like a dead man's skin. I wash my face and hands for the last time, and when I return to the hut, I cannot see my shadow in the shadows of the coconut trees."

Miyoko leaned forward, straining to hear the barely mumbled words. It wasn't simply that Eric was drunk and unaware of what he was saying, but the words, telling of the ancient ceremony of washing the face and hands for the last time, were not the words of an American.

"I tell myself again that the place where a soldier dies is very important."

Tears dropped down her cheeks. "Eric, Eric-*san*, who do you talk?"

He did not look at her, but his voice was fiercely resentful, as if anyone and everyone should know. "Juzo. Juzo Atobe of Kyoto."

"You know him?" she cried. "You know Juzo, Eric-*san*?"

"I have him at my hotel," he muttered. "In my briefcase."

Miyoko half carried Eric to her room. He lay on her bed, thrashing, struggling beneath the trancelike spell.

Slowly, each question dropped like a pebble into a stilled pool, she led his memory back across the days of Juzo's diary until the image of the man she had loved—the gentle, proud and valiant Juzo, the man whose loyalty to his country and his emperor came before himself and his love—evolved and became clear, replacing the hated wraithlike man who had returned to Kyoto so scornful of himself he would not even destroy the life he loathed.

"Thank you," Miyoko said, sobbing. "Thank you eternally."

Suddenly, sitting bolt upright, his eyes glazed and his voice cold and impersonal, he asked, "Why did the war mean so much to him and so little to me?"

"Sleep, Eric-*san*. Sleep. We will know."

Beneath the gentle stroking and massaging of her fingers, he sank into sound sleep. Deftly she slipped the keys from his pocket and hurried to his hotel. Returning, she sat beside the bed reading the diary; and by the time dawn came, slow and pervading as though it would be forever present, she had relived with Juzo his last days on the island and his proud determination to survive long enough to tell with what courage the commander and the subordinates had died.

She dressed quietly, meticulously, wearing her native clothing, tying the obi with deep joy and concealing the diary inside it. Glancing frequently at Eric, she wondered how she could ever make him realize that he had accomplished for Juzo the only mission at which her once beloved had failed—he had kept alive the record of the dignity and courage of all who had died.

Standing by the window, hearing, more than seeing, the rain outside, she said softly, "Yes, yes, Juzo, the place where a soldier dies is very important. And the places where he remains are forever astonishing." Leaning over, she kissed Eric on the cheek, hoping that someday he would know that the place where Juzo had died was in his own heart, and the place where he had survived was in his enemy's spirit. "Today," she whispered, "Juzo waits, idiotic and foolish, beside the Golden Temple in Kyoto. We will see him, Eric-*san*, and maybe our war will end."

The tea and the fresh apricots had hardly awakened him; and even after the little train pulled out of the Kobe station, Eric stared at Miyoko in befuddlement. He knew she was the mamma-*san* and she had said she was taking him to Kyoto to see the temples; but in her beautiful costume, with her black hair piled high on her head, her voice and manner gentle and considerate, she seemed far removed from the Place of the Strange Flowers. Turning to the window, he stared bleakly at the shacks almost obliterated by the misty morning rain.

I'm really hung over, he thought, for there were spasms in his stomach and a weakness in his arms and legs, and in the rain beyond the window there were a thousand disconnected memories.

"I guess I talked a lot last night, huh?"

"You don't remember?"

"I remember dancing. And then something must have hit me." He turned away. "Maybe I am tired."

Reaching out, she took his hand and silently they rode together to Kyoto. The rain was still falling, a luminous curtain of endless depth across the city and its temples. Taking a cab, they rode through the streets, past the parks and bridges, the pools and shrines and temples. Brightly costumed people walked along, unhurried, as though the rain were an illusion. The damp air made Eric feel alive again, but he had no feeling that he was ending a voyage. Kyoto was only a city, a beautiful city, but not a destination. *What a long and foolish journey*, he thought. "Not a very good day for sight-seeing," he said. "How about some food or a drink?"

"Soon," she said. "I want you to see the Golden Temple first, Eric-*san*."

"Eric-*san*? Hey, I like that," he exclaimed, his voice sounding almost youthful. Turning, he looked at her, seeing the softness of her skin, the eyes as bright as coins reflecting light upward through a limpid pool. Her hands lay quietly in the lap of her kimono—the kimono whose blue-and-white-and-orange-flowing pattern symbolized the sea and the tide and the setting sun. He could not explain it and he did not try, for it sounded even more foolish to say he had fallen in love, seeing her hands in the morning light, than to tell anyone why he had come to Kyoto. Yet for the first time since he could remember, he felt genuine need and desire pass through him. Happiness and joy were as close to him as the waiting hands, he knew and, reaching out, he lifted them to his lips.

The rain slackened, and by the time they reached the temple it was hardly more than a warm mist, a spray floating without direction, evaporating. Walking toward the temple, Eric studied the soft and graceful and serene lines, the unbelievable wisplike airiness of the structure. "How very beautiful," he said, turning completely, seeing the flowers and the trees and the temple again, studying them as a young man. "I am happy you came with me——say, what is your name?"

"I told you last night. You forget? Mary."

"Mary. That's not Japanese."

"Oh, in Japanese name is very ordinary—Miyoko."

"Miyoko!" He moved to her, but she took his hand and led him quickly to a place beside the ancient steps where a bedraggled man squatted silently in the fine rain.

Kneeling before him and lowering her head in subservience, she said softly, "It is Miyoko." The man did not speak. "I have a friend who has come a long way to see you."

Eric gasped, shaking his head in disbelief. Even before she spoke he knew this was all that was left of Juzo Atobe. Lowering his face, Eric covered it with his hands. In all the hundreds and hundreds of times he had tried to envision this meeting, it had never held horror or shame. In the wildest moments of his aberration, he had never conceived of the once courageous and gentle Juzo sitting in the rain like a man demented and barely alive. (*Continued on Page 68*)

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Henry suddenly found that termites, in a few short months or less, had wrecked most of the beams under his summer cottage. It cost $2000 to repair the damage. Henry listed the amount as an income-tax deduction. He was compelled to pay under protest, however, and sued to recover what he termed an overpayment.

"The revenue code specifically allows a taxpayer to deduct losses arising from 'fire, storm, shipwreck or other casualty,'" Henry contended. "Anyone whose house has been attacked by termites knows they can create a worse 'casualty' than a storm."

"The law refers to losses caused by *sudden* happenings," the Government attorney replied. "Termites damage property gradually. Therefore, they do not produce sudden damage as fires and hurricanes do."

If you were the judge, would you repay the taxpayer?

• •

The taxpayer won. The court said that while slow deterioration caused by termites over a period of years would not be deductible, yet "when the damage occurs in a short period of time, as it did in this case, the element of suddenness is present." Therefore, it concluded, the loss was in effect deductible.

Based upon a 1958 Federal Court decision.

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(*Continued from Page 66*) "Juzo. Juzo, listen to me," Miyoko begged. "Can you hear me, Juzo? He has brought you something." Reaching beneath her obi, Miyoko took out the schoolboy's notebook and opened it in the faint mist.

"Where did you get that?" Eric demanded angrily.

She looked up, translucent tears flowing down her cheeks. "Last night you talked. I went to your room. Please forgive me. I meant no disrespect, Eric-*san*."

"He mustn't see it. No, he mustn't, Miyoko."

Without hesitating, she began to read, turning the pages gently—as though she held in her hands not only a record of Juzo's being but all that he had somehow given over to Eric to see him through the terrifying times, the courage and pride and endurance which must now be returned to the man who first had written, "The place where a soldier dies is very important."

Sinking to his knees, Eric studied Juzo's face. There was no expression of awareness. The eyes were downcast, and for a long while the face remained immobile, heedless of the words. And then as Miyoko read through the last days, through December seventh, when Juzo had known finally that he would not be rescued on the anniversary of the Great Asiatic and South Seas Campaign, the pale lips began to move in a faint smile. The eyes raised slightly, peering sideways as though to help him to hear and recognize a long-forgotten sound.

"I cannot see my shadow in the shadow of the coconut trees," Miyoko read; and with the words all awareness vanished from the silent and ragged man.

"Juzo. Juzo!" Eric cried, hoping to bring him back. "Listen. Listen, Juzo. I've brought your diary. This is yours. This is the way you were!"

Juzo looked up at him and smiled with infinite tenderness and compassion. In that moment, Eric knew, the demented and impoverished warrior returned him to himself, returned him to the young man he had been before a dying enemy had said, "Joe, Joe," returned him to himself—a man of ordinary courage and ordinary cowardice, a man of all the ordinary feelings, but a complete man.

When Miyoko read the last line, when she had read,"I think of my loved ones and the courage a man needs when he is far from home," Juzo got to his feet and reached out his frail hand for the book. She gave it to him, and Juzo bowed deeply to them.

"Where do you go, Juzo?" Miyoko asked.

"Into the mountains," he said with great finality and, turning, he looked directly at Eric. In the brief vivid moment of almost unbearable knowledge and gratitude, they recognized each other, each saying silently, when man is inhuman to man someone must die. "I have waited a very long time," Juzo said clearly and, bowing again, he turned and walked from them with a dignity and presence larger than the brightening morning.

"How did he do it?" Eric asked, his voice hushed with incomprehension, meaning how did he ever give me his valiancy and courage and reverence, but adding, "How did he ever escape from the island? How did he survive?"

"The natives put him in a canoe and set him adrift," Mikoyo said. "Death to them is a matter for the gods to arrange."

"But how did he get here? Why, that's thousands of miles——"

"One of our submarines found him. He was dying of thirst. His body was swollen and blistered. Even the doctors could not explain how he survived without food or water."

Turning, Eric saw the slight and holy man vanishing beyond the glowing temple. "Juzo, Juzo," he repeated reverently, knowing that never again would he be less than himself, or greater. He reached out his hand, and Miyoko placed hers in it. "Did you love him very much?"

"I always will, Eric-*san*."

"I will, too, Miyoko. He was my enemy and my only friend."

Together, in the clear sun, they walked into the temple.

New Designs for Living

(Continued from Page 30)

and, above all, in the conservatism of the moneylenders.

Now, however, a change is in the making. It should influence even the money men. Land for housing is difficult to find and increasing in cost. At the same time the American family is casting a heavy vote for something which, for want of a better name, might be called indoor-outdoor living—and with it a measure of seclusion from the rest of the world. The contemporary house is made to order to meet these circumstances. It features visual and physical combinations of indoor and outdoor living space; privacy without confinement can be had on the smallest lot; plans can be adapted at reasonable cost to make the most of land considered too rugged a setting for the traditional house.

The four homes on these pages were selected with the aid of The American Institute of Architects to illustrate the versatility of contemporary design. They house families in the middle range of incomes. In each case the freedom of contemporary form provides amenities which traditional design would have found it difficult to supply. Three of the homes were commissioned by builders and, with minor variations, have been erected in quantity and have sold well.

One of the builder homes is in Florida, another in California; these states, plus Texas and the Northwest contain most of the contemporary houses built to date. This geography of acceptance suggests that modern design is peculiarly adapted to warm climates (not necessarily true) and that it flourishes in new communities where evidence of the past is not a dominating influence (generally true). As an able young architect in Florida comments:

"Houses that look *different* are not an economic problem for us. Our home buyers mostly come from other places and are looking for a new way of life. They have left tradition behind."

Native Floridians and Californians, on the other hand, were conditioned by architectural inheritance from Spain to accept the contemporary single-story, flat-roofed house as a traditional form. Their mild climates allowed unlimited use of glass long before construction and heating techniques were advanced enough to guarantee protection against cold at reasonable cost. Now, however, if a homeowner in the North wants a glass-walled bath—as some do—the room can be built to maintain comfortable temperature and humidity the year around.

John N. Highland Jr., a Buffalo, New York, architect, has introduced several clients to bathrooms with floor-to-ceiling glass opening on a secluded garden. "The idea is not, perhaps, what everybody wants," he says, "but an example of how limiting our habits can be. A window was traditionally considered a heat barrier between indoors and outdoors. A drapery or shade put within a few inches of the glass made it a visual barrier as well. It simply does not occur, in most thinking, that these two barriers can be separated—that a large glassed area facing a sheltered patio, for instance, can achieve the same privacy as drapes or blinds immediately inside the glass."

The pull of habits, or tradition, remains strong. Robert Anshen, of Anshen and Allen, designers of the California home pictured on page 30, credits the custom of perching our homes foursquare in the middle of even the tiniest lot to America's heritage from England. "This was the placement of the manor house," he said, "the home of the man of substance, completely private in its surrounding gardens, lawn and forest. It became the goal of every American—and long since was reduced to absurdity when the surrounding protective acres shrank to a narrow patch of grass."

Anshen and others have turned to the ancient Mediterranean tradition in locating and planning a home where land is at a premium. "Land became precious in ancient civilizations," he says, "and the pattern that evolved in built-up areas has been followed for thousands of years. The Mediterranean house has blank walls to the street, party walls at the sides and rear and opens into an interior court to provide both visual and sound privacy from the neighbors. We believe that this system makes sense for good living today."

The Mediterranean court idea is used in all but one of the houses shown. The exception is the two-story home on page 31, which illustrates the adaptability of contemporary design to a difficult site. The steeply sloped, heavily wooded land, on which a score of similar homes was built, was available only because less imaginative developers, thinking in terms of conventional design, had passed it by. The builder significantly relied on the architect for site planning—the placement of homes and streets—as well as for house design. Site planning was also the function of the architects of the California and Florida homes, and its importance in achieving better and more attractive use of costly land is increasingly apparent to many developers.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The wedding of structural form and surfaces with the infinite variety of nature, both outdoors and within the house, is apparent in almost every contemporary home. The architect enhances the comfort and security of the shelter by relying on the surrounding landscape to ornament and compliment his design. Leaf and branch go well with the bold, sometimes starkly severe planes and surfaces of modern structural materials. They provide one of the humanizing influences which many architects have sought to offset the idea that a contemporary home is "a machine for living." Colors and patterns created by materials such as tile or brick also are increasingly relied upon for visual interest. The "machine" definition grew out of the relation of contemporary design to living in a machine age, and is part of the general confusion that has persisted in attempts to identify "contemporary" as a formal style, such as Georgian or Greek Revival or Renaissance.

The original concept of Walter Gropius, in founding the Bauhaus School of Design in Germany forty-one years ago, was to establish "a new set of values reflecting the thought and feeling of our time."

The goal in architecture was form and beauty inherent in the function of a structure and the materials from which it was made. Architects were taught to seek originality in the technology of a brave new world of wood products, concrete, glass and metal, the like of which had never existed before.

The term "international" derived from the background of Gropius and other European architects, is sometimes draped like a glamorous veil over the more extreme examples of contemporary architecture. It is not descriptive of our best contemporary design which, architects insist, should reflect not only American life and materials but also those of the region where the home is built. As James M. Hunter, whose (*Continued on Page 70*)

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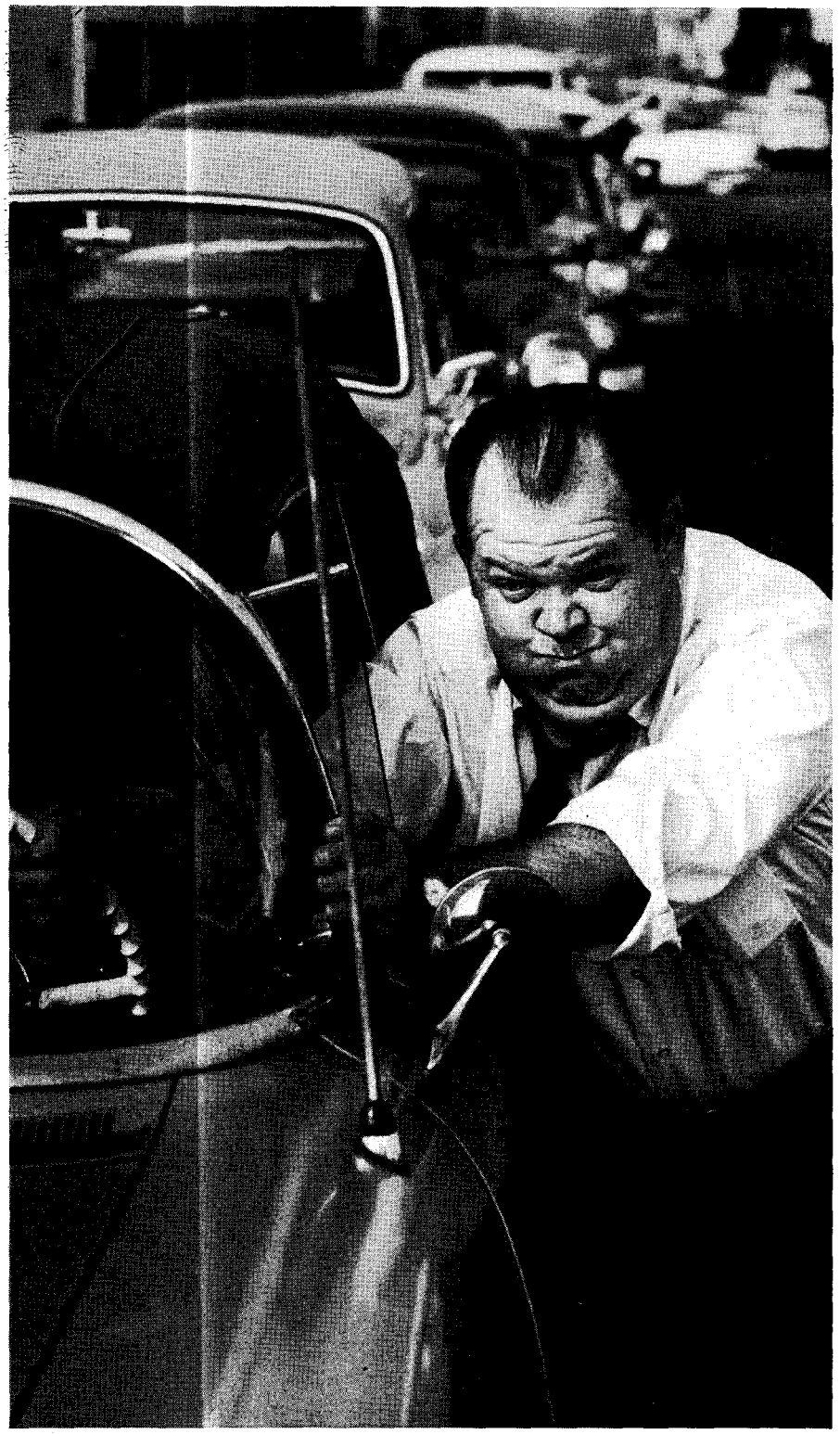

(*Continued from Page 68*) contemporary homes are designed for Rocky Mountain families puts it, "When technological method, structural system, use of materials and geographic location are each exploited to the full, the resultant 'look' will be good. This means that one of Frank Lloyd Wright's low, squat, prairie houses looks good in Illinois, but nowhere else. Pietro Belluschi's shingle-roofed wood houses look good in the moist, heavily forested Northwest, but nowhere else. There can be no universal goodness. A house cannot mean all things to all people."

The difference by regions is obvious in the four houses illustrated. The fencing which is acceptable in a California community of single-story houses is foreign, even distasteful, in the Northeast. Both of the Middle Atlantic homes conform to traditional tastes by the use of pitched roofs.

The interiors of the three largest homes are similar in one respect. Each has a multipurpose room in addition to the living room. It is sometimes labeled a family room or, if the children are young, a playroom. This currently popular living area was developed to cope with a modern concept which has been much abused. Clear-span construction, which eliminates the need for load-bearing interior walls, permits open interior planning to create the illusion of space. A few extremists have carried the idea so far that the only completely walled area indoors is the bathroom. The abuse came from the builders of small homes who pared down over-all dimensions and at the same time sold the "spaciousness" of a combined living, dining, cooking and utility area. Families with children soon were eager to swap illusions of space for privacy; and the family room, where youth, TV and radio predominate, was born.

Most architects feel that the family room and a zoned floor plan permit them to keep the living generously open and yet fulfill the need for visual privacy indoors. The way in which a zoned plan separates the bedroom area from active living space is immediately apparent in the two wings of the Pennsylvania home on page 28. This function, incidentally, was performed by upper stories in earlier houses. The architects are not so sure that they have mastered sound privacy in all but the most expensive homes. "The problem is cost, because the less expensive materials which must be used to provide more house for the money do transmit sound," Anshen observes. "If we can give people a visual sense of space at no cost by combining at least two of three areas devoted to living, dining and food preparation, we should be able to find materials to provide sound privacy cheaply too."

Anshen believes that a separate room for modern housekeeping machinery is inevitable. Most new homes have a utility room. He would revamp this space or create a sort of second kitchen to house dishwashers, garbage-disposal units and other major appliances which may be noisy or otherwise disturbing.

The achievement of privacy in homes which feature open interiors and glass walls—a sort of eat-your-cake-and-have-it-too miracle—is an almost irresistible combination monopolized by contemporary architecture.

The glass wall, incidentally, is a creation of the contemporaries which has wandered far afield. In some situations—the picture window, notably—the attempt to exploit new visual dimensions with glass has only achieved exposure. Some of the best contemporary designers admit that their early efforts went overboard in the use of glass.

Better control of light with screening walls or overhanging eaves now enhances the visual link from indoors to a selected scene outside. The problem of daylight glare, however, is important enough to require either exterior screening—which may serve as ornament, too—or drapes indoors.

The conventional window, however, is viewed by many contemporary designers as a poor compromise. One Florida architect goes so far as to say, "When we reach a situation where we must put in an old-fashioned window, I know our design team is in trouble."

Architects freely admit that the shape and form of contemporary techniques and materials may be unfamiliar—exposed post and beam construction, glass walls, bomber-canopy plastic bubbles to light a bath or kitchen, for instance. But they feel they have combined them well to produce a more livable home under conditions that prevail today. And they are convinced, as they watch the spreading, piecemeal use of these materials to implement new living ideas, that the influence of contemporary design may eventually replace reliance on styles of the past. THE END

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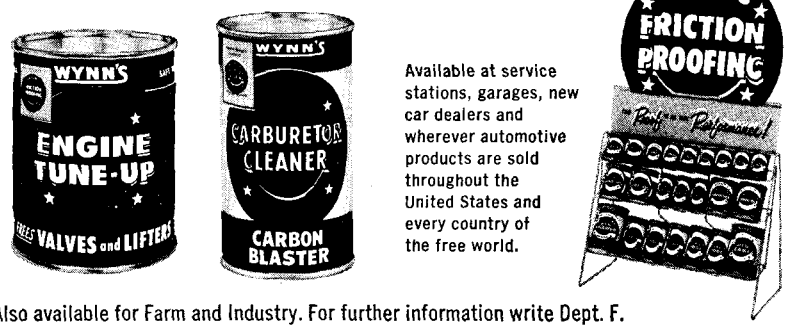

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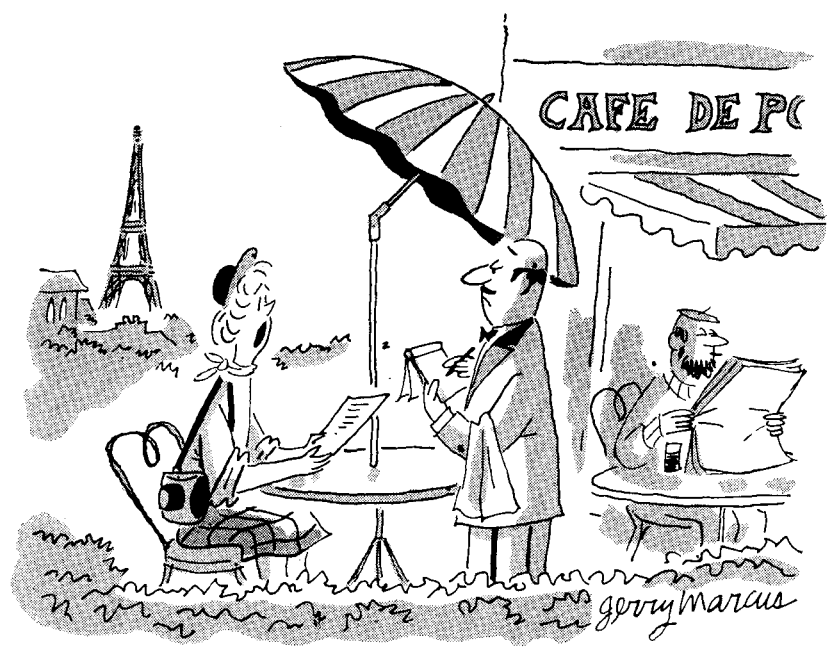

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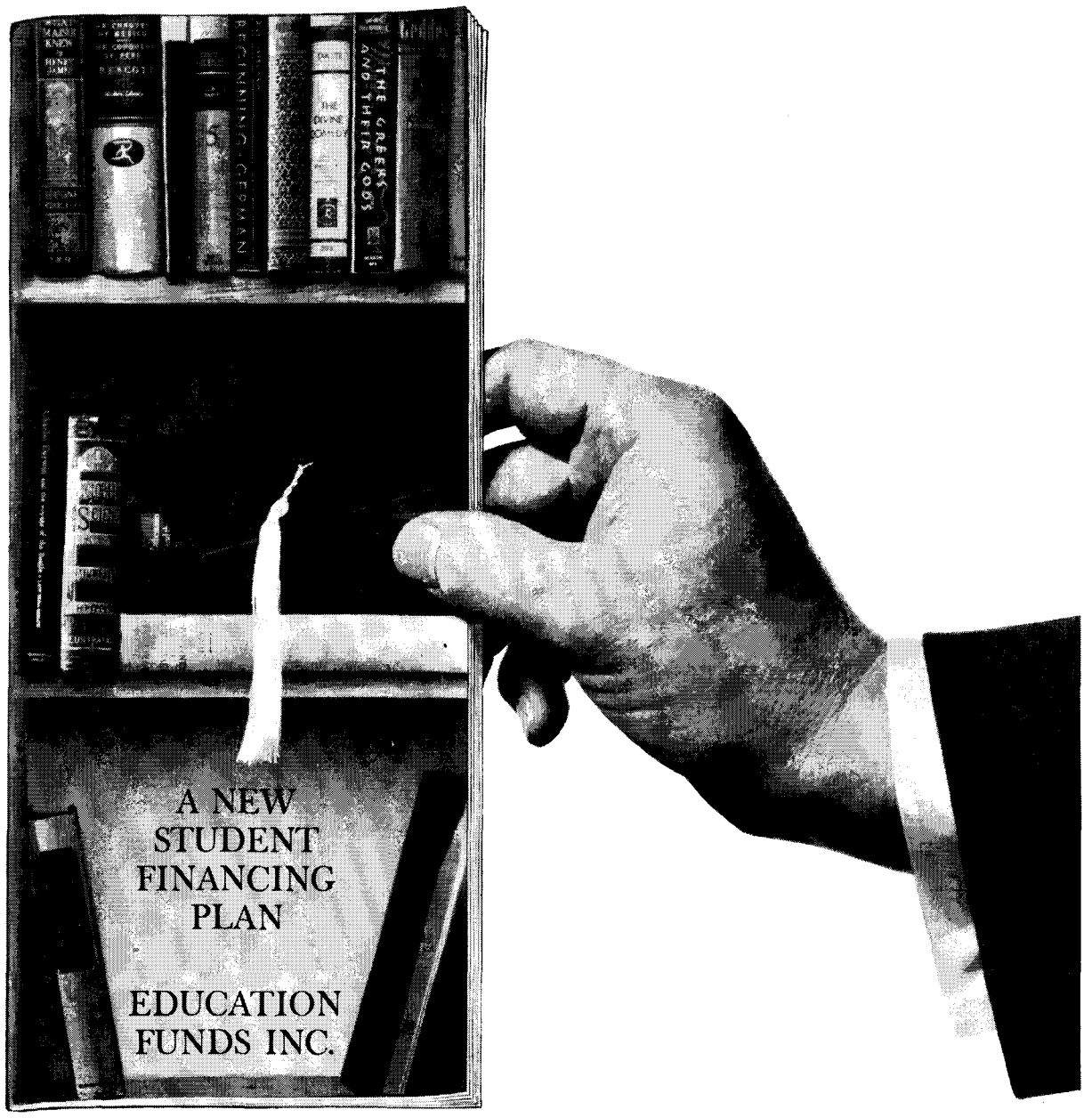

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The Glittering Widow of Trenton, N.J.

(Continued from Page 25)

woman's life. A grandmother four times over, Mrs. Roebling leads a lacquered and far-from-lonely life.

By her own admission she hasn't had dinner alone in ten years. Although she's no classic beauty and has a figure that's frankly Junoesque, Mary Roebling has more admirers, escorts and dates than a debutante. In fact, it's a dull month that doesn't produce at least one proposal of marriage, often from someone who's never seen her, but has only read about her. Among other things she's had three flowers named for her—a rose, a dahlia and a white orchid. And at Christmastime she receives no less than 4000 cards from important friends, such as President Eisenhower, as well as from friends such as Anne Hackett, the hat-check girl at the St. Regis Hotel. Furthermore, admiring friends are constantly proposing that she be nominated for the Vice Presidency of the United States—a suggestion not entirely divorced from the fact that Mrs. Roebling has frequently declared that the first party to nominate a woman for Vice President will sweep the nation.

But if Mrs. Roebling has the constant attention of friends and admirers, it is only fair to say that she gives them equal measure in return. Not long ago, for example, she was at her hairdresser's, Tony Migliaro, in New York. He was shorthanded and she had to wait. But instead of reading a magazine or fretting about the delay, she went to work taking charge of the appointment desk, answering the phone and talking to clients. In one instance she used her formidable selling ability to induce a woman customer to get an expensive permanent.

She loves people and entertains frequently and lavishly. Recently, in order to have the proper setting, she built herself one of the most astonishing houses in America. Comparable only to the mansions of the nineteenth-century empire builders, it is perhaps the only two-bedroom house in the country which cost upward of $500,000. Set in the heart of downtown Trenton where it is wedged between an optometrist's shop and a men's clothing store, the mansion has been described by some as "monstrous," by others as "magnificent." Nobody finds it dull.

To the criticism that such an opulent home is out of place in such drab surroundings, Mary Roebling replies that she's merely trying to upgrade the heart of the city and make living in town fashionable once more. One of the big assets, she admits, is that it takes her only seconds to walk to work. She feels that any woman with a job would envy such a setup.

The outside of the house is a deceptively modest red brick, but the inside is another story. Partly designed and wholly decorated by her son, Paul, a talented actor, the *décor* is French in the grand manner.

Walls are hung with expensive silk damasks, brocades and cut velvets, and the furniture is heavily gilded Empire and Louis XVI. The dining room, which seats thirty-six, is often set with gold plate—the same service used to commemorate the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, a structure built by the great Roebling engineering firm.

When someone called on her in the afternoon recently and saw the huge table set with gold plate and crystal for thirty people, he asked her what the great occasion was. "Oh, I'm just having a few friends in for dinner," she replied casually.

Nothing in the house is less than lavish. The powder room contains not one, but two Picassos. Upstairs Mrs. Roebling sleeps in a canopied bed placed in the center of a vast oval bedroom. The adjacent bathroom has a walk-in tub so huge that it takes ten minutes to fill, even though, in the words of her personal maid, Fannie May, "the water comes out like a fire hose."

But perhaps the most dramatic feature of the house is a handsome swimming pool on the main floor, set about with exotic plants and ancient stone statues. Maintained at a tropical climate the year round and piped with music from a special music-control room in the basement, the pool is often the focal point of Mrs. Roebling's parties. She keeps an assortment of bathing suits on hand for both ladies and gentlemen, and many an evening guest has been enchanted to discover that he can lie on his back in the water and watch the crimson sign atop the Trenton Trust blink on and off through the skylight dome.

"When Mary asks me to a dinner party," commented a banker, "I never know whether to wear my tuxedo or my swimming trunks."

In addition to a town house Mrs. Roebling maintains an apartment in New York City. She spends a great deal of time there, as well as in Philadelphia and Washington. It is not unusual for her to have engagements in three cities in a day, racing from one to the other on a train, plane or in her own silver Rolls-Royce, the only one in Trenton. Not long ago, for example, a typical day ran as follows.

At eight o'clock she breakfasted in Trenton with twenty-four merchants to discuss the bank's credit-card system, and followed this with a morning of work at the bank, later driving to New York to attend a board-of-directors luncheon. At four o'clock she went to an American Stock Exchange meeting (where she's a governor), after which she took a plane to Washington for an eight o'clock formal dinner for the director of the International Banking Corporation. Before midnight she was on a plane bound for New York, where she spent the night. The next morning she was back at her desk in the Trenton Trust, ready to begin a similar routine all over again.

"The funny thing about her," said her social secretary, Mrs. Simko, "is that she's always on time."

In this jet-speed existence, of course, it's often difficult to tell just where Mary Roebling ends and the bank begins. By her own admission she's always working, soliciting business, whether it's with a reporter who just drops in for a story or with a corporation president who's escorting her to the opera. To the casual observer, watching Mrs. Roebling move through a succession of scenes which include board meetings, public addresses, parties, concerts, bank conferences, ball gowns, fabulous jewels, numerous secretaries, and hairdressers waiting in every city, the whole thing looks like a fast-paced movie in vivid color. It also looks like a movie in which the plot is very hard to follow.

"It's all mixed up," commented a local businessman, "but it's mixed up very successfully."

Among Roebling detractors it's fashionable to insist that "Mary G.," as she is sometimes called, is a mere figurehead—a lucky girl who inherited a bank and lets others run it while she takes the bows. In order to find out the truth about this, it's necessary to take a look at her past, something few people seem to know much about.

Born Mary Gindhart in West Collingswood, New Jersey, she was reared in modest but comfortable circumstances. Her father was a telephone official and her mother a music teacher. At high school, Mary, a big girl (five-feet-seven), was popular and athletic. An enormous sentimentalist with an outsize need to be loved, she still keeps her high-school group picture hanging in her office today. Not infrequently she proudly demonstrates how warm a regard her classmates had for her by pointing out to visitors that she's the only girl in the photograph on whose shoulders another girl's arms are resting.

As a teen-ager the future "first lady of finance" was not noted for a talent for saving. Picking strawberries with classmates after school at a penny a box, she often made twenty-five cents in an afternoon. She spent the entire windfall, as did her schoolmates, in buying dill pickles and munching them in the movies. She still loves dill pickles.

Before she was out of her teens she married Arthur Herbert, great-nephew of the composer, Victor Herbert. But in three years she found herself a widow with a small daughter, Betty, to support. It was necessary to find a job. She crossed the river into Philadelphia, where she took a secretarial job in a brokerage house. Ambitious to be a customers' woman, she took night courses at the University of Pennsylvania, studying finance.

She worked hard. "I like work," she says today. "I liked it when I was a young widow and a salary was a necessity. I like it today. I have never been able to understand why it is that women should feel sorry for themselves because they have to work."

With such a drive it was inevitable that Mary G. should attain her goal of customers' woman. But she was just getting into her stride when her work introduced her to Siegfried Roebling, the Trenton banker and steel-cable industrialist. When he carried her off to Trenton as his bride, she worked until a day before the wedding.

For three years she played the role of a housewife again. But it wasn't exactly the way she'd known it before. The Roeblings had long been the first industrial family of Trenton, and she was able to indulge her love of people and parties on a scale she'd only dreamed of.

One day early in her marriage she had an intimation of what her life as a Roebling was to be like. Her husband called her at 3:30 P.M. to announce that he was bringing 250 people home for cocktails at 5:30. The group comprised the entire guest list of a chamber-of-commerce dinner. The announcement didn't bother Mary Roebling a bit. She was delighted, and she was ready for the guests when they arrived.

Unfortunately the housewife role did not last long. In 1936, not very long after the birth of their son, Paul, Mr. Roebling suffered a heart attack in California. Mary Roebling was a widow for the second time in eight years.

This time, of course, it was not necessary to go to work, but she did it anyway. One of her major inheritances was stock in the Trenton Trust, a bank into which her late husband had put money during the depression in order to save it. The bank was still shaky when she inherited her husband's post as director. The following year, determined to rescue it, Mary Roebling became president. Four years later she was elected chairman of the board.

Mrs. Roebling was a tyro in banking and she knew it. Consequently for six years after becoming president, she attended courses at New York University in credit, mortgages, bank procedures and finance. She also had herself tutored in law. It didn't take her long, however, to realize that her prime asset was her extraversion. She was a natural joiner. And after a while this, combined with a grinding desire to succeed, began to pay off.

In the somewhat bizarre position of top woman banker, she found that personal publicity paid dividends. Besides, she liked it. Soon she knew everybody of importance in the state—the governor, senators and businessmen, as well as plain, ordinary citizens. She also began to know many people in New York, Washington and Philadelphia, where she went to balls, first nights and dinners constantly. As the *rara avis* of the banking world, she found she was a genuine celebrity. She could meet anyone she wanted to. And more often than not she carried his business back to the Trenton Trust. Banking became a highly personal thing when Mary Roebling was around.

Her methods were not always orthodox. Sometimes (*Continued on Page 74*)

"That's nothing—wait'll he gets warmed up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 72*) loans that were turned down by others were snapped up by the Trenton Trust. A Catholic religious order, for example, wanted money to build a hospital in one of New Jersey's largest industrial cities. The local banks said no. Finally, the mother superior went to Trenton and to Mary Roebling. The loan was approved overnight. Today, ten years later, the grateful hospital insists on doing its banking in Trenton, although it means a long trip to get there.

Furthermore many a loan her own officers have hesitated over has been approved by Mrs. Roebling. "She lends largely on character," explained her friend, Philadelphia real-estate tycoon, Albert Greenfield. "That's the best basis of all."

Although Harvey Emory, president of Mrs. Roebling's biggest rival, the First Trenton National, calls her an "eminently fair competitor," he admits she's as fiercely competitive as anybody else in the business.

Not long ago James Michener, the writer, applied to a Philadelphia bank for a loan for a business venture. When Mrs. Roebling heard about it, she was unhappy because she knew her bank was nearer Mr. Michener (who lived in Pennsylvania's Bucks County at the time) than the Philadelphia one. She called him and said, "Don't do anything until we look the situation over!" Within an hour a Trenton Trust loan officer was on the spot. A few hours later it was her bank that made the loan, not the Philadelphia one.

With the passing of years banking claimed only a part of Mrs. Roebling's time. Her widening circle of friends began to get her interested in all sorts of things, especially politics. The bachelor former mayor of Trenton, Donal Connolly, made her head of the city's Parking Authority, an organization which built a series of low-cost parking lots to solve the downtown-traffic problem. The Federal Government appointed her to the Defense Department's Advisory Committee on Women in the Armed Services. And her very close friend, the late Republican governor, Harold G. Hoffman, appointed her to the state's Unemployment Commission.

In the case of the latter, Mrs. Roebling's sturdy loyalty to her friends almost backfired. At his death in 1954, Governor Hoffman's daughter opened a letter from her father in which he told her he had stolen $300,000 from the state's unemployment funds. She took the letter to Mrs. Roebling. The latter, a Republican, unhesitatingly advised her to take the letter to the newly elected Democratic governor, Robert Meyner.

She did this, and when the scandal broke the next day in the papers, the fact that Governor Hoffman had kept state funds in the Trenton Trust (as indeed he had in other banks), plus the fact that he was a good friend of Mary Roebling and had appointed her to the Unemployment Commission, tempted some to hint she might have been implicated in his maneuvers. During the ensuing investigation, however, Mrs. Roebling was completely cleared of any illegal involvement in the affair. And most Democrats and Republicans alike came to the conclusion that she had done nothing more serious than offer friendship to a likable—and eventually discredited—politician.

Mary Roebling's gregarious nature and her love of the limelight often get her involved in things which, on calmer reflection, she might avoid. One such occasion was a widely publicized Atlantic City party to celebrate her fifty-second birthday—some eighteen days after the actual event occurred. The celebration, largely a promotion stunt for one of the big hotel chains and partly a tribute from her Philadelphia friend, Mary Biddle, turned out to be what one guest labeled "a disaster."

One hundred guests were air-lifted from New York, Trenton and Philadelphia, and 150 others came by car and train. Because of the overcast weather Mary Roebling's plane was three hours late, and since she is invariably punctual, this put her in a bad mood. By the time she did arrive, most of the crowd and the officials had drifted away, and the mayor's bouquet of roses had definitely wilted.

In short, everybody started the festive weekend on edge, and the behavior of some of the guests at the Gay Nineties party later at the hotel did not help matters. One well-known New York publisher attended the shindig attired only in tennis sneakers, shorts and his daughter's bra. On his back—scrawled in lipstick—

Invitation

By Richard F. Armknecht

Here is the boat, new-calked,
keel up,
Her bottom scraped and
ready.
The sky, like a blue-enameled
cup,
Is cloudless. The breeze
comes steady
From over the sea—a
breathing breeze
With a tang of salt and kelp.
You are welcome to stay and
share all these;
You are welcome to watch
or help.
White paint for the strakes, a
double coat;
We'll paint the thwarts dark
blue.
It's a wonderful day for
painting a boat—
I brought a brush for you.

was the coy announcement: "Mary is fifty-two today and she's still Roebling along." Mrs. Roebling managed only a wry smile at this. A brigadier general from a nearby Army post arrived dressed in short sailor pants, a fright wig and carrying a large lollipop. A woman guest took one look at him and exclaimed: "Good heavens, how will he ever face his troops again if his picture gets in the paper?" Although Mary Roebling herself is ebullient at parties, she appeared more subdued than usual and retired early. She was heard to say, "Never again," when asked for a comment on the birthday "tribute."

An occasion much more to her liking was the "Recognition Dinner" given her by the city of Trenton in 1958, shortly after she'd been named to the board of governors of the American Stock Exchange. It was perhaps the high point of her career.

In a hotel ballroom decorated with blown-up photographs of Mrs. Roebling, hundreds of guests wined, dined and heard her praised in speeches. Even President Eisenhower sent a message. The theme of the evening—printed on the program—was "Her Infinite Variety," a Shakespearean allusion to an earlier civic leader, Cleopatra.

At one point Mary Roebling was made an honorary captain in the police department. The ticklish assignment of pinning a badge on the bodice of her strapless, décolleté evening gown fell to a Capt. Louis Neese. What was obviously a nerve-racking ordeal to him added a comic-opera touch to the evening and was hugely enjoyed by the audience.

Mrs. Roebling has always been strongly attached to her parents, who are over eighty, and she frequently has them as guests at her parties. On the night of the Recognition Dinner they sat next to her on the dais. During the height of the ceremonies she made a speech in which she declared she owed everything to them, and then dramatically presented them with a large bouquet of red roses. She ended up her speech by recalling her days as a Methodist Sunday-school teacher and said that her life had been inspired by the motto:

"Avoid the sins of too much pride, exalted ego and failure to assume one's responsibility."

"Whatever else you say about Mary Roebling," commented a friend afterward, "no one can accuse her of failing to assume her responsibility. She's assumed it to the hilt!"

Under most circumstances Mrs. Roebling's poise is as unshatterable as granite, whether she's grand marshal of a parade or chairman of a financiers' meeting. Even her well-known propensity for malapropisms fails to ruffle her. One of her most famous concerns her son, Paul. Several years ago he was chosen to play the dauphin in *The Lark*, and she insisted on telling everyone he was going to play "the dolphin."

She was equally unperturbed when guests arrived for dinner a number of years ago only to find that Paul had partially blown up the kitchen in an attempt to make some firecrackers. "Boys will be boys," she commented, and the whole party went out to dinner.

In view of her high spirits, capacity for friendship and her strong desire to be loved, many people have expressed surprise that the attractive, reddish-blond widow—certainly the most eligible one Trenton has produced in years—has not remarried again. There have been many candidates among the numerous and important escorts who take her to theaters, dinners and operas. In fact, one man of foreign birth was so distracted when she turned him down that he was heard to shout, "I will keel you!" After a little checking into his past Mrs. Roebling learned that he was staying in the country illegally. When she confronted him with this information, she had no more trouble with him.

"Mary knows how to handle men," confided a close male friend. "But the real reason she has never remarried is that she's wise enough to know that a dynamic, aggressive woman like her would never be satisfied with the kind of man who would marry her. It's a little like the young Lincoln who, when asked why he wasn't married, explained he'd never be satisfied with anybody who'd be blockhead enough to have him."

Whatever the reason, it's hard to see how at this point Mrs. Roebling could find time to step over to the city clerk's office for a marriage license, much less try to keep a husband happy. Even if she were to get married, however, most friends feel that her career has already generated far too much momentum to be slowed down by it. They're sure she'll continue to go hurtling through space toward whatever her ultimate target may be—come hell, high water, or even husband.

"Once a person like Mary gets into orbit," summed up a Trentonian, "it's hard to stop her!" THE END

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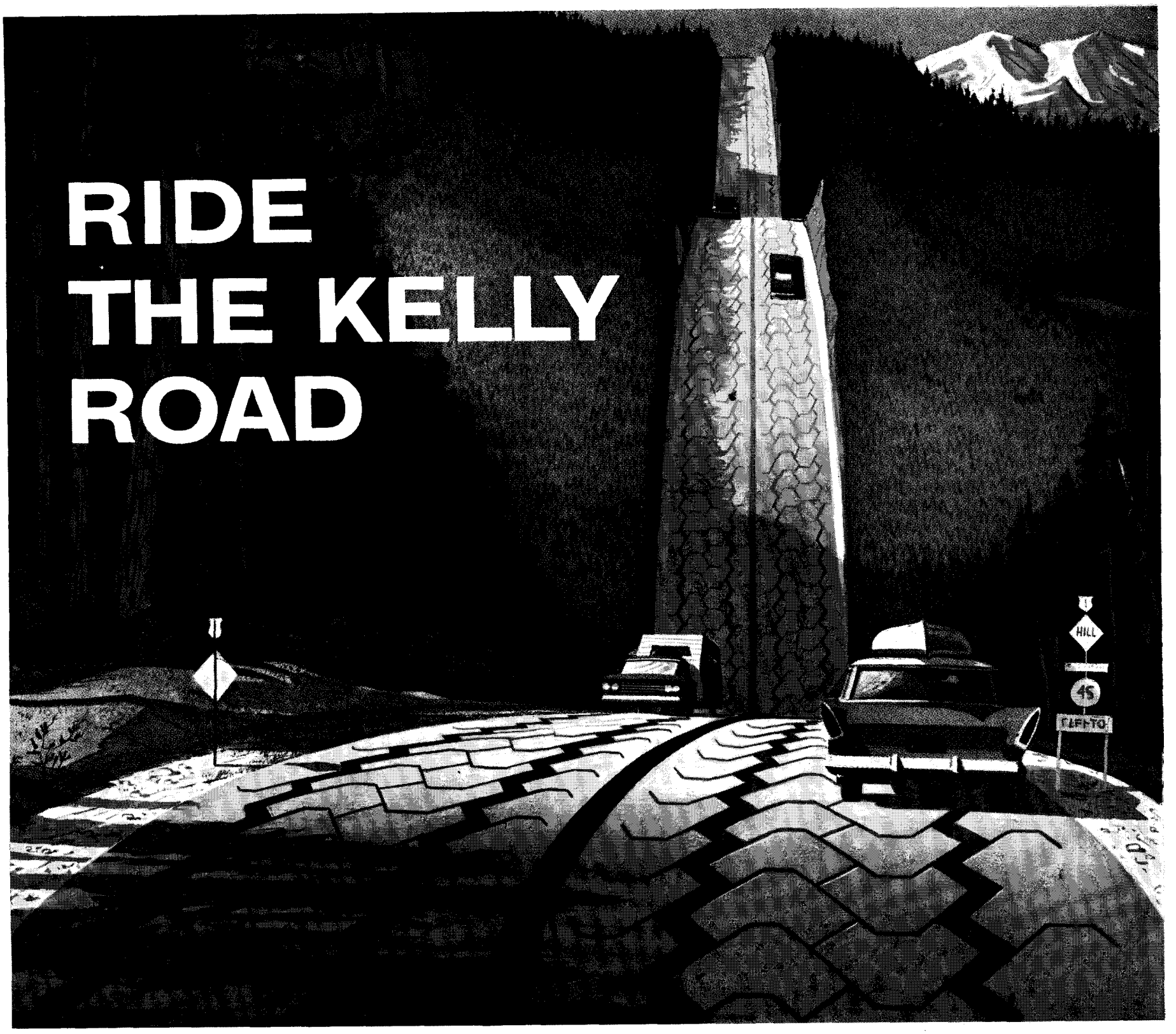

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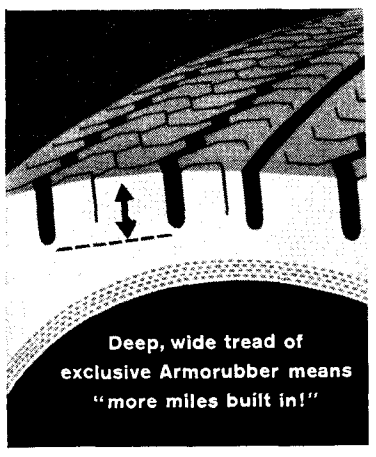

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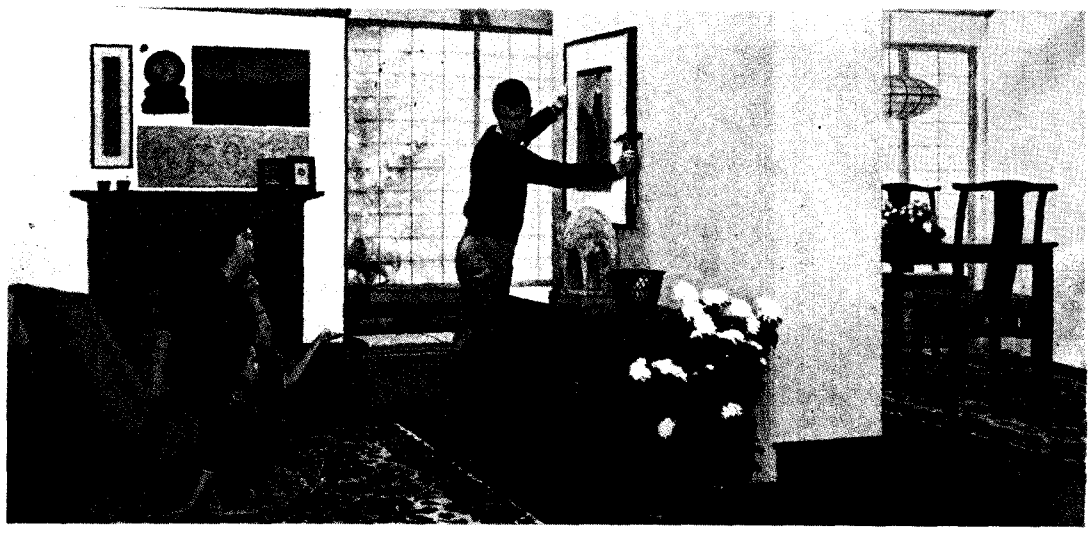

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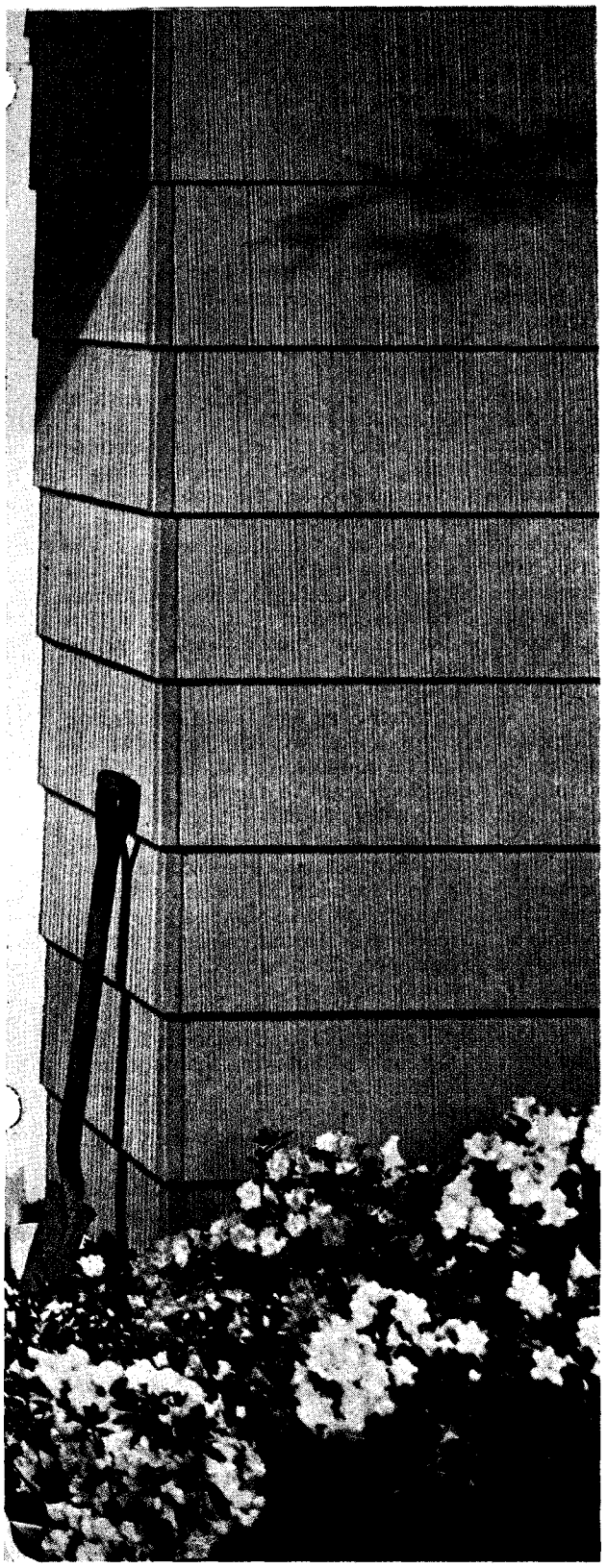

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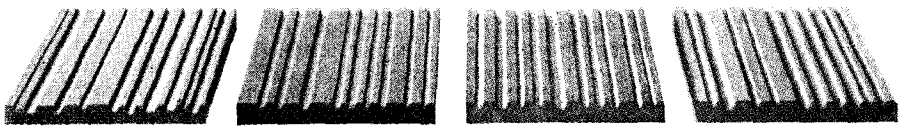

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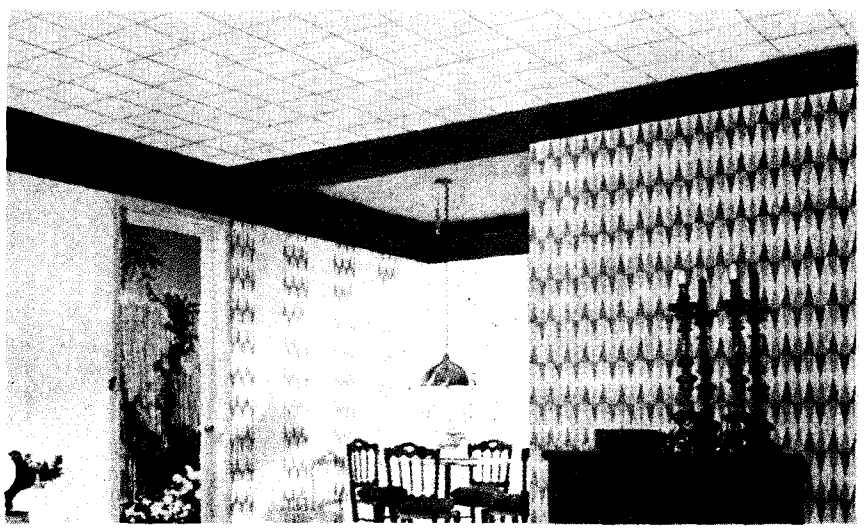

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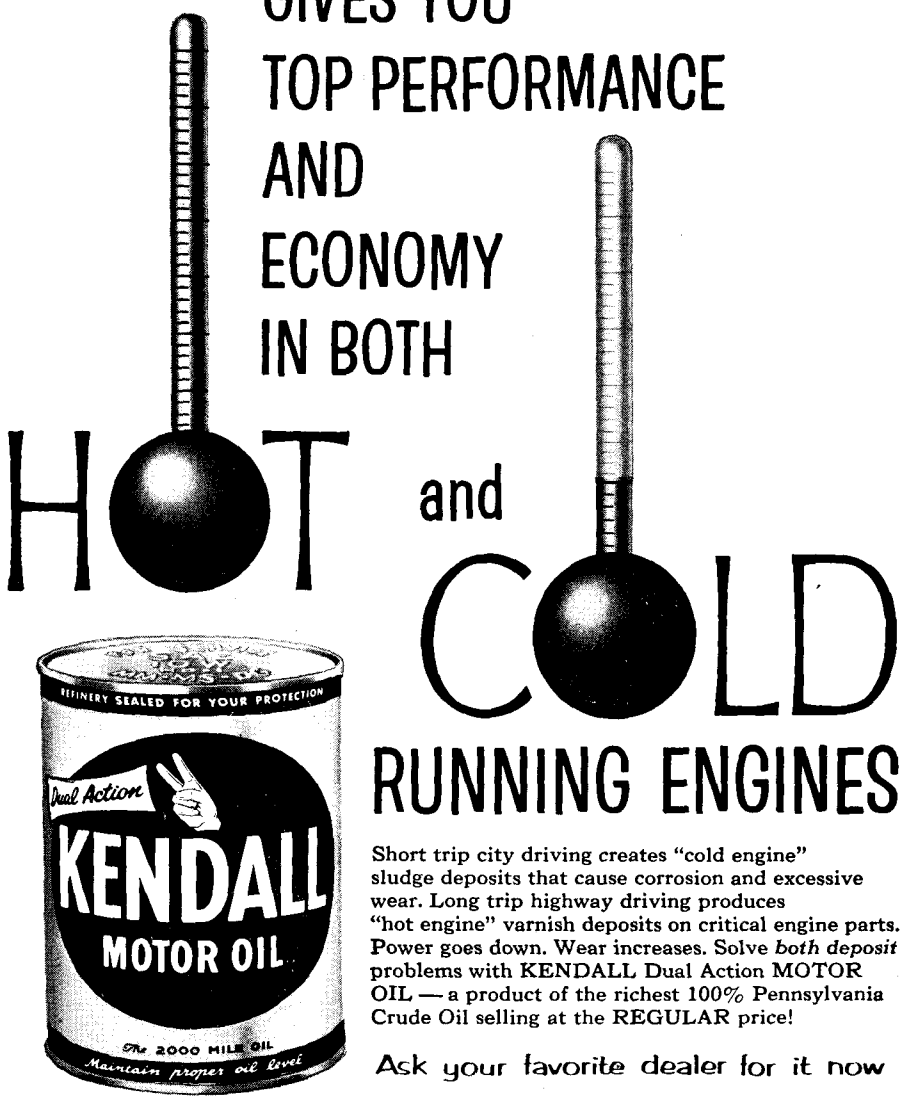
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Earthquake (Continued from Page 43)

Of my seventeen years with the Bancroft Fire Department, ten have been on the rescue squad.

I think my heart was breaking a little that evening as I listened to the radio. I walked to a window. Below me I could see one of Bancroft's main streets. Ours has always been a clean, pretty town whose citizens take pride in it. It's old, and many of its structures were erected before the building code required them to be stressed to withstand earth shock. Our own building, a fairly new one, was intact save for some broken windows and tumbled plaster; but none of the older ones had escaped damage. Where the movie house had stood and Elich's restaurant, there was only debris. Four people died in Elich's. Thank God, the theater had emptied for the night, a scant half hour before the quake, or we might easily have been counting our dead by the hundreds. The streets were strewn with rubble, where façades and cornices had come tumbling and, to add to the dreariness of the scene, a gray rain slanted across the ruined town.

I walked through the big, deserted dormitory, past Eddie Previn's empty bunk, just beyond my own, and into the washroom. When I'd cleaned up and changed my clothes, I came back into the recreation room and said, "I guess I'll go by the hospital and see how the kid is."

Cliff Pollard, one of the regular fire crew, said, "I'll go along with you, if you don't mind," and I saw one or two of the others glance quickly at him, and away. Eddie hadn't been popular with any of them, and of them all Cliff had the most reason to dislike him. Down Cliff's left cheek was an ugly scar he'd wear to his grave because of Eddie.

I looked at Cliff. "Sure. Come along if you want."

We didn't say much on the way to the hospital. Cliff kept staring out at the unbelievable destruction about us, visible even in the deepening gloom and the rain. Only when the car wheels jolted roughly across a section of pavement which had split open and lifted a few inches above the rest of the concrete did he stir out of his preoccupation. "I was hard on the kid, I guess," he said heavily. "I just couldn't figure him."

The hospital was crowded. There were cots in the corridors, and nurses were moving quietly among them. Eddie Previn was in a small single-bed room. His door was partly open, and a priest was sitting beside the bed. When he saw Cliff and me, pausing uncertainly outside, he got up and came to us, walking quietly. He stepped outside and pulled the door to behind him.

"Good evening." His voice was soft and slow. "I am Father Alois. You are friends of Eddie's?"

I nodded and didn't look at Cliff. "How is he?"

The priest sighed. He was a tall man, with a tired, kindly face and dark eyes that held a seeming deep sadness. I reckon maybe in his business a man gets his heart broken sometimes too. "He's still in a coma. Doctors don't really tell one much, you know, but they're doing what they can."

A silence fell, and I tried to think of something to say to break it. "You're Eddie's pastor?" I hadn't even known the kid went to church.

"No; Bancroft isn't my parish, but I have known Eddie since he was a child and I've kept in touch with him. I was listening to the radio accounts of the earthquake, and when I heard what had happened to the boy, I came at once." He looked from one to the other of us. "Do you work with him?"

I said, embarrassed, "Excuse me, this is my friend, Cliff Pollard. My name is Cassidy. We're with the fire department."

"Cassidy," he said and smiled. "Then you would be Cass. Eddie sometimes spoke of you in his letters, of how kind you had been to him." I felt my face get warm and I'm certain he noticed. He looked thoughtfully at me. "A good boy, Eddie, but strange. How much do you know of him?"

"Little enough. Eddie's not much to talk about himself."

"No. He isn't." There was something in his glance I couldn't decipher. Then he half-turned toward the closed door. "I must go back to him now."

When we were outside again in the rain-lashed darkness, Cliff burst out aggrievedly, "All right, Cass, you tell me. How *do* you figure a kid like Eddie?"

I could only shake my head. How did you?

From the first time I saw Eddie Previn, he got under my skin somehow. He wasn't a bad-looking kid, with his dark eyes and sensitive face. A little thin, strongly formed but without the heft of maturity on him. There was something about him that made you uncomfortable. He had an odd, expressionless way of looking at you, like he was all closed up inside himself. He moved silently as a cat. I remember the time he came up unexpectedly on Raus, the engineer, startling him so that he upset the checkerboard. Raus was an old hand in the department, a fine engineer, but with a sharp tongue in his head. He yelled irately, "Look, Spook, who's paying you to haunt the joint? Why don't you go find yourself a nice cemetery to play around in?"

The name stuck. Most of the guys called him "Spook" after that. If he minded he never gave any sign. I've seen rookies come out fighting at a lot less than Eddie Previn took, but he never opened his head to defend himself.

When you're on duty in a fire station you live a close life—twenty-four hours at a stretch, working, sleeping, eating together, and you get to know one another pretty well. Eddie wasn't the kind you get

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Most people don't mind early hours. In fact, they sleep right through them.

A woman whose work is never done probably has no husband.

A good reputation may merely be proof that you don't have inquisitive neighbors.

Nothing helps a child to learn the difference between back talk and repartee so much as becoming an adult.

One thing that makes it the straight and narrow path is it's not wide enough for a car.

The closest substitute for a quick shower is a wet dog.

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to know at all. We knew he came from some little town up north. He had no family. When he was off duty he lived somewhere in a rooming house. He had no girl, no buddies, so far as we knew.

For all his strangeness, he was a bright kid; maybe that was what burned some of the older guys. When he took the qualifying exams for the department he came out a high, easy first on the list, beating out half a dozen local lads who had their eyes on the next vacancy. He'd only been around Bancroft a couple of years, and that made him strictly an outsider in a place where folks are inclined to be clannish. Worse, with his quick mind, he could threaten the security of some of the older hands when the time for written promotional exams rolled around, and they knew it. The I.Q. requirements for qualification were getting to be higher than they had been in the old days.

In the first few weeks of his probation there were no sizable calls on our shift. Kitchen blazes you could put out with an extinguisher. Grass and trash fires and that sort of thing, so the kid didn't really get enough of a workout to show him up one way or another. But he was good in drill; he willingly pulled more than his share of chores around the station—and he went his silent, solitary way. At first Cliff and the others pretty much ignored him. All except Raus. The engineer had taken a disliking to the kid and he rode him hard. It irked me because I thought he overdid it; but hazing rookies is old stuff, and I didn't interfere.

I found it a little flattering, I guess, that I was the only one around Station One to whom the kid seemed to take a fancy. Not being married, and with no personal problems to take up my leisure time, I had more chance to get acquainted with him. Once in a while I took him fishing with me on our off days. I can't claim he talked much, or ever told me anything about himself, but I felt we were friends and was glad of it. I figured a kid as alone as Eddie Previn had to be pretty lonely.

One night Eddie failed to respond to an alarm, and I had to shake him awake. He took a sarcastic chewing from Raus. "Four bells is first alarm, and when you hear it, you hit the deck. Nobody kisses your cheek to wake you gently or brings you hot coffee in bed. That alarm goes, you get up—and fast!"

I guess Eddie worried about it, and another night he must have dreamed the four bells. In the dead stillness he came scrambling out of bed, jerked on his trousers and boots and hit the pole. In a little he came sneaking back up the stairs, and his chagrin was in the very way he moved. I hoped none of the others had heard, but Raus was awake and he made the kid's life miserable on the next shift.

You couldn't reason with Raus. He didn't like Eddie Previn—and that was that. He'd say flatly, "I've seen his kind before, Cass. All brain and no guts. You'll see."

I did what I could to make it easier for the kid around the station, giving him tips on things he had yet to learn about the work, even covering for him a time or two when he goofed. Raus jeered me about baby sitting, called me "Nursie."

"All right, wise guy," I'd tell him, "have your fun. My day will come." It came all right, and then Raus would have had the laugh on me if it had been a laughing matter. Because Eddie let me down. All the way.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the alarm came banging in. With the harsh jangle of the four bells light flooded the dormitory. I came to my feet, reaching for the trousers draped over my boots, in readiness on the floor beside my bunk. Over the squawk box I could hear the dispatcher giving the zone code: The warehouse district.

That was a wicked blaze. When we wheeled up in the rescue truck the fire was blooming, and the air was alive with the screams of additional equipment which had been called. Engine Captain Steiger was calling for a reverse lay, to get water to the flames quicker.

The warehouse sheds were big, rambling wooden things, going up like apple boxes in a bonfire, their scarlet images reflecting eerily on the wet paving, and the flames a constant, crackling roar. It needed only a glance to know that keeping the fire from spreading to adjoining properties was going to be a job, let alone saving any of the warehouse.

I remember that Cliff Pollard was on the nozzle with Eddie Previn backing him up, helping control the heavy, unwieldy hose. What happened then is a bit hazy in my memory. Directly in front of Cliff and Eddie a burning wall was beginning to topple outward. A practiced eye could see that it would fall far short of the two men, but I suppose that to a novice it looked as if the whole thing were going to come down squarely on them.

And Eddie Previn ran.

Did you ever see a fire hose go berserk? Many pounds of uncontrolled pressure can turn that brass nozzle into a lashing, murderous weapon. When Eddie turned tail and fled, Cliff didn't have a chance to keep his hold on the wet and slippery incline. Off balance, he stumbled and went to his knees, and I saw the nozzle leap like a live thing from his hands. Now he was directly in front of it, and the nozzle came whipping around to strike him squarely in the face. Cliff sprawled heavily on the pavement and lay still.

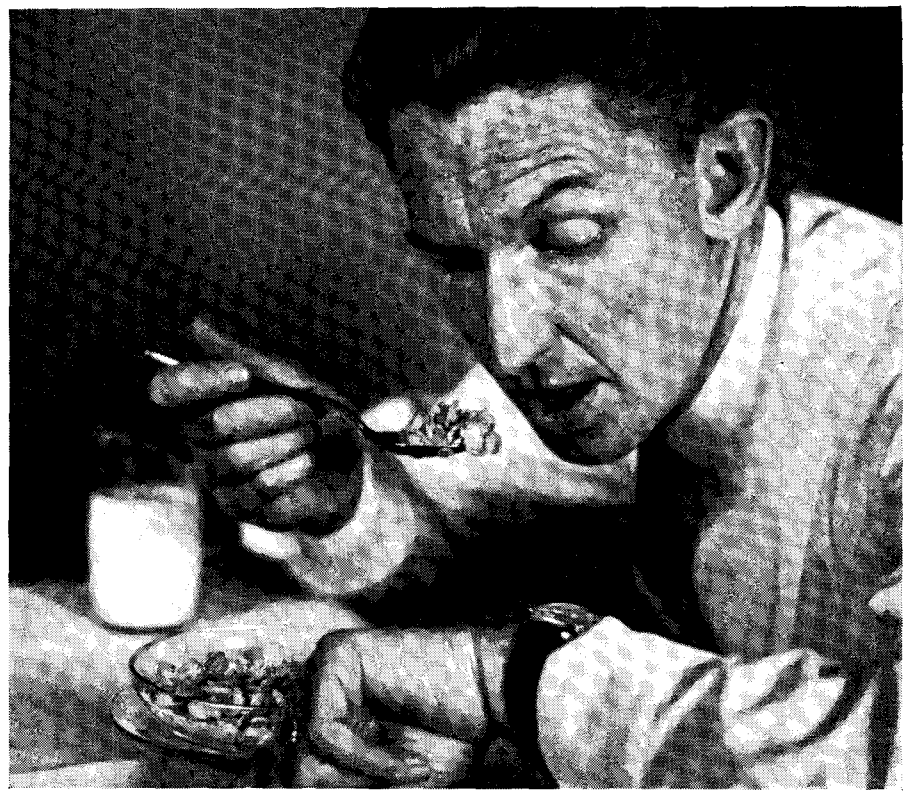
I raced toward him, and the writhing hose spewed me with a stream of icy water whose force sent me staggering backward momentarily. Connie Hale, my rescue-squad captain, ran past me. Eddie Previn had spun about and was staring back toward the fire, and I heard Connie yelling above the din, "Get back there and help, you yellow punk!"

It was Captain Steiger who flung himself full length on the crazily whipping hose, taking a nasty crack on the shoulder before he and Connie got it under control.

The whole thing had lasted only seconds, and now the crew went on with the business of fighting fire. Connie and I lifted the unconscious Cliff from the wet concrete onto a stretcher. When we got him to the hospital, one side of his face looked like it had been hit with a pile driver, and you couldn't see his left eye.

Usually when they're back in the station, cleaning up after a run, the guys recap a fire, cracking corny jokes and relaxing in general. Not this time. We pulled out the wet, cold hose, put it on the wash rack, pulled clean dry hose and reloaded the bed. There was no talking, just a dead silence. Raus was busy cleaning up his rig, but sometimes he'd lift his head, give Eddie Previn a hard-eyed stare, then make a motion like he was spitting out something nasty. I don't think the kid ever really looked at any of us. His face was bloodless, and his eyes had a blank look. When the captain called the dispatcher to report us back in service, he asked about Cliff. He'd just talked to the hospital, the dispatcher said. Cliff was conscious, but his face was badly cut up, and they couldn't tell yet whether his eye was gone.

I was in Cliff's hospital room when a nurse stuck her head in the door and said a young man named Eddie Previn was asking to see him. I saw the unbandaged part of Cliff's face turn a dull red. "Tell him to go to hell," he said gruffly; but then, before (*Continued on Page 81*)



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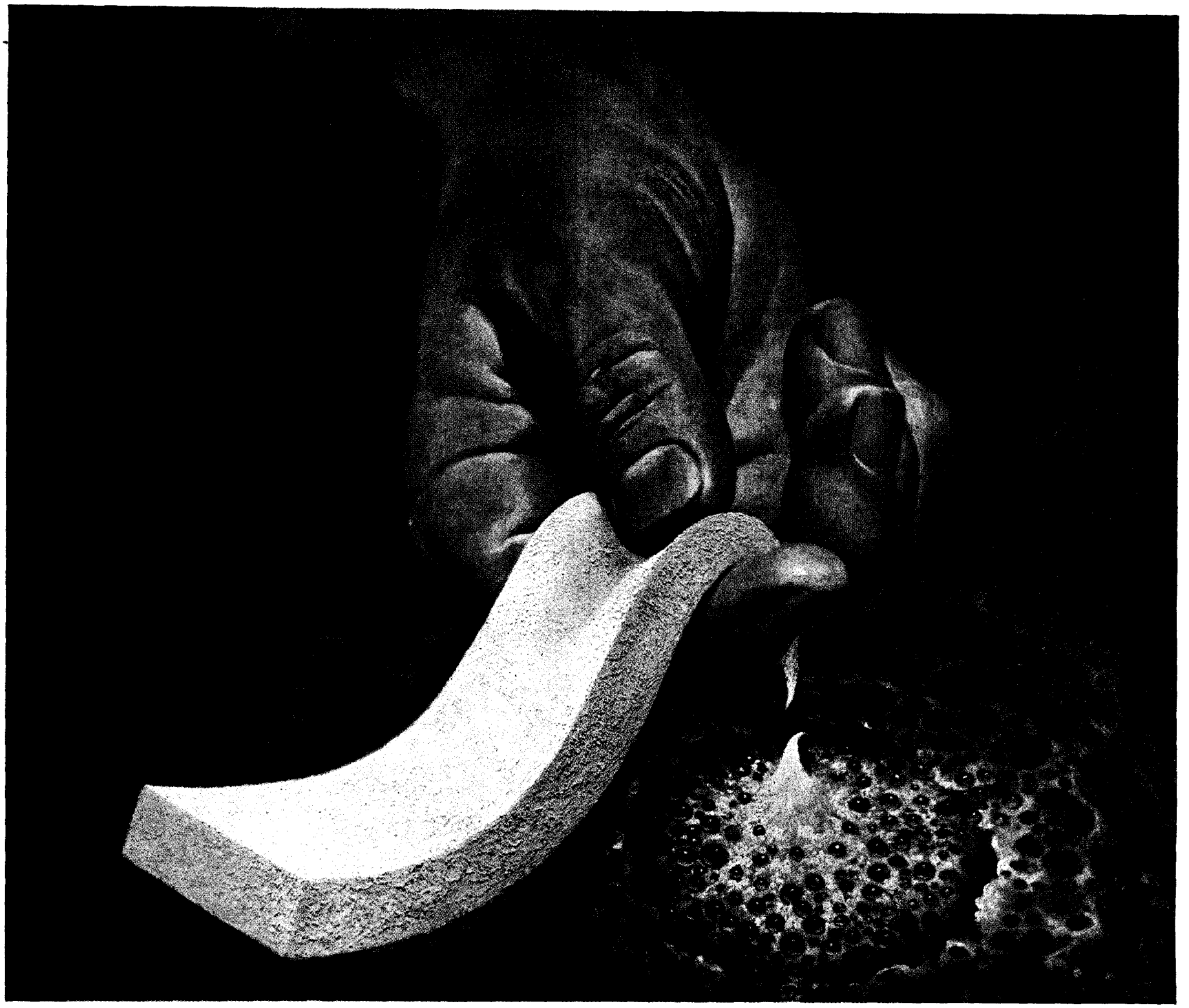

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UNION CARBIDE

...a hand in things to come

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(*Continued from Page 79*) the startled girl could turn away, "No, wait. Let him come in."

The sight of Eddie embarrassed me, the way you feel when you look at something not meant for you to see. He said, low, "I had to tell you myself, Cliff, how sorry I am for what I did to you ——"

"Skip it," said Cliff, hard-voiced. "Just let me give you some advice. How long you got to go on your probation?"

"Two months."

"Get out. Sure, I know Captain Steiger can't fire you outright, but you know the kind of probation report you'll get from him, don't you? Do yourself and the department a favor and get out. The next guy you chicken out on may not be as lucky as I was."

Eddie's voice tightened up. "I guess you've got a right to talk to me that way," he said, and what he added surprised me with its unexpected spunk. "But I'm not going to quit, Cliff. That would only be running again, wouldn't it?" Then he turned around and went out.

The guys made it rough on him, trying to haze him into quitting. The battalion chief transferred him to the rescue squad, mostly, I suspected, because the other men didn't want to risk fighting fires with him. Still, if he'd acted the coward once, I thought now he was proving a sort of courage. I've seen guys get the silent treatment before, and none of them could take it for long. Eddie took it and kept coming back for more. He did his work in grim silence, and no effort of mine to let him know I was pulling for him seemed to get through to him. It turned out that Cliff's eye was O.K. He was back on the job in three weeks, as good as new except for the scar. In all fairness, he never rode Eddie nor went out of his way to make it hard on him. I think the others were beginning to have a grudging admiration for the way the kid stood up and took his medicine. All but Raus. He wouldn't budge an inch.

Maybe I should have guessed that despite his determination to ride it out, the whole miserable business was beginning to get under the kid's skin. Sometimes I'd hear him tossing restlessly in his bunk. His face was getting a set, fine-drawn look, but I never realized how near he was to his breaking point.

One night we answered an emergency call with the resuscitator. Two little boys had locked themselves into one of those damnable discarded iceboxes. They were still alive—barely—when they were found and we were summoned. While Eddie was working over one of them, the child died, his anguished mother pleading hysterically with Eddie not to let him slip away. God knows it wasn't Eddie's fault. He had worked like a demon over the boy, and even after the doctor told him it was no use, we almost had to pull him away. On the ride back to the station he was white and silent, and the tension in him was a tangible thing. He sat in the dormitory for a while on the edge of his bunk, just staring at nothing. After a while he got into bed and suddenly he was crying, his face buried in his arms and the sobs coming out with a hard, tearing sound.

The guys who heard him listened in shocked silence for a moment. Raus had just got into bed. I think if he'd known what had happened, he'd have laid off the kid, but as it was, he sat up and barked out disgustedly, "What the hell is this, a stinking nursery? Get that squalling brat out of here so I can sleep!"

Eddie got out of his bunk and went into the kitchen. I followed him. He was slumped on a straight chair beside a table, and there were tears on his face. He didn't even try to wipe them away when I walked over to him.

"Listen." I tried to keep my voice toneless because I was torn between pity and a kind of disgust, and I didn't want either of them to show. "What's wrong with you, boy? Pull yourself together!"

That was when he said it, the thing about my knowing a coward when I saw one. And, "I'm all through, Cass. They can have it."

"Oh, come on, now," I said reasonably. "Even Raus would have kept his big mouth shut if he'd known what happened to you tonight. Forget it."

He shook his head. "It isn't just Raus."

"What is it, then? You can talk to me, kid."

"It's no use, Cass. When I go off shift tomorrow, I'm not coming back." He wouldn't look at me. "I know you've tried to help me and I appreciate it. I guess it just wasn't worth the time you wasted."

"No, I reckon it wasn't." I didn't want to be brutal, but it angered me that his tone was so dead, with no fight in it. Something flickered briefly in his glance, but he didn't say any more—just went back and crawled into his bunk.

It was about midnight when the earth beneath us went crazy.

We've felt shakes in Bancroft, but not very often and always mild, in all the years I can recall. I don't mind admitting that for a little while that night I figured the end of time had come, and I guess some of the others did too. There was a rumbling, grumbling noise, growing louder, and the building began to rock. I sat up in bed, and beyond me Eddie lifted himself to one elbow. In the pale glow from the night light his eyes sought mine with a kind of incredulous questioning, as if he suspected what was happening was a figment of his own imagination. The roar became deafening, the rocking more violent. I got a jolting smash on the back of my head as the rolling shock slammed me against the head of the bunk. Around me the other guys were trying to scramble out of bed, and I heard Raus yelling, "Earthquake!" There was pure panic in his voice.

I got a shower of plaster as a piece of the ceiling let go. I saw Raus on his feet, heading for the door like a guy in a hurry to go somewhere. I went after him, staggering across the heaving floor and hitting both door jambs before I got out into the corridor. Raus was trying to open the door which led to the outside stairway, and I seized him by the arm, hollering, "Where do you think you're going?"

He looked over his shoulder at me. "Out!" he yelped, and I'll swear that, scared as I was myself, I almost had to laugh at the look of him. He was so petrified he was turning green.

"Don't be a fool. You want to get yourself killed?" I pointed toward the window, already shattered. Through it we could see a transformer across the alley spitting flames as power lines snapped. "You're safer right here!"

His eyes cleared a trifle, and he looked sheepish as he let go the door handle. The building gave a final, mighty convulsive shudder, and the violent shaking ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

I don't even like to remember what had happened to the rest of the town. Hardly a structure had escaped some damage, and many of the older ones had been reduced to rubble. Many of our dead were the poor devils who had fled from buildings into the streets, to be struck down by toppling objects. Everywhere the destruction was appalling, and the coming hours were to be a nightmare. Firemen, police, volunteer rescue workers labored around the clock. There were fires all over town.

Saving additional lives was our chief concern. Falling stairways had trapped some people in upper stories. We pulled down walls already damaged and in danger of falling in aftershock.

All of us nearly lost our minds trying to chase down false reports and rumors. Hysterical people claimed other people were trapped nearby, that you could hear them moaning. To them every wrecked building was full of victims. Some fool up-coast paper jumped the gun and published it that we had hundreds of unidentified dead in temporary morgues, and the exchanges were jammed with calls from panicky relatives. Hordes of morbidly curious descended on us, and we had an even grimmer problem: the scum of all creation, would-be looters. The Navy sent in armed marines and sailors to prevent thieving and to control traffic. The Red Cross had set up tents by morning and were serving free meals.

Through it all the aftershocks went on, toppling already damaged walls and sending weakened brick chimneys crashing through roofs. Each time there was a new wave of apprehension, a new rash of alarms.

It was midway of the first afternoon that we got the report a woman was trapped in a wrecked building on Timco. It might or might not be another false alarm; but we got over there fast, Connie, Eddie and I. I'd had no time for thinking about the kid, but I know all day he'd been working beside us with never a whimper or hesitation out of him, not even when we'd had to take one poor devil from beneath a slab of masonry in the street and when we were finished with that one I felt like I was going to be sick myself.

This new report was no false alarm. We could hear the moans, faint but clearly audible—and that was one hell of a place for any man to go into. The one brick wall left standing was leaning in at a ten-degree angle, held by a single tie rod from the adjoining concrete building. The moans seemed to be coming from beneath a pile of rubble at its base. We sized the situation up swiftly. Any new aftershock could bring the wall crashing down, but there was no time for bracing it. If it did come down, the woman wouldn't have a chance. For that matter neither would we.

"All right," said Connie, as calmly as if he were discussing a checker move, "we go in."

The trapped woman moaned again, and I heard Eddie Previn make a funny little noise in his throat. Glancing at him, I saw his jaw muscles so tense they showed white beneath the grime. He said hoarsely, "Come on, what are we waiting for?"

We moved in gingerly, clambering with caution over the piles of broken brick and mortar. Connie and I took the stretcher. Eddie was carrying a ten-foot pike pole, for pulling away fallen timbers and beams. When we reached the place from which the sounds had come, we began working our way down through the debris with care, almost brick by brick.

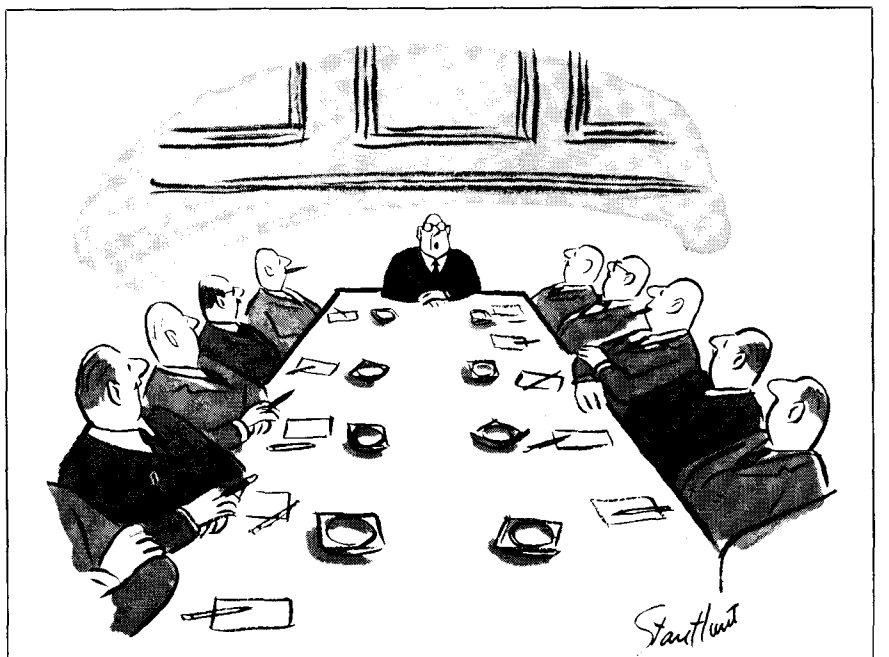
We found the woman. An overturned table which had partially sheltered her was what had saved her life. She was only semiconscious and not even aware of us as we lifted her out. There was blood on her face and clothing, but her breathing seemed fairly strong. Connie said matter-of-factly, "She'll make it." But I suspect he felt that same little surge of triumph that I always know when we cheat death out of a victim.

We were maybe halfway back across the rubble, carrying the injured woman carefully, when the shake began, a long, slow jelly roll, strong enough to make the debris shift beneath our feet. There was a warning yell from Eddie, a rasping groan as the tie rod began slowly to pull loose. I saw the kid lunge forward and jam the point of his pike pole against the wavering wall, grounding the butt on a fallen roof timber and straining against it with his foot to hold it in place. He screamed at us, "It's coming down—for God's sake, run!"

We quickened our steps, clinging to our burden, slipping and scrabbling over the pile. I yelled at Eddie, "Come on, kid, get away from it!" and over my shoulder I had a quick glimpse of his strained face staring at us. But he wouldn't budge until Connie and I had the woman safely out into the street. Only then did he let go his grim hold on the pike pole and run, while above him the whole wall swayed inward.

He almost made it—not quite. The jagged top row of brick came smashing down, just as the kid made a wild leap for the edge of the pile. I saw his body crumple, barely clear of the rest of the wall as it came down. He lay unmoving, and the afternoon sun glinted dully on a spreading red stain beneath his head.

It was on Friday that Father Alois telephoned me at the station. I felt a trifle guilty as I spoke to him, although what with the twenty-four-hour shift I'd just pulled, I'd had no chance to get back to the hospital. "I thought you'd want to



"What we need, gentlemen, is a gimmick."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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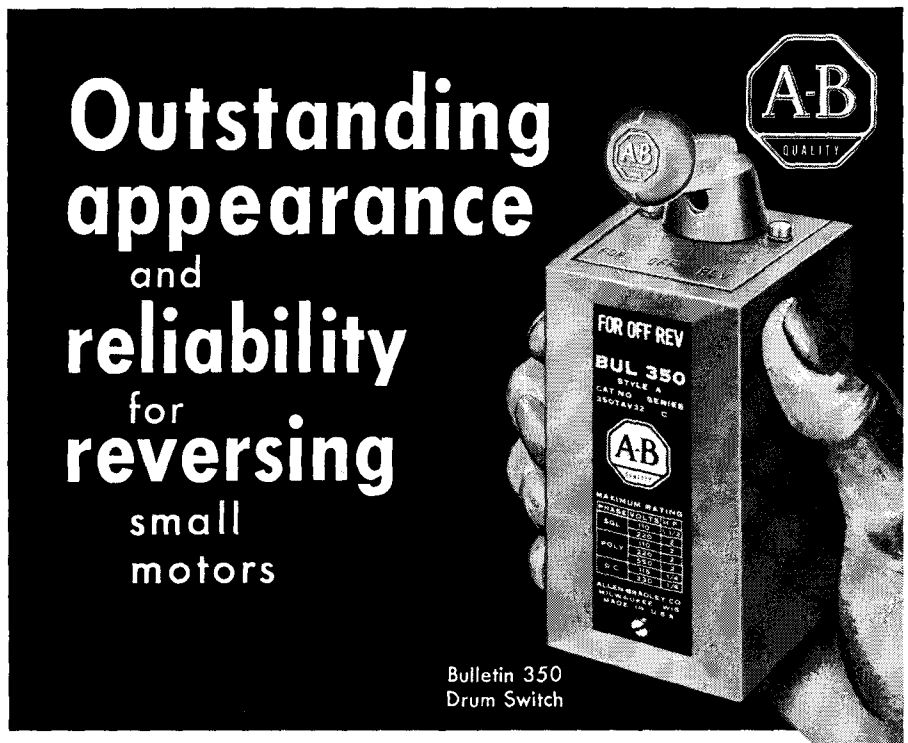

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know," his voice seemed dragged down by weariness, "they're going to operate on the boy."

"Does that mean he has a chance?"

"I'm afraid it means, rather, that without surgery he has no chance at all. But *if* he comes through it, then—perhaps. It is to be done immediately."

"I go off shift in thirty minutes. I'll come over and wait with you."

When I was off duty I washed up and changed, told Cliff briefly what was up and that I wouldn't be back until it was over, one way or the other.

At the hospital I found Father Alois in a small sitting room near surgery. His face was pale and tired, but he smiled at me as I entered and motioned toward a chair. We didn't talk at first. The priest sat with his eyes closed, and sometimes his lips moved a little. Time wheeled by. A half hour. An hour. Words blurted out of me. "I told you I was his friend. I wanted to be, but I couldn't get close to him."

"I think I know." He got up and stood by the window, looking out at the bright morning. "His letters were vague, but I guessed something was wrong. Shall I tell you about Eddie, Cass? He grew up in an orphanage in my town. He was a good boy, obedient, always eager to learn, but painfully, painfully shy. I think it was why he was never chosen for adoption. His timidity made him appear sullen." He shook his head. "There was no sullenness in the lad. Only loneliness."

"How did he happen to come to Bancroft?"

"Our town is small, and there is little future there for a youth. I had a friend here in Bancroft. He owned a store, and two years ago Eddie came here to take a job with him—but recently my friend became ill and was forced to dispose of the business. It was then, I believe, that Eddie took the tests for your fire department.

"At first I think he was happier than he had ever been in his life. Then, suddenly, he was no longer happy. He never wrote it in so many words, but I could read it in the things he was careful not to say. His last letter to me hinted that he might be moving on soon." He turned to look at me. "Would you care to tell me, Cass, what happened?"

So I told him. About the warehouse fire and Cliff, about Raus, about the night Eddie had wept—all of it. He listened without comment until I had finished, then he said slowly, "Eddie is not a coward. Afraid, perhaps, but not a coward. There is a difference." He sat in a chair facing me, his thin fingers interlaced against the black cloth of his suit. "Do you recall," he asked almost abruptly, "a school called Saint Mark's in Hill City?"

I nodded silently. Who could forget Saint Mark's, or sixty kids who died there when the school was wrecked and burned by exploding gas mains?

"It was our orphanage school. He was fourteen then—a student. In the first explosion he was uninjured. When the second came he was attempting to lead three smaller children to safety." In his eyes I could read the pain it cost him to speak of that black day at Saint Mark's. "Eddie was buried alive for more than twenty-four hours with the dead bodies of the three others. He was badly injured, but the doctors believe he never lost consciousness. In the hospital he nearly died in shock. Afterward it was two years before he spoke a word. Aphasia, I think it's called. Even when his speech returned it was labored and halting. It was a long while before he was well again."

We were quiet for a time. He seemed lost in thought, and I doubt I could have forced a sound past the lump in my throat. I kept thinking about a kid's thin body straining to hold back that crumbling wall while Connie and I scrambled to safety.

"Eddie always had this painful sensitivity," the priest said at last. "He may have had some guilt feeling at having lived, while the others died. I have wondered. I am God's man, not a psychiatrist, but I know that these things do happen. One thing more I will tell you about Eddie Previn. Perhaps it meant something to him, becoming a fireman. I do not know. I only know that of whatever memories he holds within himself of those dreadful hours when he was buried, he has spoken of only one—to me. That it was a fireman who took him from the wreckage, carrying him in his arms, and that he kept saying gently, 'It's all right, son, you're going to be all right——'"

We didn't talk any more then; we just sat and waited, the longest hours I ever expect to spend this side of eternity. At the end a doctor announced calmly, "He came through it splendidly. He has a good chance to recover." That's near enough, although the actual words were lost in the relief exploding through me. I wasn't allowed to see the kid, of course.

... ...

Sheer Fabrication

There's this about Ruth,
As her intimates view it:
She stretches the truth
Till they all can see through it!

Harold Willard Gleason

... ...

Father Alois walked with me down the corridor, and in my mind I was rehearsing how, the next time I saw Raus, I'd tell him a few things for the good of his bullheaded soul.

Bancroft Municipal Hospital has a main reception room near the front entrance. We started past it, and I stopped short. They were all there, sitting tense and quiet. Connie Hale, Cliff Pollard. And Raus. They all got to their feet when they saw the priest and me, and it was Raus who said awkwardly, "Cliff told us about the operation." The big Dutchman groped uncertainly for words. "We thought since the kid's got no folks, maybe we should—well, of course we knew he wouldn't know we were here, but all the same ——" He halted, floundering, and Father Alois smiled at him.

"Oh, yes," he said gently. "He'll know."

Eddie is still in the hospital, but he'll be getting out any day now. There's no problem about his probation. He's in. He's still a rookie with a lot to learn, but there's always room in the department for his kind of guts.

Father Alois went back to Hill City long ago. When he told me good-by he said, "About what happened at Saint Mark's, Cass—let the boy tell you himself in his own good time. I've a feeling he'll be ready to talk about it now."

He was right. Some of the guys went up to see him last night. I stayed behind when the others had left, just shooting the breeze with Eddie. The kid looked relaxed and happy and he said unexpectedly, "You've been a good friend, Cass, and I guess it wasn't always easy. Maybe there are—things I should've told you. I will, one of these days."

I didn't say anything; I just sat there thinking, *It's all right, son, you're going to be all right.* THE END

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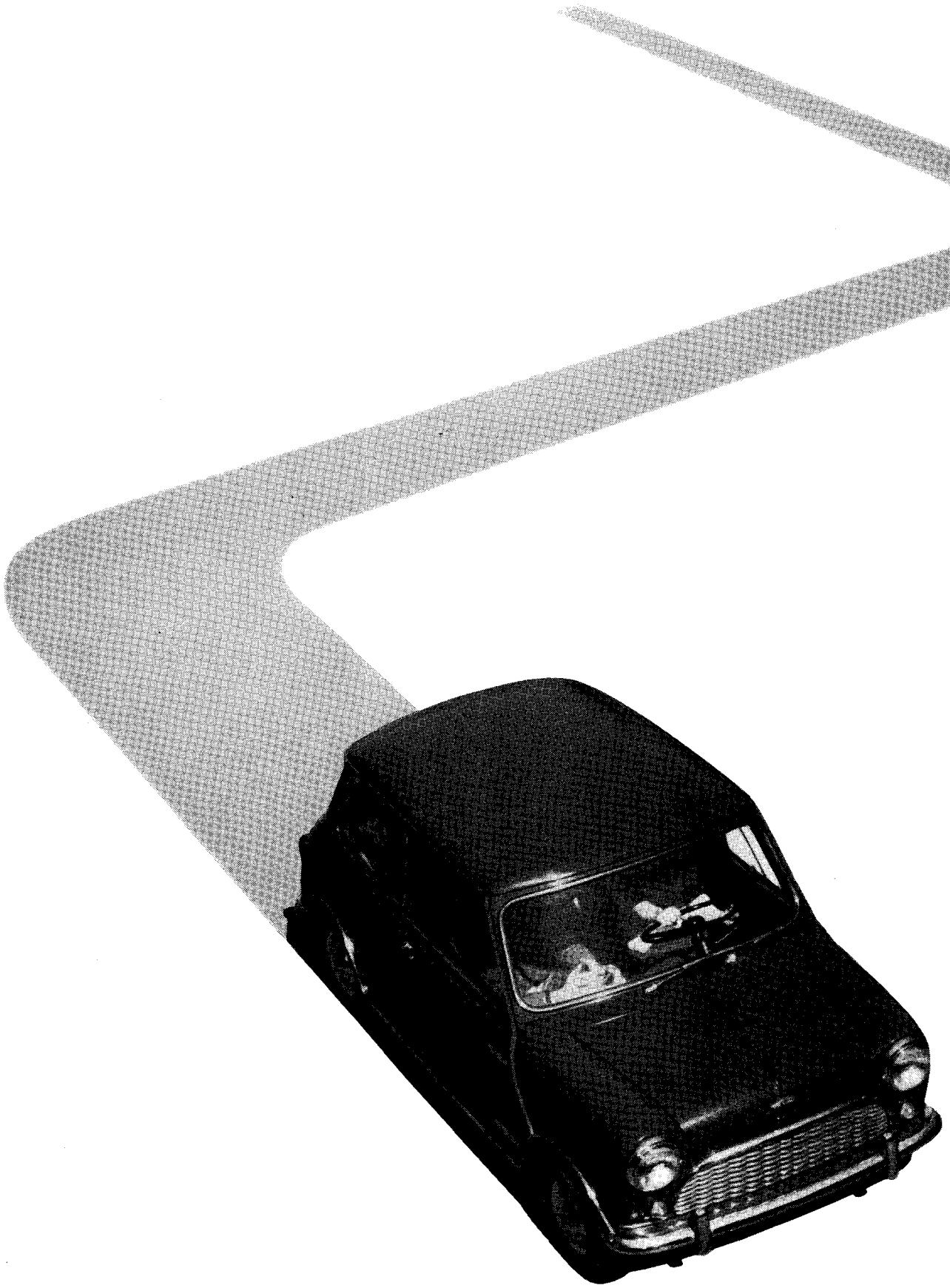

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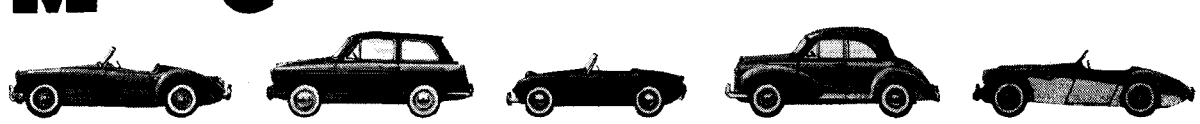

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AMERICA'S TINGLING WITH SPRING

...and living the good rich life!

ALL of a sudden, the air is sweet... the breeze is gentle... and the outdoors beckons us with a wave of her green hand. The mittens go into the moth balls, and the baseball mitts come out. Stormy-weather boots march to the attic, and tennis shoes are trotted out. All the B. F. Goodrich products we've used all winter (snow tires, rainwear, doormats, hot-water bottles, boots) are happily put away and dozens of other B. F. Goodrich products take their place in your daily doings. Spring has sprung —and the new young season brightens your good rich life!

THE SMELL OF FRESH-TURNED EARTH signals plowing and discing time. Tractors and implements roll out on their B. F. Goodrich tires. Those Power Grip tractor tires are a new kind that save farmers money . . . cost 20% less. Same earth-gripping, self-cleaning tread design that comes on new tractors. In the orchard, it's spraying time, and tough, chemical-resistant BFG hose goes to work. In the barn, long-lasting BFG conveyor belts carry out bags of seed, ready for planting in the fertile ground.

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your travels, your home...your good rich life.

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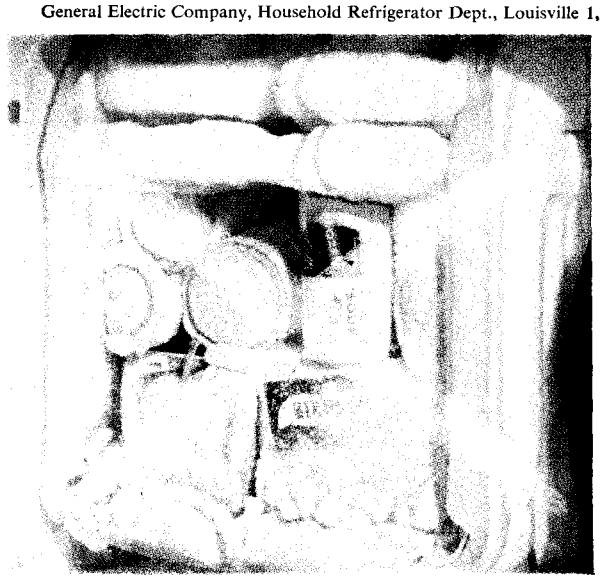

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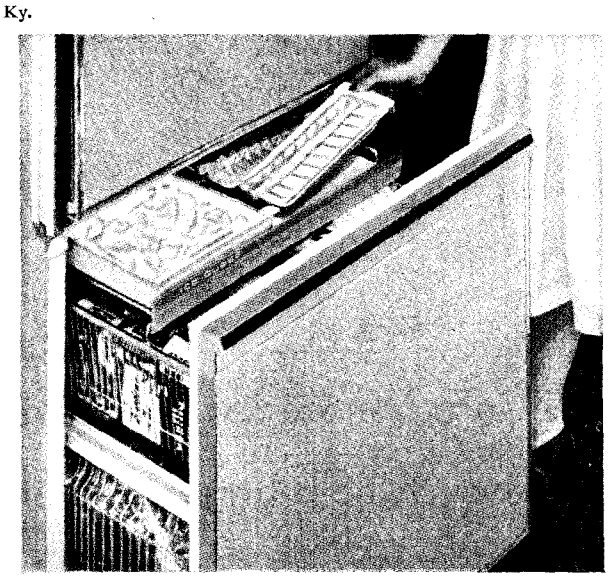

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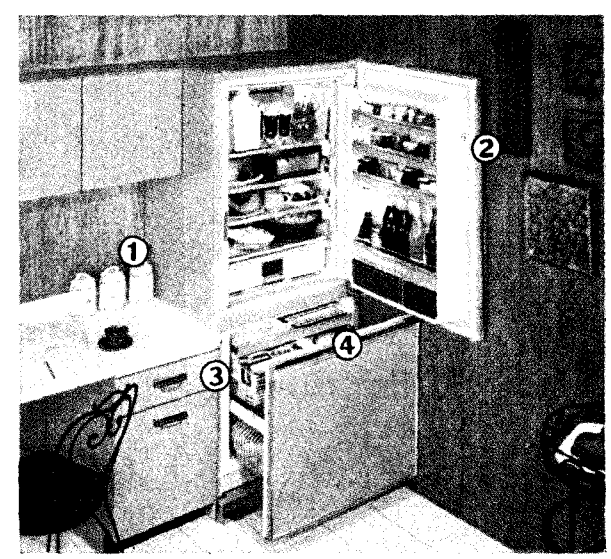

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The Sad Case of the Red Sox

(Continued from Page 39)

remarked not long ago. "Anything can happen in baseball."

Most competent baseball men elsewhere, while acknowledging the truth of Cronin's bromide, believe that the Red Sox today are in a mess. Explanations vary as to why this is so—and, for that matter, why the team has disappointed so often in the past. The answer probably lies in a combination of things.

One may be the fact that Tom Yawkey's Red Sox always have been as generously paid as any players in baseball—perhaps overpaid. In the period immediately following World War II the Red Sox had the highest salary total in the game. Performers such as Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr, Junior Stephens, Dom DiMaggio, Johnny Pesky and Birdie Tebbetts drew handsome incomes even without the World Series cuts that go to pennant-winning teams. In fact, when the Red Sox took their lone title of modern times in 1946, Ted Williams gave his share as a tip to the clubhouse boy.

It has been quite a while since the Red Sox have topped the pay list, because they haven't had enough upper-bracket men, but salaries remain high in relation to individual abilities. Annual raises are granted almost automatically, and even a bad year seldom brings a cut.

One of the surest ways for a ballplayer to get a better contract is to be traded to Boston. This was demonstrated in the abortive Sammy White-Russ Nixon deal last March. When Nixon reported, the Red Sox immediately gave him a $3500 raise, although he had hit only .240 with the Indians in 1959. A week later Nixon was back with Cleveland, feeling like a man who had had much too brief a glimpse of heaven. According to later reports, the Indians didn't let him keep his raise.

A few years ago the Red Sox paid $100,000 to the St. Louis Browns for catcher Les Moss and boosted his salary before he had time to put on his new uniform. The next year they sold him back to the Browns for the waiver price, then $10,000. After commenting that he'd happily rent out any player he had for $90,000 a year, Bill Veeck, the Browns' owner, cut Moss's salary back to where it had been before.

"Oh, well," said Moss philosophically, "it was nice while it lasted."

Although this openhanded treatment made a lot of players happy in Boston, it never seemed to stimulate them to outdo themselves when the big chips were down. In 1948, for example, the club finished the regular season in a first-place tie with Cleveland. Just before the one-game play-off for the championship, some of the Red Sox sat in their dugout talking golf. It is true that athletes sometimes try to take their minds off an impending major clash to keep from getting too tense. However, when the Indians won, only about half the Boston ballplayers appeared upset. The rest sat around the locker room and resumed the golf discussion at just about the point where they had left off before the game.

Again in 1949 the pennant race went right down to the wire. On the final day the Red Sox faced the Yankees, with whom they were tied for first place. A Red Sox player, in answer to a question about his club's chances, shrugged and commented, "Well, we do or we don't."

They didn't, but this brought no reduction the next year in the number of Cadillacs—thirteen—in the players' parking lot at Fenway Park.

Along with being liberal about salaries, the Red Sox generally have been lenient about their players' conduct. At times it has been charged that the lack of discipline virtually invited those so inclined to misbehave. A couple of years ago one Red Sox player remarked, "This is a country club, not a ball club. Some of these guys get away with murder, and nobody seems to care." One night in Detroit another cracked, "If they dropped a bomb on our hotel at four in the morning, there would still be enough guys out on the town so that we could put a full team on the field the next day."

During spring training in Arizona this year two young players were involved in a serious automobile accident one night. The police reported that it had happened after one o'clock in the morning, the curfew hour Jurges had set. Almost immediately the club announced that the police had been mistaken and that the accident actually had taken place prior to the curfew, so that the men normally would have reached their quarters in sufficient time. The two were not fined.

The most conspicuous case of front-office softness, of course, has been the Red Sox' handling of Ted Williams. Early in his Boston career, which dates back to 1939, he became a law unto himself. He has rarely broken rules, but he has flouted many of the game's conventions—as in refusing to tip his cap in acknowledgment of applause after hitting a home run, or to shake hands publicly with teammates who have homered. His frequent temperamental explosions, his running feud with press and public, and his independence of attitude have been a chronic problem.

When Williams first came to spring training as a rookie, Joe Cronin, then the Red Sox manager, tried hard to bring him into line. He made Ted spend an extra season in the minors "to learn how to act like a big-leaguer" and, when that didn't work, fined him several times for yelling insults and gesticulating at the fans. Nothing had any real effect. Williams continued to do as he pleased, and Cronin either gave up trying to straighten him out, or was told by Yawkey to stop.

When in 1956 Williams first used the device of spitting toward the fans to show his contempt for them, Yawkey instructed Cronin—by that time the club's general manager—to penalize Ted. Cronin hit Williams with a $5000 fine, matching the record penalty imposed upon Babe Ruth by the Yankees some thirty years earlier. The money was deducted from Williams' pay checks. Later there were rumors that it had been refunded, although the Red Sox vigorously denied it. In any event, they never fined him again, even though he kept right on spitting when the spirit moved him.

Some observers have a theory that the Red Sox might actually have been better off over the years without Williams. But at least one of his teammates on the pennant-winning 1946 club takes issue with this idea.

"I'll agree you never knew what to expect from him," this man said recently. "Sometimes he came storming into the dugout mad as a wet hen because of something a fan yelled at him and he'd sulk about it all day. It didn't matter whether we were winning or losing—or even whether he was having a good day himself. When something bothered him, he didn't care about anything else. Naturally, that affected the whole team. We knew if any of the rest of us acted that way, we'd hear about it. Only Williams could get away with it.

"But to say he cost us pennants is ridiculous. After all, this man was a .350 hitter, and in those days he was driving in more than a hundred runs and hitting between thirty and forty homers a year. Without him we wouldn't have been fighting for those pennants in the first place."

On the other hand, another former teammate declares, "If Williams had been a different kind of guy, I think we'd have won at least two more pennants, even if he hadn't driven in a single extra run or hit a single extra homer. He could have served as an inspiration for us all, the way Joe DiMaggio did for the Yankees. But Williams wasn't the inspirational type. To him every game was the same, to be played in the same way. He never had to rise to an occasion, and maybe that was why he couldn't get the rest of us to do it. We went into every game with his attitude, but without his tremendous ability. We paid for it in pennants. An emotional lift would have given us the ones we barely missed in 1948 and 1949, and possibly more."

Another topic of speculation in any discussion of the Boston situation is owner Tom Yawkey, a man whose personality has changed radically over the years. Yawkey was thirty years old when he bought the ball club in 1933. He had just inherited a fortune from his mother and his foster father, as well as control—which he still exercises—over extensive timber, mining and mineral holdings.

Yawkey came into baseball a rabid fan and hero worshiper. He was proud of his relationship with Eddie Collins, the Hall of Fame second baseman whom he made his first general manager. He admired Joe Cronin as greatly off the field as on it and he enjoyed the company of Jimmy Foxx and Lefty Grove, two of the most colorful and expensive stars he ever purchased. He liked being around ballplayers generally and was a frequent visitor in the clubhouse.

In those days Yawkey was a charming extrovert who played ball with the office help, fraternized with the newspapermen and exchanged friendly insults with the athletes. Then, for reasons known only to himself, he began to withdraw from everyone outside his immediate circle of intimate associates. By 1948 he had practically sealed himself off from press, public and even players.

Today Yawkey, who has homes in New York City and in South Carolina, appears in Boston only when the ball club does and leaves when it goes on the road. Fenway Park office help speak of him in whispers, and executives involuntarily lower their voices when they mention his name. Even old-timers who once freely called him "Tom" now refer to him as "T.A." or "Mr. Yawkey."

The picture of Yawkey as a man of mystery is never sharper than during ball games—when he usually sits in lonely grandeur in his box on the Fenway Park roof. One day last summer an old acquaintance happened to meet Yawkey at the ball park.

"You never used to enjoy watching games by yourself," the other man remarked. "Why do you sit alone now?"

"Because I like sitting alone," Yawkey retorted.

Except for Ted Williams, no current Red Sox ballplayer knows Yawkey well, and most have never met him. But all hold him in deep affection, as well they might, since he has been a combination of Santa Claus and Lord Bountiful in his dealings with ballplayers.

Few have ever held out for more money. This is one of the few sins a Red Sox player can commit. Other ways of displeasing the management are talking out of turn or making an executive appear ridiculous in the eyes of others. In either case, the offender is likely to be traded, regardless of his value to the ball club.

In 1950 Birdie Tebbetts, then the club's only competent catcher, publicly declared that some of the Red Sox pitchers were "juvenile delinquents and moronic malcontents." A month later he was sold to Cleveland on waivers, and the Red Sox had catching problems all through the 1951 season.

One reason why Sammy White's retirement this year hurt the Red Sox so badly was that they had already traded Pete Daley, their second-string catcher, to Kansas City during the winter. Many observers felt that Daley got his walking papers not because the Red Sox didn't need him, but because of an incident in a series with the Yankees last summer.

Daley was the Red Sox batter when Ryne Duren came in as a relief pitcher for the Yankees. Jurges, coaching at third base, beckoned to Daley; and when the two met halfway up the line, the Red Sox manager said," Be ready. He's real quick."

Since Duren's tremendous speed is famous in baseball circles, this unnecessary bit of advice so tickled Daley that he couldn't wait to relay it to his teammates. "Be ready" became a team catch

"Well, of all the blind luck! Look where my ball landed!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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phrase, and Red Sox ballplayers passed it around in ill-concealed stage whispers for the rest of the season. It never failed to draw a laugh.

Soon after the present season started, there were Boston newspaper reports that some players were scornful of the way Jurges was handling the club. Billy's response was to hold a clubhouse meeting and invite dissatisfied men to state their grievances. Nobody took him up on it.

Some baseball people who have tried to analyze the plight of the Red Sox think a big contributing factor has been the club's tardiness in seeking Negro ballplayers. The Red Sox have two at the moment—infielder Pumpsie Green and pitcher Earl Wilson. Both came up for the first time last year, and neither has yet proved that he belongs in the major leagues.

After baseball's color line was broken in 1946 many clubs promptly began tapping this vast new reservoir of manpower. The Red Sox were among those who held back. They made no attempt to sign a Negro for three years. Even then, they passed over one of the game's greatest current stars, although they were in a strategic position to land him.

This was in 1949, when the Red Sox had a working agreement with a Southern Association club, the Birmingham Barons, run by Eddie Glennon. Glennon had first call on any members of a local Negro professional team, the Birmingham Black Barons, in return for which he let them use his ball park when his own club was on the road. At Glennon's suggestion, the Red Sox sent a scout to Birmingham to look the Black Barons over.

The scout obviously didn't look very hard. He signed Piper Davis, a thirty-three-year-old first baseman who never reached the big leagues. But he missed Willie Mays, who didn't play the day the scout was in the stands.

Despite this, Red Sox officials stanchly insist they never had a policy against signing talented Negroes. If they ever did, they had abandoned it by 1955, when they offered Brooklyn more than $100,000 for Charley Neal, who was then in the Dodgers' farm system. A year or so later they tried to get Al Smith from Cleveland, but failed to make a deal.

Money has never been any object to Tom Yawkey when it came to obtaining players he really wanted. A few years ago the Red Sox offered the Indians $1,000,000 for Herb Score, who turned out not to be for sale at any price. This bid was in keeping with the pattern Yawkey established in the 1930's, when he shelled out sums that were fabulous for those depression years. At the end of 1933 he gave the Philadelphia Athletics $125,000 and two players for Lefty Grove and two other players. A year later he bought Joe Cronin from the Washington Senators for $250,000, which still stands as the record cash outlay for a single ballplayer. (That $250,000 in 1934 was comparable to $1,000,000 or more today.) In 1935 he handed the Athletics $150,000 and two players for Jimmy Foxx, the slugging first baseman, and Johnny Marcum, a pitcher.

Yawkey has made several other purchases that went well into six figures. In 1947 he negotiated the costliest deal of all time—$310,000 and seven players to the St. Louis Browns for hard-hitting shortstop Junior Stephens and pitcher Jack Kramer.

Yawkey's efforts to round up the best possible talent have gone through three main phases. First the emphasis was on buying established stars from other teams. Then he invested more millions in trying to build a farm system to grow his own stars. More recently the Red Sox have gone all out on signing expensive bonus boys.

Back at the beginning the results were good. By 1934—his second year in Boston—Yawkey had lifted the Red Sox from the cellar to fourth place, and home attendance had more than doubled, to 610,000. Although the Red Sox did not go on from there to become the best team in baseball—they lost their sole World Series to the St. Louis Cardinals in 1946—they have been out of the first division only six times in the past quarter century.

The club hit its peak in the late 1940's. Attendance climbed over 1,500,000 during the near-miss pennant races of 1948 and 1949. Yawkey even made money those seasons. He has done the same several times since, but the over-all trend—both on the field and at the box office—has been down. Last year's fifth-place team drew only 948,000.

This decline has taken place during a period when the Red Sox have been spending as freely as ever. But then, they never have had the knack of getting the most for their money. A veteran scout for another team recently offered some clues.

"The Red Sox are always looking for the big star," he said. "They won't settle for anything less. You can't run a farm system that way. Most youngsters will never make it in the big leagues, but you need a lot of them to fill out your minor-league rosters. Besides, you never know when one might surprise you and unexpectedly develop into a star. Look at Frank Malzone. The Red Sox got him for $150 a month in 1948. Today they wouldn't bother to sign a kid like that.

> Swim suits need care if they're to retain their shape from year to year. So do the people who wear them.
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

"They have thirty-one full-time scouts," he added, "and they don't trust any of them. A Red Sox scout is almost never permitted to sign a boy on his own say-so. One or two others always have to see the kid before he's taken on."

Another rival scout expresses the opinion that the Red Sox use old-fashioned methods of handling their rookies.

"Instead of having all their minor-league clubs train in the same camp, the way most successful clubs do," he says, "they send their kids all over the place. That not only makes it hard to keep track of the youngsters but deprives them of the specialized instruction they need.

"You can't have hitting, pitching, catching and fielding coaches in each of three or four training camps. The Red Sox might have a former pitcher in one place, an ex-outfielder in another and a batting specialist in still another, with each responsible for teaching the kids everything. I don't see how that can work very well."

To be sure, baseball-talent development is a chancy business at best. Some authorities charitably say that the Red Sox just haven't had much luck. Johnny McHale, the former Detroit general manager who moved to Milwaukee in 1959, inclines to this view.

"When I was at Detroit," he remarked a couple of months ago, "we went after most of the boys they got, and they outbid us on all of them. Five years ago I'd have said the Red Sox were the team of the future. I don't know why they're not in better shape today."

Between 1952 and 1955 the Red Sox did come up with one of the most promising rookie crops in baseball, but for one reason and another they never got as much out of these kids as was expected. Jimmy Piersall and Sammy White wound up being traded. Harry Agganis, who seemed headed for stardom back in 1955, died suddenly of an embolism. Pitchers Frank Sullivan, Tom Brewer and Ike Delock, although they showed frequent flashes of form, never blossomed into real standouts. Still others accomplished even less.

One American League executive feels that the Red Sox bungled things with certain youngsters. "Some were brought up too soon," he declared, "and others were made to wait too long. Look at Ted Lepcio and Gene Stephens, for example. When they first came around, they looked hot, but they never became better than run-of-the-mill ballplayers.

"Lepcio was two years away from the big leagues when the Red Sox brought him up in 1952. Instead of sending him back for seasoning, they kept him around, fighting for a job he wasn't ready for. He's been fighting for jobs on various clubs ever since.

"It was just the opposite with Stephens. He first came around in 1952, then went to the minors, where he belonged at the time. When he came up to stay in 1955, he was ready, but the Red Sox had no room for him. They would neither play him nor trade him. He wasted five years as Ted Williams' personal substitute and got discouraged.

"Three or four years ago we would have given plenty for him, and so would a lot of other clubs. But now he's a .250 hitter who doesn't look as good at twenty-seven as he did at nineteen. The Red Sox handed him the center-field job on a silver platter last year after they traded Piersall, and Stephens couldn't handle it. He had gone stale on the bench."

As for the big-money bonus boys, they so far have failed to deliver for the Red Sox. Pitcher Frank Baumann, who got a $125,000 bonus contract for signing in 1952, was traded to the Chicago White Sox last winter. Marty Keough, with a $100,000 price tag, and Don Buddin, a $60,000 bonus baby, are still struggling for major-league success. Eight years ago the Red Sox invested $250,000 in kid catchers. This outlay has produced only a couple of second-string receivers.

Carl Yastrzemski, an infielder who got a bonus contract for more than $100,000 two years ago, may turn out to be an exception. He was a sensation in spring training this year. Now twenty years old, he hit .377 in Class B ball in 1959. After watching Yastrzemski at the plate, Ted Williams told him, "Don't ever let anyone tamper with your swing."

However, Yastrzemski was the only rookie in camp who had been a .300 hitter in any league. There were no twenty-game-winning pitchers from the farm clubs either. All in all, it seemed that the Red Sox could expect little immediate help from their rookies.

General manager Frank Lane of the Indians, speaking of the Red Sox just before the season opened, predicted, "They'll finish sixth just by showing up. Bad as they are, the Athletics and Senators are worse. But they won't beat anyone else." Some other baseball men disagreed. They thought the Red Sox could finish in the cellar for the first time in Tom Yawkey's regime.

Is Yawkey discouraged? He isn't saying, and neither are his few confidants. Lately there have been rumors that Yawkey is fed up and would sell the Red Sox if he could. Somehow, this seems unlikely. If Yawkey were the type who couldn't take it, he would have been gone from the baseball scene years ago.

THE END

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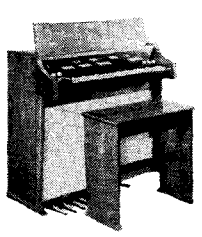

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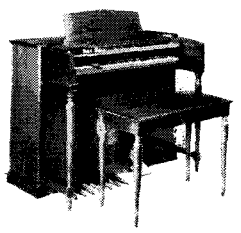

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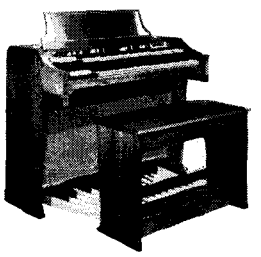

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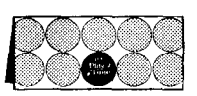

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How My Comrades Live

(Continued from Page 42)

Among students in their last year at the university, children often are born right after marriage. Fear of being sent to work in the provinces is stronger than any other consideration."

I was told that in the provinces the reverse is true. Young people in some miserable small town don't want to have children which could interfere with transfer to a larger city, where housing is short.

From talking to young people of various classes, I concluded that the two factors they considered as a basis for marriage are first, "love" on a sentimental plane and second, intellectual compatibility.

Several teachers and educators with whom I had the chance to discuss this subject confirmed my observations. They pointed out that the attitude of Soviet youth toward love and their concept of the ideal union of two people is vividly reminiscent of nineteenth-century poetry. Physical attraction is hardly considered.

I often was amazed by young men with their university studies behind them who confided to me their secret love for a woman. They sounded just like Pushkin's hero, Eugene Onegin, and particularly like Onegin in his well-known letters to Tatiana. In their description of their loved ones they emphasized the emotional and intellectual factors exclusively. They talked for hours about the girl's moral qualities, to the complete exclusion of her physical ones.

Similarly, when young men talked about women in general and about their love affairs, they kept the conversation on a high, impersonal plane. Comparing these discussions with similar conversations among young people in my own country, a satellite nation, I found the differences astonishing.

A young neurologist, whom I met at a social gathering, explained the matter to me as he saw it from the viewpoint of his medical practice.

"I come into contact with young people either in the hospital or in my teaching, and I must tell you that in regard to love our youth is still deeply rooted in nineteenth-century sentimentality. Think for

---

Old Westerns never die no matter how long ago they were shot.

A. LARSON

---

a moment of the heroes of Leo Tolstoi, Gogol, Chekhov, Saltykov, and of their loves, let alone the poetic prototypes of love taken from Pushkin or Lermontov.

"Even Dostoevski, whom somebody called the sewer of the Russian soul through which everything runs, did not give us one single naturalistic description of a love scene.

"Just try and find anywhere in our literary heritage, to which our present culture is linked, the portrait of a great lover, a Don Juan, or the theme of an attempted rehabilitation of a loose woman who had changed her lovers because of her temperament. All literary attempts to introduce sex—by Kuprin, for example—were emphatically rejected by socialist realism.

"Our socialist writers, Gorki, Aleksei Tolstoi, Sholokhov, Fadyeyev, and even Dudintsev, continue to follow this trend. They concentrate on everyday topics, the party, ideology, the struggle against capitalist remnants, and the like.

"Did you know," the doctor said, returning to his own field, "that our medical specialists practically never have to deal with sexual degenerates? Our criminologists have even fewer cases of sex crimes.

"You'll also notice that our popular scientific literature seldom mentions sex, or at least treats it very casually. It could be said that Russian pathology was buried with the genius who created it, Dostoevski. But even this pathology was primarily of the soul."

A few days later I had the opportunity to talk about the same subject with a girl working in a museum in Tula, an experienced teacher and art critic.

"It's true," she said. "Our nation has managed to steer clear of that phase of bourgeois culture. Those with this sort of culture fled abroad. Others died here under various circumstances in Siberia or in prison as enemies of the people, or they just found themselves without any means of making a living.

"Don't forget that a genuine 'people's' culture is, by its very nature, opposed to naturalism in the treatment of love and marriage. The types of creativity which conform to this culture are popular and patronized. Other types which do not conform are banned.

"Here's a good example for you—the status of nudity in our socialist art. Not too long ago a female nude was exhibited in one of our art galleries. It must have been the first in twenty years. It was the work of a young painter, and the directors, after long debate, decided to exhibit it for a short time. Its young creator is undoubtedly a very talented painter, yet the general reaction of the public was negative. Even we critics were bewildered.

"You see, in our realistic creativity, in literature, art and music, we deal exclusively with subjects that serve the cause of socialism and progress. But how can a nude serve socialism? What I mean is that in real life, in a factory, school or office, people appear as something definite, something with meaning socially or professionally. But nudity is anonymous! It expresses nothing in the sense that we want a work of art to express an idea.

"In addition, a nude painting is a clear transfer of the center of interest from social man to physical man. In our life there is no purpose in playing up physical attraction between people. You won't find it in our films, theater, literature or magazines. Our socialist morality has other goals and other missions than capitalist morality—a morality of degenerates, sadists and rapists."

One day, talking with a large group of students in Kuibyshev, I mentioned being struck by a certain lack of feminine grace and coquetry in Soviet women. One of those present commented: "Please remember that in our country women form forty-seven per cent of employed persons, excluding agriculture. And so coquetry, shrewd femininity and cultivated sensuality are characteristics of an era that is gone and will never return. Only degenerated capitalist societies use sex as yet another 'opium for the masses,' stupefied by all kinds of advertising and propaganda."

I had an interview with Maxim, a sports instructor who was in charge of camps for young people, which were open in winter as well as summer. He had been working in this field since 1936 and understood the problems of youth. We discussed the relationship between the adolescent girls and boys in his camps.

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"My young people have no secrets from me," he said, "and I know their problems better than they know them themselves. There was a time when I thought young people were the same all over the world. But I was due for a rude shock! Last year I was invited by a youth organization in Berlin to attend a sports camp in the German Democratic Republic. There I saw that our youth and the German youth, at least, are completely different. The young people in Germany literally treat sex as a sport. A boy may meet a girl in the morning, and by evening they are in bed together. It's a disgrace!

"Then among a group of apparently normal people you suddenly meet a lot of degenerates. They carry pornographic pictures in their pockets, pills for stimulation and who knows what else. Next to them our young people are infants in swaddling clothes.

"One of our young people may tell you he kissed a girl, but that's all he'll tell you. Even if he wanted to tell more, our vocabulary for these things is limited and it would be very difficult for him to express himself. Here even adults can't talk to one another about certain things in their married life, because they are not familiar enough with anatomy and we have no substitute words in our everyday language.

"Of course our young people are healthily attracted to members of the opposite sex, but in a different way. Our youths find an outlet in sports, social work, art; and in these activities their sexual drives are rechanneled.

"And don't forget that our social organizations stand guard over our morality. Do you know what happened to the women or girls whose conduct was slightly loose during the last war, let alone those who had proved lovers? They were incorporated into special women's battalions and sent at once to the front line. In the army they were called 'comrade battlefield wife.' Now such girls are sent to remote Soviet republics where young, strong men are needed and there is a dearth of women for them to marry."

The law permitting abortion by a government medical agency at government cost is surrounded by many legal and moral hurdles. A young woman who wants an abortion, even for valid reasons, must go through endless interviews, questions, answers, waiting and humiliation. Even then the application may be refused.

To illustrate this hard road, I'll use the story told me by Sonia E., a pleasant twenty-four-year-old worker in an industrial establishment. Eighteen months before, on leave at a summer resort, Sonia had met a good-looking young man, an employee of a commercial distributing center.

"I liked him very much," said Sonia, "from the first moment we met. Well, I fell in love. It's human, isn't it? I think he loved me a little, too; at least he told me so. One evening I drank too much wine, and—well, it happened.

"He promised to write as soon as he got home; he even spoke of marriage. I never heard from him. I wrote to him in Minsk, but he never answered. They notified me from the housing committee that he had been sent away on duty for ten months. Then I found out I was pregnant."

Sonia lived with her mother, father and brother. She and her mother worked, but her father was a nervous, sick old man, partially paralyzed. The thirteen-year-old brother went to school. They lived in one small room in the attic of an old house.

"I said to myself," continued Sonia, "that I couldn't afford to raise this child. Besides, I realized what a hard blow it would be to my parents, especially to father. They always wanted me to marry a director or inventor or scientist. You know how parents are. So I didn't tell them.

"To receive permission for an abortion and to be sent to a hospital, you have to apply to the factory union. But first you must talk to the secretary of the women's organization, who must give her written opinion on the matter.

"Well, I was lucky with the secretary. I told her what had happened. The child's father had gone somewhere; I didn't have time to look for him and for all I knew he may have been married. Finally I told her that I wasn't financially able to raise a child. She understood.

"But at the union it didn't go so well. I talked to the deputy secretary for personnel, a woman. All she had to say were the old, worn-out platitudes: 'In our system every woman can support a child,' and that I didn't have the right 'to deprive a future citizen of the U.S.S.R. of life,' and so on.

"The next step was a hearing by a special medical-social commission in one of the City Centers for Mother and Child. The commission consists of a doctor-specialist, delegates of the women's organization, of the party, union and youth organization, and someone from the Department of Health.

"I brought the opinions of the labor union and the party with me in a sealed envelope—I'm a candidate member of the party—plus testimony from the housing committee on the living space occupied by my family, my family's earnings and my father's illness.

"The commission asked many questions. Wasn't I ashamed, as a Soviet woman and candidate member of the party, to try to have an abortion? Didn't I know that our government provided children with the best conditions in the world? They went on and on.

"But I continued to insist that I wasn't prepared, either physically or morally, to have a child. Finally I did succeed in getting sent to a hospital and having the abortion."

She laughed harshly. "I was reprimanded for morality alien to socialist society. At the meeting of the party, my membership card was taken away from me for two years for 'moral alienation from the ideals of the party and society.'

"Of course," Sonia smiled ironically, "it was a terrific subject of conversation for my colleagues of both sexes. They are still trying to guess who the father of my unborn child was and who will be the father of the next."

Sonia's case was not an isolated one. I heard of many cases where young, unfortunate girls wandered from commission to commission, from secretary to secretary, from party to Komsomol, from Komsomol to the Department of Health to get a permit for an abortion. Humiliated, insulted, forced to tell the most intimate details about their pregnancy and to call witnesses; branded at public meetings in school, university or place of employment; serving as material for gossipers, they were finally refused the permit. So they went somewhere north, "to the front lines of the struggle with nature." There in a new environment, mostly surrounded by men, they usually managed to marry and legitimize the child. But return to their old environment was barred to them for many years.

Divorce is legally permitted in the U.S.S.R., but this, like abortion, is complicated. A married couple who seeks divorce can't predict the court's verdict. They know that the very attempt to get a divorce will jeopardize the careers of both husband and wife.

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"Divorce is considered an element of social decay by the government, even if the law doesn't express it in these precise terms," a judge told me. "The basic attitude of the court always is that divorce is not necessary, since the married couple seeking divorce can achieve their purpose through a separation for an unlimited period. Now, for a separation a court isn't needed. All the help a couple needs for a separation can be provided by the party or the union. They can do it by simply transferring one of the parties to a new post in a different part of the country.

"Then, after a few years, when each has managed to get used to a new life, a new love interest, the court can grant them their divorce. The decree will state that from the angle of socialist morality, granting the divorce will lead to a normalization of their new situation. Clear?"

Soviet couples seeking divorce know that their sociopolitical standing and their vocational future depend on the reasons they advance to justify their application for divorce. That's why certain reasons, even if they are the true ones, must be avoided as 'antisocial' or 'rottenly bourgeois' or 'hostile to socialism.'

"For instance," the judge said, "they can't use physical incompatibility, or sexual repulsion, or sexual negligence as a reason. Reasons like these, popular in capitalistic countries, might lead to expulsion from the party.

"Under our system the family is a fundamental unit of socialist society, characterized by mutual love, by equality of man and woman, identity of interests of individual and society, performing the functions of procreation, Communist upbringing and mutual aid.

"Now where could you find room in a union like that for insignificant 'physical' problems? A Soviet man is not an animal, my friend."

Judge P. smiled ironically at his own thoughts and at the clichés he had used. He carefully stirred the sugar in a cup of coffee brought in by his secretary.

"But our married couples anxious to part aren't so stupid. They try to give reasons for their desire to divorce which won't harm them, which may even improve their reputations. They use political, ideological, social and labor excuses; and lie like old veterans. For instance, a case will come up before me where the husband, a twenty-seven-year-old office employee promoted from worker, applies for a divorce. His reason? His wife, a twenty-five-year-old worker, refused to 'improve her intellectual and political standard by attending an ideological course organized by the union.' The husband continues to give examples of the 'political backwardness' of his wife, quoting views allegedly uttered by her. Incidentally, ten years ago you could have been exiled for a long time for such views.

"But we suspect he isn't telling the truth. The file on his case is forwarded to his place of employment for review by the union and the executive board of the party. They summon the wife, confront her with witnesses and the case is clarified. The sleek husband has befriended a girl in his office, a divorcée, in whose house he spends all of his free time. He hardly ever comes home. When he does, he beats his child and insults his wife.

"Well, there's a way to deal with such people. A week later he is assigned to the 'front line of socialist work' in the Ural Mountains for a year or two. He must take care of his wife and send her a given portion of his wages. If, after his return, it's found that he still hasn't come down to earth, a divorce might be granted to him on the basis of the year or two of separation.

"Here's another example. This time both parties sue for divorce. The reasons given are 'lack of mutual political understanding.' He accuses her of 'deficiency in ideology.' She charges him with 'political cynicism.' The factory and domestic committees find out that they haven't been living together for two years. The children are being cared for by a grandmother somewhere in the provinces. In this case the divorce is granted immediately. But right after the trial both were transferred to some new outpost of socialism. In Kazakhstan, I believe."

Judge P. finished his coffee and gave me a cordial handshake, "Well, young man, when will you invite me to your wedding? Better hurry up. You're at the best age, and the times are favorable. Our girls are pretty. You won't find any prettier anywhere else in the world."

At the time that I was studying the love and marriage customs of the U.S.S.R., I never dreamed that I would be affected by them personally. However, during my stay in a small town on the Moscow-Ivanovo railroad, I met a girl connected with a technical school, of whom I became quite fond. Let's call her Agniya.

Agniya was twenty-three, had a beautiful figure, somewhat oriental features and beautiful black hair with a chestnut gleam. We used to meet quite often. She was interested in my past. I was curious about her present. We were both interested in the turn our friendship would take in the near future.

Probably because of my influence, though it was far from my intention, Agniya tried to imitate the appearance of the western women she had seen in the movies. She wore her hair in a pony tail, revealing her long, delicately shaped neck. She cut her tight-fitting blouse lower and definitely narrowed her skirt. In addition, she used a bit of lipstick. She was beautiful, and it gave me pleasure to look at her.

We had met only five or six times when a strange incident occurred. Late one night someone knocked at the door of the room where I was staying with a friend. My friend wasn't home, so I opened the door. Two young girls, perhaps twenty years old, stood in the doorway. They wore sport blouses with Komsomol badges on the lapels.

"I beg your pardon, comrade," said one of them, "but may we come in?"

At my invitation they entered the room, looking around searchingly, then informed me that they were sent by the Komsomol organization to ask whether they could "help" me in any way, whether I wouldn't like "to meet a Komsomol discussion group" or something like that. I couldn't understand their interest in me, especially since I couldn't remember notifying any officials of my arrival in town.

So I thanked them and asked them to send me an announcement of their next meeting. My uninvited guests thoroughly scrutinized the whole room again. One of them seemed especially fascinated by the coat tree where Agniya's raincoat was hanging. She had lent it to me the day before when I was caught in the rain.

I had an appointment to meet Agniya the next morning, but she never showed up. This had never happened before. I went to her house in the afternoon, where her younger brother informed me that his sister had been summoned to appear before the Komsomol City Committee. She hadn't come back yet.

Later that evening the younger brother came to my room and with a mysterious air told me to follow him and he would lead me to where his sister was waiting for me.

Agniya's hair was back to its original style, braided on top of her head. The blouse was closed high on her neck by a safety pin. Her face was tear-stained, and she obviously was under great strain.

She explained what had happened. That morning she had been summoned before the Komsomol Committee, where she was accused of "imitation of bourgeois attire, morality alien to the Soviet nation, improper behavior, and of being ashamed of the clothes and appearance of Soviet girls."

She was told that pending consideration of her case at a meeting of her group, her rights as a member of Komsomol were suspended. In addition, she was advised that her case would be referred to her school authorities, who would take disciplinary measures, including possible expulsion from school.

After that she was advised to apply to join a transport made up of "young Komsomol volunteers who have pledged themselves to the patriotic task of spending four months harvesting in a remote part of the U.S.S.R." The transport was leaving the next day.

Agniya was broken-spirited. Even if she did succeed in becoming a shock worker during the harvest, she still would have to face these unbearable meetings and possible dismissal from school. The world, which yesterday was full of sunshine and happiness, had suddenly become a tiny cage with no exit.

I decided not to prolong my stay in that town. A train was due to leave in an hour. We thought it best to say good-by right then and there.

I went to fetch my bag and half an hour later was in my train compartment. A moment before the train left, Agniya appeared at the station. We both knew that we were seeing each other for the last time. It was hard to remain unemotional. The train started slowly. For a few moments Agniya walked alongside the window; then the train pulled away from her. A minute later she was just a tiny spot pasted against the gray of the disappearing station. We picked up speed. I drew the curtains closed across the compartment window and began to complete my notes on love and marriage in the Soviet Union.

Next week Mr. Novak, in the last of three articles, discusses the ordeal of the Jews in the Soviet Union today. —THE EDITORS.

NEXT WEEK

LORETTA YOUNG

Hollywood's Indestructible Glamour Girl

By DEAN JENNINGS

THE ORDEAL OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA

By JOSEPH NOVAK

IN COLOR:

THE SPLENDOR OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

DEFENSE SECRETARY THOMAS S. GATES JR.

By BEVERLY SMITH JR.

RACE DRIVER'S WIFE:

MRS. RODGER WARD'S FOUR LONELY HOURS AT INDIANAPOLIS

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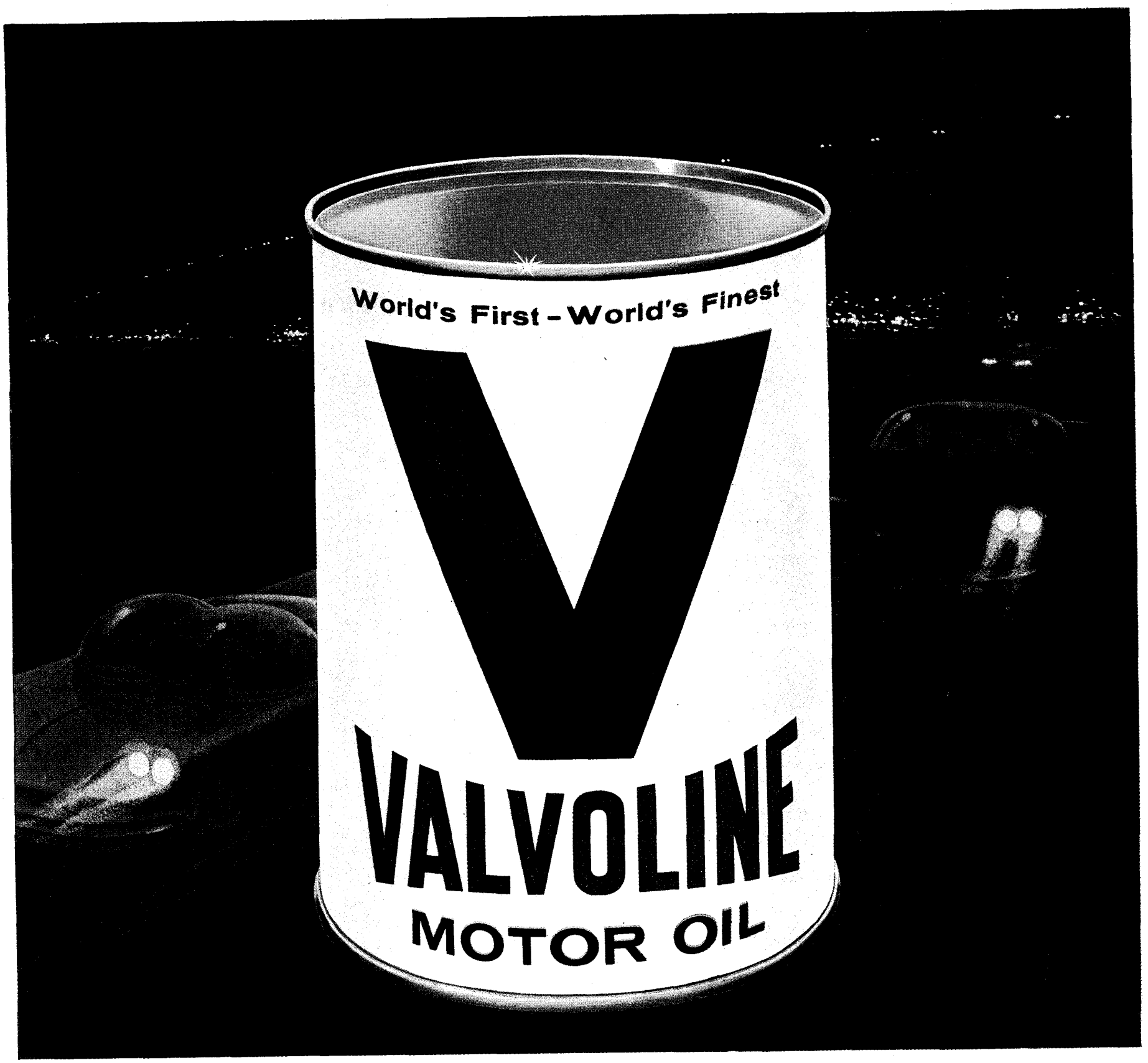

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The Tewksbury Feud

(Continued from Page 50)

touched only himself and no other man. "Look, mister," he said, "I don't know you or why you're askin' questions. And I don't wanta know. I'm a law-abidin' man with a family to feed and I stick to what's my own business. And so do most of the folks hereabouts. It's right unhealthy if word gets around a man's loose-mouthed."

The big man nodded his understanding, then he said, "Maybe you wouldn't mind pointin' out the town marshal's office?"

"Sure, it's jist up this street. But there's no use goin' up there—he's outa town."

The man reached into his shirt pocket and removed a folded paper which had been pinned inside with a deputy's badge, which he now fastened on his shirt. He unfolded the paper and extended it for the blacksmith to look at. Sam Brown's eyebrows rose and then knotted as he read the name on the warrant.

"He shot a man in the back," the deputy said, "two days ago in Pleasant Valley. Judge John Meadows," he added meticulously, "issued the warrant and is holdin' a witness to the shootin'."

"That makes her some different, all right," Brown's admission was reluctant. "Who might you be?"

"Breed Tewksbury."

"Trader Breed of Cougar Spring?" Brown asked. At the other's nod the blacksmith stuck out his hand. "Why, say," he said, "I've heard a heap about you—and I know your pa too. How is old Jonathan these days?"

Breed returned the grip of the powerful hand. "Pa ain't been well, but he's better."

"Well," Brown seemed eager to keep the talk on a less hazardous subject, "we're none of us gettin' any younger, seems like. You tell Jonathan ol' Sam Brown said 'howdy.'" He paused. "Let's see now, you'll need help to take Cooper in. He rode into town last night with a bunch of men. There's at least three of 'em over at the Blevins place right now."

Breed stepped nearer the wide, arched doorway of the blacksmith shop and stared up the quiet, dusty street. "Which is the Blevins house?" he asked.

Brown had the impression he was about to set off up the street as soon as he knew. The blacksmith followed him to the doorway. "Look, son," he argued, "you can't brace that bunch without help ——" he began; then he choked and the words caught in his throat.

Breed had moved into the arched pattern of bright morning sunlight, his gaze on the street, and he saw why the blacksmith had suddenly hushed.

Up by the business houses several people moved leisurely about. Nearer, on the north side of the street, a man came from the side of a small, porched frame house with a saddle in one hand, saddlebags in the other. He came out to the horse at the hitching post, and as he threw the saddle across the animal's back the sun caught and reflected from silver conchs on the saddle and on the belt low on the man's narrow hips. His back was toward the blacksmith shop.

He finished saddling with the swift economy of accustomed movements. His raised hands, one on the horn, the other on the cantle, testing the tightness of the cinch, seemed to jerk into sudden immobility. For a space of seconds he stayed frozen; then his hands lowered slowly to flex and remain just above the low-holstered guns on each lean thigh. He was crouching as he turned about, stiffly; his lips had drawn back from the protruding teeth, and his narrowed stare reached out and found the dark motionless figure before the entrance to the blacksmith shop.

Cooper remained as though paralyzed for the space it took to draw several ragged breaths. Then he turned and strode hastily up the boardwalk and into the house.

Breed watched him pass out of sight. He raised the rifle and levered a cartridge into the barrel and slung it under his elbow once more. He lifted his hand and reset the flat-crowned hat lower on his forehead against the rays of the sun. He turned half around then, his eyes coming to rest on the face of the Apache, who had remained behind him in the blacksmith shop, but who had also seen Cooper.

The blacksmith's confused apprehension deepened as he saw the Indian raise his right hand, palm out, in a gesture similar to the tribal peace sign, then bend his head and lift it in a way oddly ceremonious. Brown was astonished to see him smile, his eyes shining darkly and the proud carriage of his head flaunted higher.

Neither Breed nor Hay-soos spoke, and yet Sam Brown was hypnotically aware of a violent and surging communion. Breed nodded slightly and with deliberate, unhurried strides he crossed the railroad tracks and proceeded up the road toward the Blevins house.

"Good God," the blacksmith sobbed out, "he ain't goin' it *alone?*" The frantic man turned on the Apache. "You gonna just stand here and let him go it alone?" he accused.

The Apache's high gaze turned on Brown's sweating face. "It is a thing arranged," he said. "Trader Breed will kill the man, Cooper, in the white man's way. If he cannot do this, I will take the trail and kill him after the manner of my people." He removed his gaze back to the man walking up the road and stepped forward in order to see more plainly.

While saddling the gelding, Andy Cooper had become suddenly and acutely conscious of the sensation of eyes boring into his back. The feeling was so strong that he turned carefully to recognize with a jolting shock the man who watched him.

The gunslinger's first impulse was to charge toward him, close the distance to within range of his .45's. But his fingers stiffened as he made out the long barrel of the rifle across Breed's arm.

From somewhere deep back in a recess of memory echoed Tom Graham's warning: "I'll lay you ten to one, Andy, that the day you try cases with Breed—he'll down you."

Cooper flung about and hurried up the boardwalk, jerked the door open and entered the house. At the hasty jingling scrape of his spurs across the porch the two men squatting on the floor in the front room looked up. John Blevins and Mose Roper were hunkered down, folding blankets into bedrolls; they were preparing to leave Holbrook that same day with the intention of holing up in a wilderness canyon until the law wearied and retired into its customary rut.

Both men reared back on their heels, startled at the look of Cooper. His face had gone pasty and he gnawed at the drooping mustache.

"Breed Tewksbury ——" he said. "Seen him down in front of the livery stable."

They were more shocked by his appearance and manner than by his news. Roper moved froglike across the floor and lifted the starched white curtain to peer from

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the lower corner of the window. "It's him, all right," he reported, "comin' up the street, now—alone. You see anybody else down there, Coop?"

"Only old Sam Brown."

John Blevins and Mose Roper exchanged puzzled glances, neither of them willing to voice what each remembered: the many boasts Cooper had made concerning his desire to meet Breed Tewksbury and have it out.

"Well, hell," Roper broke a silence that had grown uneasy, "they's three of us." He drew his Colt and looked up at Cooper, waiting for orders, but there were none and he scowled, looking at John. "Take the other window, kid—I'll stay here. If he angles off, I'll get him outta the side door."

Young Blevins obeyed, drawing his Colt. Cooper still hovered indecisively, chewing on his mustache. "That leaves the front door—and the first shot for you, Coop," said Roper, who had the feeling that the man needed prompting.

"What you boys up to? Keep your hands offa my clean curtains!" Mariah Blevins came from the kitchen, wiping her fat, reddened hands on her apron. Then she saw the drawn guns, and dismay muddied her sagging face. "Now I won't have no shenanigans!" she shrilled.

Cooper jerked out of his trancelike state. "Where's Lela and the kid?"

"She stepped over to Clara's—taken him along. Andrew"—Mariah's mouth shook and she began to whimper—"you promised me ——"

Cooper's head snaked forward from his rounded shoulders, his lips drew back, exposing the big teeth. "That's Breed Tewksbury out there!" He pointed an arm toward the street. "I won't start nothin' around the house, if he don't—now get in the kitchen and stay there!"

"This place has a real homy atmosphere."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

His voice lashed like a whip and it drove Mariah into the kitchen.

Cooper stepped softly to the door. He looked down at Roper, who had raised his head to peek under the curtain.

They all stiffened at the sound of a deep voice calling a name from the street. "Wait a minute," Cooper said, "let's see what he wants."

Breed shouted again: "Cooper!"

The gunslinger had his Colt in his right hand as his left encircled the doorknob. He eased the door open a bare fraction and held it so. He could not see Breed from that angle, nor did he expose any part of himself as he shouted, "What d'you want, half-breed?"

"I've come for you, Cooper!"

Cooper sucked in two deep breaths before he opened the door wider and snarled, "Come get me then, damn you!"

Breed did not see Cooper at all; he fired as the narrow black barrel of the Colt appeared in the slit of doorway. The rifle slug tore through the thin paneling as Cooper squeezed the trigger—and then was flung back into the room, shot in the chest.

Breed heard the vicious whine as Cooper's shot went past him. He took one step and swung sideways, levering a cartridge and firing again from the hip at the window where the curtain moved on his right. The heavy slug tore through the flimsy wood, shattering the glass about Roper's head. The man rolled away and slithered to the side door. He leaped out, but the top step of the stoop was rickety and it gave, throwing him off balance. He staggered to regain his footing and snapped a quick shot at the man in the street, now in full view. The two slugs whistled past each other, and Roper plunged back and down, blood gushing from his throat.

Breed was in a half-crouch as he stepped back, swinging the rifle barrel. John Blevins's shot from the left window thudded into the horse at the hitching post. The animal went up into a pawing, screaming rear before it collapsed, and Breed shot under its convulsing belly as it rose—into the flimsy planking below the window sill where the curtain had moved at his first approach. John Blevins grunted hard and writhed jerkily back along the floor, his gun skidding from his hand.

Breed automatically levered the rifle as he glanced quickly at the dead horse and back to the now silent house. The seconds passed and nothing happened; only silence. There was one more thing he had to do, and he advanced, moving softly up the walk to the porch. He needed to see Cooper dead with his own eyes before he could feel it was done with.

As he stepped onto the porch he suddenly halted, frozen into listening. There was an odd sound—a faint and rhythmic squeaking from inside. And with it, intermingling, a mumbling, a whimpering voice saying something over and over in a thin monotone. Breed moved across the porch to the half-open, shattered door and pushed it wide with his rifle barrel.

Mariah Blevins sat in her rocking chair, pudgy hands folded across the bulge of

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her stomach. As she rocked back and forth she complained listlessly, but he could not make out the words. Her eyes passed over him and beyond as though he was not there. They were as empty and staring as the windows in a deserted house.

He took a step into the room, watching her, but she continued to rock and mumble. The body of Cooper lay an arm's length from the squeaky rockers. John Blevins lay just back of the east window.

Breed backed away, closing the door after him. Walking stiffly, holding onto himself inside, he retraced his steps out the walk, down the road.

People were now venturing out into the street, staring in the direction of the gunfire, but with caution. Several men now approached the livery stable from the business district.

Hay-soos welcomed him with a high, proud look but remained silent. The blacksmith was about to speak when Breed said, "Send somebody—a woman—up to see to Miz Blevins." His voice sounded exhausted, as though it came from a great distance.

"My God," Brown said, "she didn't catch a bullet?"

"No," Breed said, "but she's—she needs—she'd best not be alone."

"I'll send my missus over," Brown said. "I'll fetch her right now. Her and Mariah are old friends." He crossed the street to his house, which was directly opposite the livery stable.

Tildy's dour horseface had a look of exhausted grimness, her step was slow and tired as she came into the kitchen. She sighed as she looked at the untouched supper tray—Jim had been able to take only a little broth.

Lydia was busy with some small task at the shelf near the window which overlooked the back yard. Her thin shoulders slumped with weariness and her hair was wispy and showed neglect.

Tildy spoke in her grating voice. "That boy's awful sick, Miz Lyddy," she announced reluctantly. "I don't like the look of it a bit. This here ain't blood poisonin', for all that poulticin' ain't drew it. He's—now he's frettin' of a stiff neck—and he's yawnin' a lot." The apprehension narrowed her eyes as she waited to see if these dread signs spelled it out for Lydia.

Lydia faced about. "What are you afraid it is, Tildy?" Her voice was quiet, too quiet, Tildy worried; there's a limit to what a body can bear, and Lydia was getting too near it, but there was nothing for it but to plod along as best they could.

"I helped once before with a man started like this here," Tildy said. She took a deep breath and added piteously, "I'm awful scared Jim's got lockjaw."

Lydia's colorless lips parted, but no sound came; she closed her eyes as though to shut it away, then she opened them and breathed a question, "Did he—this man—die?"

Tildy looked away from her. "They always die," she whispered hoarsely.

"Would a doctor—couldn't we send for a doctor?"

Tildy sighed, "Nearest doctor is that drunken old fool in Globe—a fast ride up here would kill him, shape he's in. Besides," she added gloomily, "I never seen a doctor yet that could do anythin' for this here." Lydia began to sob. "We'll make out, Miz Lyddy," Tildy offered grim consolation. "I've got a bottle of laudanum in my stuff, and there's enough in the bottle so's he won't know, and we'n ease him over the worst of it."

Lydia's head rested against the woman's broad, bony shoulder. "Tildy, I feel like I was walking around in some sort of horrible nightmare. If only we knew if Breed will come home."

Tildy patted the shaking shoulder. "I know, Miz Lyddy," she said, "I been down on my knees, too, prayin' he come through, for we sure need him bad."

Lydia drew a deep, shuddering sigh. "If anything has happened to him —— I'm afraid, I'm horribly afraid for her."

Tildy came to stand beside her and they both looked out at Stella, leaning against the high pole fence that separated the yard from the barn corral. Her back was toward them, but her lifted face was in profile as she watched the crimson light fading on the rimrock to the east. Her features were sharp, waxen white, and below her eyes the shadows were etched deeper than just those caused by the flaring black lashes. Her gaze came again and again with longing and grief and dread to search the high, winding trail which descended from the rimrock into the valley.

Behind the girl Coutouch, the bright sorrel mare, dragged her lead halter about as she nibbled disdainfully at the frost-darkened clumps of grass.

There was pity and understanding in the two older women as they looked at the sorrowful, slender figure.

"She ain't changed a bit," Tildy ventured, her look questioning Lydia, "the way she feels about him."

"No," Lydia said softly, "and she never will." There was regret in the mother's eyes and voice. "I was wrong, Tildy," she confessed. "May the good Lord forgive me what I ——" She shook her head. "Things could have turned out different if he hadn't gone away. I drove him, Tildy; I pushed out a helpless infant and I —— Maybe I'm being punished now."

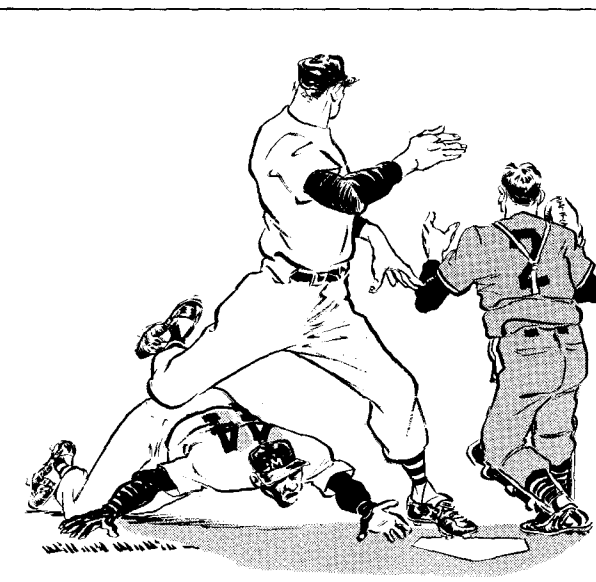
"You got no call to talk like that, Miz Lyddy," Tildy disagreed stanchly. "You done what you thought was right for your girl, that's all."

The eyes of both women sharpened on the girl then because of a sudden movement. Coutouch had stopped grazing; her beautiful head lifted with sharp ears pricked, alert and searching, her nose sifted the breeze and she whinnied.

Stella clutched at the fence, leaned forward, pressing and straining against it, her staring eyes on the narrow trail slanting and winding down the steep slope.

Suddenly she whirled and, swooping down for the mare's halter rope, she caught hold in the thick mane and leaped astride the bare back. Coutouch danced excitedly sidewise and then whipped through the pasture gate. Like a flaming arrow shot from a bow, she leveled into a driving run the length of the pasture, sailed in a long leap over the fence and pounded up the trail toward the rimrock.

Breed and Hay-soos saw the swift, moving flash that was the sorrel running across the pasture far below them, and from the flying pennon of red hair Breed knew at once who the rider was. And at the realization that Stella rode frantically to meet him, his heart began so heavy an



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Although the rules devote more space to "batting out of order" than to any other play, there is not a single word on "scoring out of order." So, let's see what might happen on this simulated major-league play.

Say Milwaukee trails St. Louis, 6–4, as the Braves bat in the last of the ninth. With two away, Hank Aaron pokes a single into left field and Joe Adcock belts a tremendous inside-the-park home run to deep left center.

Aaron, about to score, stumbles and fails to touch the home plate. Adcock, charging ahead, touches home. Aaron quickly recovers and tags the plate after his teammate. The ball is then returned from the outfield.

The Cardinals protest. They claim the game, arguing that a batter cannot score ahead of a runner. Either Aaron is out for failing to touch home legally, they insist, or Adcock is out for passing Aaron—and the game is theirs, 6–4.

The Braves, however, maintain that both runners touched the plate before the ball reached it. They say both runs count, making a 6–6 tie.

If you were the umpire, how would you rule?

See Page 99 for answer

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uneven pounding that he felt it would thrust powerfully out of his body.

Breed drew rein in a small clearing and dismounted, standing uneasily, listening to the hurrying rattle of hoofs on the trail below. Hay-soos pulled up but remained in the saddle.

The sorrel plunged into view on a curve just below them, bounding up the steep incline, sure-footed as a jack rabbit. Stella dragged on the halter as she sighted them, and Coutouch reared back on her haunches. The girl slid from her back and as she ran toward Breed, arms reaching out, she was sobbing aloud. There was such naked emotion on the drawn, pale face with its great dark eyes that Hay-soos averted his gaze as from too private and exalted a thing to be seen by any but the man to whom it was directed.

The Apache heeled his bay gently and walked him down the trail, leaving them alone. They had forgotten he was there and they did not know when he left. The man's hoarsely whispered words repeated again and again what she had yearned to hear him say—never really believing that she ever would. His cheek was pressed against her hair, and she clung to him with both hands. Her sobbing quieted at the feeling of sanctuary in the hard, tight circle of his arms.

Hay-soos was smiling broadly as he pulled up to wait some distance down the trail. He was glad that there was a woman who cried for joy at Trader Breed's return. The Apache eased about in the saddle, hooked a knee over the saddle horn, his gaze brooding but content on the valley below while the horse dropped his head to nibble at a bush.

The meeting of the two of them had brought to mind things he had pondered often of late. There came a time when a need arose to pause and consider the future. And now must be that time—for his woman, the soft-voiced and gentle Natoma had told him that there was to be a child. She was with her people far to the south and she was safe, but he was not satisfied now that they remain separated for long periods of time. He had thought he must find a wilderness home for them, but Trader Breed had urged him to bring Natoma to Pleasant Valley, saying that he would arrange it with Judge Meadows.

It would be a simple task to put an end to the chronic man hunt for the Apache Kid. He had never desired an end to it before now, but he knew that a whispering rumor that the Apache Kid was dead would become gossip within the tribe and eventually reach the ears of the scouts for the white cavalry. He had friends who would enjoy duping the white tyrants, even go so far as to solemnly mourn his passing and vow they had seen his remains. Hay-soos grinned wickedly at how elaborately they would stage and enjoy such a ceremonial.

He straightened in the saddle, a growing exultation within him. What more could a man desire: this was a near wilderness in which he could live and roam at will and yet remain with his woman and his son. If Natoma could sleep unworried and without fear so that she grew sleek and fat from contentment, perhaps there would be many sons. An overflowing of good things Hay-soos contemplated gloatingly, and the only boundary a welcome bond with his friend, Trader Breed. But hold, there was even more—he had *two* friends within Pleasant Valley; for Salmann, the old one called Grandpa Handy, had his snug rock house on a lower rim of the valley's bowl.

The Apache slid from his horse, came to stand erect and still at the brink of a small cliff overlooking the valley. His starkly boned face lifted, and his eyes searched the sky; his wiry body was vibrant with unspoken prayer. His lungs expanded as he drew deep of the cold, satisfying air, and his arms lifted in a pledge to the night gods.

The days plodded their burdened way along, and the Tonto Basin seemed hushed as though silently bracing against the coming of winter. The guns remained silent, even the echoing of their disastrous barks became blunted with the passing of a little time. Crip pottered importantly about, rigidly dictatorial over endless small details of seeing to the business of winter provisions. This preoccupation with storing up of food was good, and the men hastened to fulfill any demands the women made. When they mentioned the superiority of venison for mincemeat, Breed and Roberts took down their rifles and stalked the scrub-oak thickets where the rich acorns were thick. They brought in a fat young buck, tender and juicy, larded with flavorsome tallow. They set Crip skipping importantly to prepare a brace of wild turkeys for smoking against the laden tables of the holiday meals.

During this time of relieving, continual busyness, Lydia and Tildy connived shamelessly. At first Stella was puzzled at how often they asked her to fetch kindling—if Breed was splitting stove lengths; or to bring a bowl of butter from the springhouse, if he worked in the nearby corral.

On a sunny afternoon when the work had slackened, Lydia commented that no one had thought to gather pine nuts. Stella, drying her hands from the dishpan, turned and looked at her mother as Lydia innocently went on, "Why not ask

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Breed to saddle Coutouch for you and go gather some? Do you good to get out of the house for a while."

Stella was about to remind that she had been saddling for herself for years, but then she said, "Why don't I invite him to go along?"

Lydia looked up and found her daughter's eyes on her with an odd expression. The girl was seeing many things, some new, some deepened in the narrow face. There were new lines, etched by grief but rendered oddly peaceful by a patience and submission recently learned. There was the old, proud lift to the delicate chin, but the light-blue eyes were shining now like tempered steel, and the curves of the disciplined mouth were tender and no longer bitter. She smiled now and answered, "Take a jacket, dear, and don't worry about supper; we'll put yours and Breed's in the warming oven if you're not back when it's ready."

Lydia watched them from the window as they rode away, thinking he needed a short rest for he was very thin now and he looked older. But then they all did, and they had all worked very hard.

There was the unending, dawn-to-dark, punishing work of the fall season for the demands of the cattle, horses and hogs did not lessen, being unmindful of tragedy and strength-draining grief. Breed and Jim Roberts and George Newton, who came for a while, rounded up the cattle and moved them onto sheltered winter range. Breed was shocked at the smallness of the Tewksbury herd, for the rustling had decimated it over the years. But there would be quite a few calves, given not too severe a winter, and they'd have beef to market next fall.

He did not know exactly at what point he had made a decision, but he was aware of a feeling of having come home. The years spent at the trading post in the desert were almost unreal, like an arid, lonely time of exile. He decided to ride over before winter set in in earnest and turn the post over to Chee and Mary, bring Jonny home. Home—it was a warm-feeling word. He realized he looked forward to, welcomed the coming of winter when the high-drifting blue-white snow would barricade the passes, locking out one world—and locking in this warm, new and disturbing world that every day loomed more real to his awed contemplation.

As he went about his work he found himself smiling, his thoughts hoarding small memories like the sheen of Stella's hair in the firelight of an evening. And the slow, lifting look of the wide gray pools of her eyes, which had a way now of searching for him, resting on him for a moment before they returned to her hands, busy in her lap with mending.

She did not smile often these days, as they all went weighted with the too-recent memories; but for now the peacefulness of waiting was enough—nor did either of them want to shorten the time of it.

He was feeling a vast content with things one day when he rode the buckskin out to trail a strayed colt. He found the gap in the pole fence through which the colt had scrambled and followed its tracks, coming out in the hills on a narrow field road. A short distance down the road a wagon was being driven toward him, and the buckskin, feeling the tensing on the rein, slowed her gait, alert ears bending forward.

Tom Graham, on the seat of a hay wagon, also stiffened as he recognized the tall rider. He pulled the draft team up and waited. He was armed, but he kept the reins in his hands; he noted the dark butt of the rifle booted on the saddle, but also noted that Breed was keeping his hands carefully in sight.

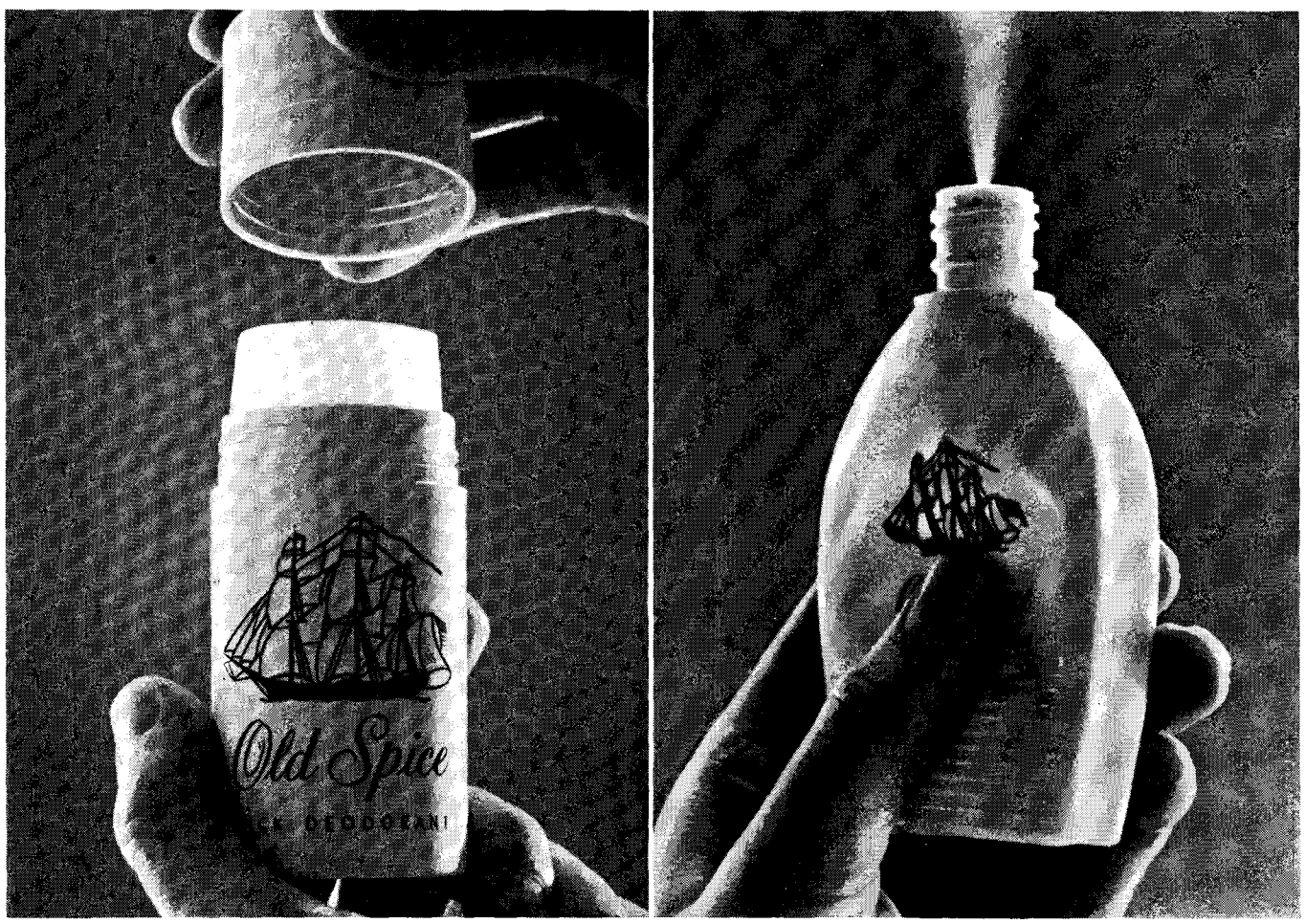
The buckskin pussyfooted stiffly down the road until the two men stared into each other's level gaze. Breed pulled in and rested both hands on the saddle horn. They silently contemplated each other for what seemed an interminable time and across a yawning void which encompassed hate and violence, tragedy and grief. But as the slow seconds paced along, the gulf narrowed, shallowed and was silently gone.

When Tom Graham spoke it was in an ordinary, neighborly tone. "I was sorry to hear about your pa—and Jim."

Breed's nod gravely accepted this. "We all knew ahead how it'd have to go for Jim," he said, "but we couldn't do a thing with pa. He wouldn't have it any other way but he'd stay with him and try to help. It was hard on him; Jim was strong and he hung on an awful long time." Breed looked down at his hands as he finished. "And then after—after it was over, pa, he stood up by the bed and then he just went down all at once, like you'd fell a big tree, across Jim." He looked up as he spoke and took a great comfort from the compassion on Tom's square, handsome face, and at his own instant response to it; each was aware of a good, new beginning to something, but based on a years-ago footing of liking and respect.

Tom found himself able to bring a thing out in the open. "I was right relieved to know what Judge Meadows told me about who done for Billy. And how some other things—come about." His mouth firmed and his glance was level. "A man'd ought to look both ways," he offered, "and back too, instead of bucklin' on a gun belt so quick."

MEN!



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Breed nodded. "That's right—we all jumped the gun there for a while. It helps, though," he admitted, "that you know now that my hands ain't maybe too clean, but I've never bushwhacked a man."

"I'da knowed that, Breed," Tom said, "if I'd took time to think. But I was worked up that night they brung him in. I was nigh crazy with it—Billy just a harmless kid and all. We was all awful het up. And Cooper was set on it being you. He never give over grudgin' about George." He paused there and then went on. "I never grudged that, Breed," he said. "George and me were kin, but we sure didn't see eye to eye on much—and I felt awful bad about Josie."

Breed shifted sideways in the saddle, hung his long right leg about the horn, dug in his vest pocket for the makins and rolled a smoke, pushing his hat back on his head as he inhaled satisfyingly. Tom had wrapped his reins and also rolled a brown paper smoke. They visited on quietly, neither of them aware when a rider pulled up on a ridge not far above them, to stare curiously for a few moments before he rode away.

Breed was asking, "You fixin' to winter in the valley?"

"No," Tom said, "Al Rose is gonna run things for me. Anne's—well, she's still upset, bein' city raised and all. Then, too, she wants to be with her ma for a spell. She's—we're expectin' a youngun in the spring."

Breed's rare smile reached and lighted his deep eyes; he stuck out his hand and they shook on it, their expressions a little foolish. "That's fine!" Breed said heartily. "That's real good news!"

"I got to watch I don't get snowed in," Tom said cheerfully. "I got to be on hand, you bet! How about you? You stickin' around or headin' off for your trading post?"

"I figger to stay—except I have to go see to things and fetch Josie's boy home. But not till Hay-soos gets back to lend Jim Roberts a hand. The 'Pache tracker," he explained. "Judge Meadows is fixin' it up for him to stay on. Meadows swears he's gonna have us a regular deputy hereabouts, and Hay-soos can be detailed to him and make a hand for us in between. He's gone to fetch his woman. Grandpa Handy wants 'em to settle in with him." Breed grinned, "Says he's gettin' tired of talkin' to his hogs or himself—and tireder of his own cookin'." His grin widened.

"They're expectin' too," he added. "Gonna be a passel of kids hereabouts, come summer."

"What about you, Breed?" Tom joshed. "You ever gonna find you a woman and settle down?" He was astonished at Breed's reaction to this. The big man looked down, suddenly went almost shy.

"Yeah," his voice was very low, "I wouldn't want it noised around, not yet awhile, but I'd just as soon you knew. Come spring, likely Stella and me will be huntin' up a padre."

Tom remembered now the brief talk and speculation of several years back; his smile was warm. "I'm glad to know that, Breed," he said, "real glad."

Breed rode on presently, on the trail of his stray colt, and Tom drove out and forked his load of hay for the clustering yearlings in a small pasture. As he drove the wagon back toward his place he mentally calculated the number of days, by the amount of work yet to be done, before he could head for Globe—and Anne.

A horseman plunged out from the concealment of some bushes and leveled a cocked rifle, ordering Tom to pull up. Tom hauled the team to a halt, his mouth open with absolute unbelief.

"Throw your purse on ground!" the man shouted, brandishing the rifle.

Tom paid no attention to the order, but sat staring at the miserable, disheveled figure, who was obviously terrified at what he was attempting to do. "What the hell you think you're doin' with Breed Tewksbury's horse?" he demanded roughly.

"I take it!" the man insisted. "And I take your money—now!" He emphasized jerkily with the rifle.

"Listen, you stupid fool," Tom said, "turn the horse loose and come with me. They ain't holdin' you for nothin' but bein' a witness—you're just makin' more trouble for yourself."

"No!" the man groaned out the denial. "All my friends dead—Tewksburys—they will come for me—I have to get away." He was almost sobbing in his terror.

Tom's patience snapped. "You greasy damn fool," he snapped, "now get down off that horse, 'fore I come pull you off ——"

The blast of the rifle seemed thunderous because it was so near. Tom jerked back against the wagon seat. He seemed to wilt, inching slowly down till he lay crumpled on the bed of the wagon, an expression of shocked surprise on his handsome face.

Al Rose, whose house was conveniently located between the crossroads store and the Graham ranch, had been loafing with Charley Perkins and Deputy McKinney in the saloon end of the store. The deputy had been assigned the now tame duty of riding herd on Pleasant Valley, while Mulvenon and Meadows, with the posse, conducted a wide man hunt. McKinney wasn't looking forward any to their return, for he knew he could expect a roasting when they discovered that their witness, Miguel Apocada, had escaped. Most folks, including the deputy, figured he had stolen a horse someplace and lit out for the border.

The three of them, McKinney, Rose and Perkins leaned on the bar, nursing their glasses and gabbing. Al Rose had just told them about seeing Tom Graham and Breed Tewksbury talking together.

"Never thought I'd live to see the day," Rose said, "after all the ruckus—but there they were! Breed roostin' easy on that good-lookin' buckskin, leg cocked around the horn, rollin' a smoke, peaceful as you please! And Tom rared back

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

(Page 96)

Both runs count. The game continues, a 6–6 tie.

(National League Regulations: "If two runners arrive at home base about the same time and the first runner misses home plate but the second runner legally touches the plate and after doing so the first runner immediately recovers and touches home plate before being tagged, both runners score.")

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on the seat, not six foot away—smokin' too. Done my old heart good. I'd say the trouble's done with—right there!"

"I'll drink on that," Perkins declared and downed his drink in one gulp, which brought about a flaming hue to his ruddy face. "Way it shoulda been," he went on when he got his breath back to normal, "if ever once them two coulda got together and talked anywheres along the line—there'd be a sight more men walkin' around alive this day!" He shook his bald pate regretfully. "Well," he wound up his discourse, "maybe things is gonna settle back now. It will sure be nice to have folks friendly again."

Al Rose turned to glance out of the doorway. The shadows were lengthening in front of the store. "Hell," he said, "I got to go fetch my kids—I left 'em gatherin' pine nuts on the hill. The missus will have my hide if I fetch 'em late for supper." He put a coin on the bar and hurried out. They heard him call out a greeting and a voice reply. They looked up to see Jim Roberts come in, greet them both and invite McKinney to have a drink on him.

"Might as well," the deputy accepted sociably, heaving his considerable bulk around to lean against the bar again.

Breed released the colt's hind hoof after inspecting the shoeing he had just finished. He straightened and then turned his head, listening. A horse was coming fast down the lane; it swirled in a dust-raising stop before the open shed that served on the ranch as a smithy, and Jim Roberts plunged down from the saddle, hurried toward Breed.

"Where's your buckskin at?" he demanded.

"Shawnip? I left her in the upper pasture while I taken this colt in—he'd cast a shoe."

"How long ago you leave the buckskin there?"

"Hour and a half—maybe a little more." Roberts' distraught manner alarmed him. "Why, Jim—what?"

"Breed," Roberts asked tensely, "did you see Tom Graham today?"

"Yeah," Breed said, "sure—talked to him for a spell ——"

Roberts watched his face closely. "They just brung him in," he said.

"Brung him in!"

Roberts seized on the surprised horror with relief. "That's right," he said, "dead—shot plumb center, layin' out in his wagon."

"But how come—what's the buckskin got to do with ——"

"Al Rose seen you and Tom together," Roberts said, "and you on the buckskin. He left his kids gatherin' pine nuts. After a while they heard a shot and peeked over a ridge and seen a man on a buckskin ridin' off fast. They hightailed it for home and met up with Al, comin' to fetch 'em. Al went on up and found Tom and brung him straight to McKinney at Perk's." He paused slightly, "Al thought a lot of Tom," he said. "Worked for him off and on, neighbors and all. He told McKinney straight off about what he and the kids had seen."

Breed had listened, stiffening into complete stillness, his eyes fixed on remoteness. "It wasn't me, Jim," he said then. "Me and Tom—we shook hands today."

"I believe you," Roberts said immediately. "But McKinney and Rose, and a lot of others ain't likely to. McKinney's still at Perk's, tryin' to down enough whisky to scare up the guts to come after you." Roberts had the feeling Breed had not heard him; the man was detached, thinking deeply. "If you're aimin' to ride," Roberts urged, "I'll ride with you."

Breed's look moved slowly to Roberts' face. "No," he said, "I'm not gonna ride anywheres but to the pasture to see if the buckskin—and then down to talk to McKinney."

Roberts' mouth jarred open; he was about to protest when Breed went on, "Listen, Jim," he said, "if I take out there ain't hardly nobody but would be sure I done it. They'd hunt me—hell, I could get away and stay clear, we both know that—but whilst they're chasin' after me, what about the polecat that done it? Who'd even think to look for him?"

Roberts did not speak. He nodded and waited for Breed to saddle up.

At the sound of horses nearing the store McKinney jerked with alarm; his apprehensive look went first to Perkins and then to the doorway. Perkins polished glasses, agitated and nervous, not liking it but not blaming the bumbling, middle-aged deputy for his fear either.

McKinney braced his back against the bar as booted (*Continued on Page 102*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just wait until he calls me up for a date again."

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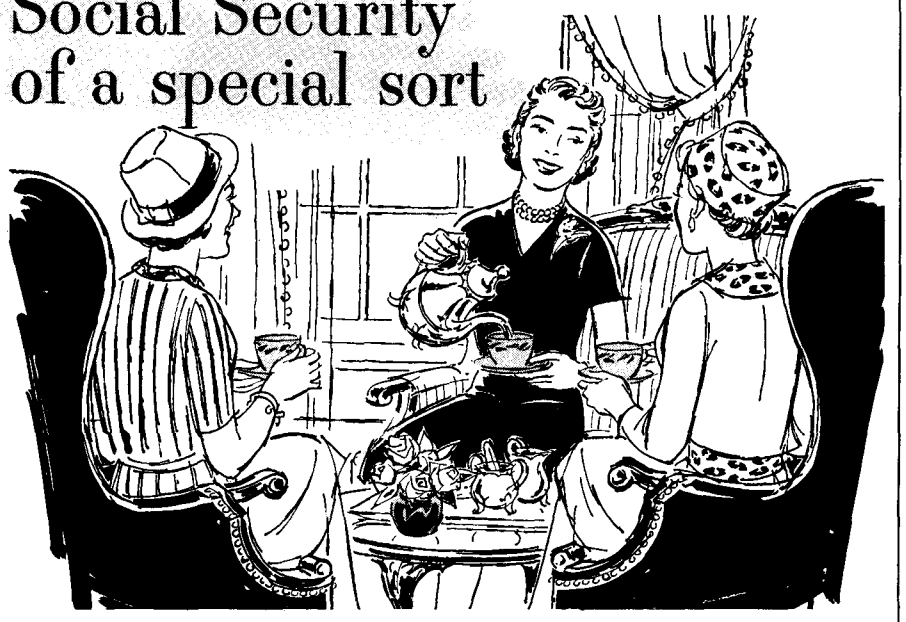

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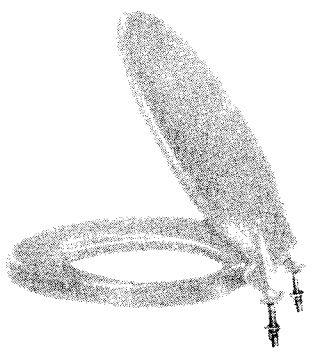

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Wash your socks with Hozene. Rids socks of fungi ordinary detergents can't. Prevents reinfection.

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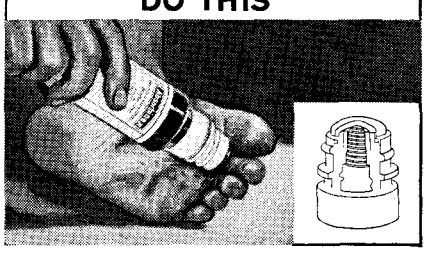

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(*Continued from Page 100*) feet strode near. A tall, dark figure stooped through the doorway. Breed came part way into the store, followed by Jim Roberts, and the palsied deputy saw with astonishment that neither of them was armed. They stood together, sober and quiet, looking at him. "You wanta see me, McKinney?" Breed asked.

McKinney swallowed very hard. "You—givin' yourself up, Breed?"

"You're the law hereabouts." Breed said. "I come in peaceful—unarmed—to tell you I didn't kill Tom Graham."

McKinney opened and closed his mouth like a drowning fish, but nothing came out. Roberts spoke up, "I found Breed just now, finishin' shoein' a colt. He left the buckskin with the gear on her, while he took the colt in to shoe. We come by the pasture just now and the buckskin's gone."

McKinney seemed more flurried than ever by Roberts's flat statement. Al Rose had come in quietly while Roberts was talking, and he stood alone, not near the deputy nor the two men confronting him. Rose was pale and drawn; he looked very tired and, McKinney thought, bitter. The deputy noted nervously that he had strapped on a gun, though he had not worn one previously.

The deputy finally dredged up his voice. "Hell," he said, "I donno what to ——" He looked from one to the other. "Did Roberts tell you about—" he faltered, hating to use names but went on "—about what Al and his kids seen?" Breed nodded. "Well," McKinney said helplessly, "what else have I got to go on? You claim they was lyin'?" The room became very still; Rose stiffened, but Breed looked at him gravely and back at McKinney.

"No," he said, "I figger they told you the straight of it. I *was* ridin' the buckskin when I talked to Tom; we talked for quite a spell. I went on then and caught up my stray and left the buckskin in the pasture. I don't know any more than you do what went with the horse for the next coupla hours."

McKinney fished out a grimy bandanna and mopped at his face. He motioned to Perkins to fill his glass and downed the whisky at a gulp, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. He unhappily surveyed the circle of tense men waiting, worrying at his problem like a dog with a bone. All he could arrive at was a desperate wish to unload the thing, turn it over into more capable hands. With the drink still bracing hot and strong in his gullet he spoke a decision.

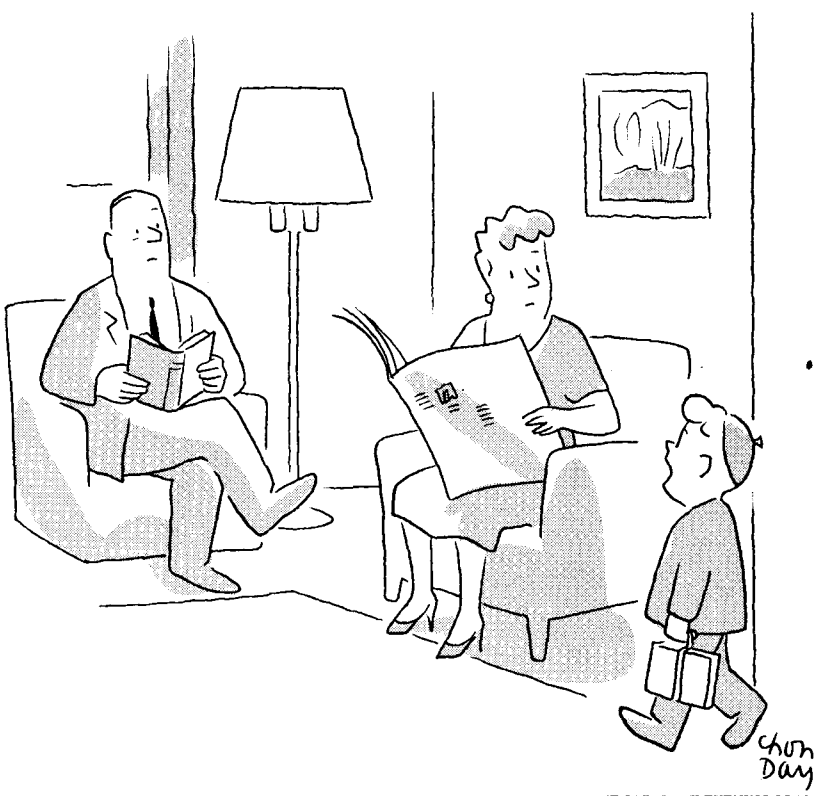
"I better take you in to Globe, Breed." He looked warily up, but the big man's expression did not change. "I ain't got no way to—that's the closest law, with Mulvenon and Meadows God knows where at. I ain't—I hadn't ought to handle this alone, see ——" When he paused the waiting silence was horrible and he rushed on. "I better—you see how it is, don't you?" He was pleading. "You see that, don't you, Breed, that I best take you in to Globe?"

Roberts's spurs jingled as he moved, but Breed put out an arm, and he halted. "Maybe that's best," Breed said. "So let's ride, McKinney—right now!"

While McKinney scrambled about for his gear and saddled up, Breed spoke in a low tone to Roberts. "Jim," he said, "I'm askin' you, no matter what comes of this to stay with the family." Roberts's unhappy face made him explain. "That's the biggest order I could ask for," he said; "that's why I'm askin' it of you." Roberts nodded and put out his hand and they shook hard. "And listen," Breed went on, "get up to the pasture and look for tracks—that ain't mine or yours—cover 'em agin the weather and wait for Hay-soos. He'll be the man for the rest of it." Roberts's face lightened as he nodded.

Al Rose and Jim Roberts stood with Perkins before the store, watching them ride away. The tall gray gelding, Bullet, prodded the deputy's mount into fast pace. In spite of the gloom of the situation, Perkins had to grin at the deputy's floundering alarm. The storekeeper knew that it was caused by a complete lack of the usual precautions with a man in custody. But McKinney, having thought of it, had almost strangled at the notion of himself handcuffing or tying Breed Tewksbury.

TO BE CONTINUED



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Our current-events teacher keeps bursting into tears."

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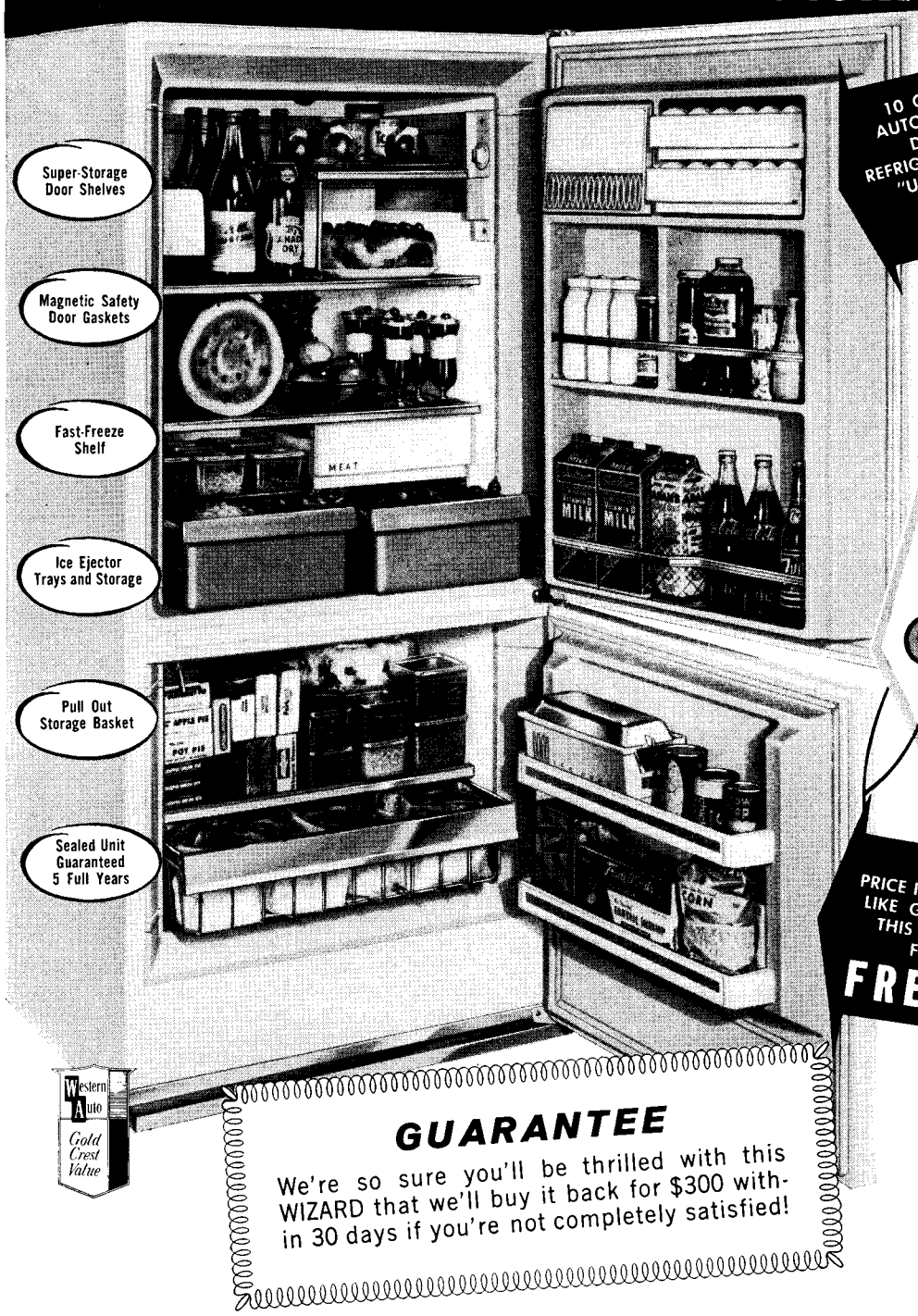
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I Call on Sammy Davis Jr.

(Continued from Page 45)

be on location at the height of the high holy days, and I don't work on the high holy days.' He thought I was joking. He laughed and gave me a pat on the head, but when Yom Kippur came closer—when it was only a week away—I said, 'Mr. Goldwyn, you don't think I'm serious, but I am a Jew and I don't work on Yom Kippur, and there's nothing you can do about it.'

"He asked, 'You mean being a Jew isn't just a joke with you?' I said, 'No, sir.' He asked me to sit down and talk to him about it, and I must have convinced him that I was sincere, that it wasn't a fad with me, because he stopped production on a Monday. He told me, 'If you really believe—and I feel that you do—I'll hold up my production, although it will cost lots of money.' Nobody worked on that Monday because the whole scene that day had to do with me, and the overhead kept right on mounting."

"That's a lot of moola," I said.

"That was quite a gesture for Mr. Goldwyn to make," Davis said. "But that's the way he is. Once he scrapped half a million dollars' worth of film and started all over again because he didn't like the footage already shot.

"One of my favorite stories about Mr. Goldwyn," he went on, "has to do with the time he walked in on a picture Danny Kaye was doing which was supposed to have a very posh background. Mr. Goldwyn felt the drapes and said, 'Where did you get these drapes?' The property man said, 'We got them from our usual drape place.' Mr. Goldwyn shook his head. 'They don't feel like the script to me,' he said. 'The script calls for luxurious drapes, and these don't feel luxurious to me. Buy better drapes.'"

Changing the subject, I asked Davis for some advice about which words I should skip in conversation or in making talks because they might prove offensive to Negroes.

"I have to watch myself more closely than any progressive man of your race," he said. "You might not believe it, but I'm frequently accused of being anti-Negro."

"I've heard a lot of things about you," I said, "but not that. Who says that?"

"Both Negroes and whites," he told me. "The charge most frequently made against me is that I want to be white, and that accusation hurts."

"What's the basis for that accusation?" I asked.

"What's the basis of any accusation?" he said quietly. "Something which was done in innocence. Something you're ignorant of, but somebody else picks it up and makes a thing of it. You don't know how or why it started, because nobody ever comes to you and explains. You only hear it after it's been going for several months and rumor has hardened into assumed fact."

"Does anybody ever make charges like that about Harry Belafonte or Sidney Poitier?" I asked.

"I know Belafonte has been subjected to them," he said. "The rules which are set up by Negroes and whites against a Negro who's in the spotlight are so strenuous they're impossible to live up to. For example, if I hire anyone who isn't a Negro to work for me, I'm anti-Negro. I have twelve to fifteen people working in my office, in my home and on the road. Of the six people who travel with me on the road, five are colored, one is white. The white man, my musical conductor, has been with me for ten years. But I still get it thrown into my face that he is white, although he's the best man for the job."

"Isn't that a kind of reverse intolerance?" I asked him.

"Of course," Davis told me. "But it was more that way in the beginning than it is now. My Negro friends finally are beginning to accept my white conductor. Anyhow, the most prejudiced people in the world are the oppressed. They have no other way to fight back, so they fight prejudice with prejudice.

"The important thing to remember is that not all white people are members of the White Citizens Council and not all Negroes are members of the N.A.A.C.P. The most frustrating thing about being a Negro performer is the tug of war to decide who your associates are going to be. I have no desire to be a martyr. I know I'm a Negro. I've never forgotten it. How can I, when I look in the mirror every morning? But I'm ready to fight for my right to pick my own friends."

Davis thought about that for a moment, then added, "But as the years go along, some of the embarrassing and humiliating things I have to endure as a Negro entertainer have eased up because there are pioneers who have helped dilute the burden of prejudice. Belafonte put on the first television show ever done by a Negro. He got a good rating, but it was rough going. The point is, however, that because he did that first show, it is easier for other Negroes to do other television shows.

"Take Jackie Robinson in professional baseball. It was rough on Jackie. Nobody can tell me anything else. But because of Jackie and the insults he took, and the people who yelled at him and threw black cats out onto the playing field, it was easier for all the Negro ballplayers who came after him. Jackie made it that way because he was a gentleman, despite provocation. He just hit that ball a little harder and dug for those ground balls a little deeper. He didn't know it, but he was making it better for Willie Mays."

Having met Robinson and having heard him talk, I knew what Davis was talking about. Holding himself in check must have been almost impossibly hard for him; yet he'd done it.

"Jackie told me himself," Davis went on, "that the greatest day in his life was when he suddenly found out that he was no longer a Negro baseball player, but just a ballplayer. He could argue with the umpire and shake his fist at him, and while the people in the stands might boo and say, 'Get that bum off the field!' it wasn't racial. He told me the first time he was thrown out of a game he went into the locker room and jumped up and down and laughed and cried, because he had arrived. He was just like any other guy.

"When a reviewer wrote about Sidney Poitier, 'He is one of the most important actors of our time,' not 'the most important Negro actor of our time,' that made all the difference. But as for the entertainment world, I've got another flash for you. Every colored man can't sing and dance. Every colored man hasn't got rhythm. The same way that not every Negro is a Jackie Robinson or a Ralph Bunche."

"And not all white men are Doctor Oppenheimer or Dwight Eisenhower," I said.

"Right," he said. "Bill Robinson, the hoofer, made my end of the business a little easier. He opened a mental door for the rest of us. What infuriates me is the impatient people on both sides of the color spectrum. I can't hope to have equality until I'm ready to give equality to all other members of my race."

I asked him, "Did you ever have a chip on your shoulder?"

"I was born with one," he said with a suggestion of a smile. "My nose was broken twice in fights. I stopped that because physical fighting doesn't make it. The only thing that accomplishes is to give you the personal satisfaction of hitting somebody in the mouth. But you haven't convinced the individual you hit. I have a story to tell you, but I don't know whether you'll want to print it."

"Let's hear it," I said.

"O.K.," he told me. "When I went into the Army I was seventeen, going on eighteen. I had spent thirteen years in show business, all of them hand to mouth. My family was locked out of more hotels than ever let us in. You haven't lived until you've slept in a bus station in Eastport, Maine. And mind you, all during that period the other Negroes as a race didn't help me. They wouldn't book me. I also couldn't get booking in a white theater. So I was what you might call bitter.

"My first day in the Army I found myself in a unit composed of seventy white fellows and one other colored. The other colored boy was an appeaser. He always said yes, sir, and no, sir—not just to the officers but to the other enlisted men. I thought him an Uncle Tom, a role I never intended to play. I was standing in line in the washroom, waiting to get to the sink, when one of the white fellows grabbed me by the back of the T shirt and pulled me away. 'What's that for?' I asked, and he said, 'Where I come from, niggers stand in the back of the line, behind the white people.' I took the little bag in which I carried my toilet articles and I hit him in the mouth with it and knocked him down. I'll remember what happened next if I live to be a million. He looked up at me, wiped the blood from his mouth and said, 'But you're still a nigger.' From that moment I decided that the only way to fight was with what intelligence and talent God has given me. Sometimes it works.

"The other night there was a guy sitting ringside at the Copa, looking at me with sheer, naked hatred in his face. I gave my whole show something extra because I wanted to get him, and finally I did. I heard him turn to his friends and say, 'I don't care what anybody says, this guy's O.K.' That's the only way I can fight."

"I think he feels much better today."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I wanted to know which of several kinds of audiences he liked most: a night-club audience, a motion-picture audience, the audience at a Broadway play or a musical-comedy audience. He said, "A night-club audience is something special. With those people you must be up on your toes every second. You have to be able to duck the punches they throw at you. You have to have a shifty attack to get through their defense. If they're sufficiently bagged and they're laughing at the dirty story being told by the big salesman who's picking up the tab, carrying the fight to them can be rugged.

"To keep from being trampled underfoot at such times, you have to be able to ad lib at a moment's notice. If you are the kind of performer who walks out on a stage and sings the same song or tells the same joke every time, you've had it. If some character yells at you, 'You stink, Davis!'—and that's one of the more mannerly remarks you encounter in my business—it would be easier to be a hoofer, for a dance routine can go on regardless of interruption. But I decided a long time ago I didn't want to be just a hoofer, because a hoofer has no communication with his audience other than the technical skill he's packed into his legs and feet. I like to establish an intimate relationship with an audience. A bullfighter must feel the same way about a bull. Either the bull dominates him and gores him, or he learns how to dominate the bull until he can turn his back on him and walk away without being afraid. To me, this is the most important thing a performer can do. If he's good, he establishes that kind of communication."

"How can I describe it?" I asked him.

"I don't know how," he told me. "But I'll put it this way—negatively. You can't do it by believing that an audience is composed exclusively of not very bright ten-year-old kids. Even if they act that way, they can spot a performance which has only a surface slickness—which is cheap, shoddy and phony underneath. Even if the slobs out front behave like adult delinquents and seem to be paying no attention to you while they beef to the waiter about the liquor, they're examining you like a microbe under a microscope. They're aware of you, and as far as they're concerned, you're naked, bare and exposed. For that reason you have to be totally honest with them or you're an idiot to try at all. This is particularly true now that that monster called television has made every ten-year-old child a critic. Not only is he a critic but, thanks to the TV scandals and investigations, he thinks everything is a lot of hooey."

"Take canned laughter," I said. "No matter who uses it, you can't help feeling it was taped during an old Bob Hope show and is being used all over again."

Davis went on, "As I was saying, anyone's a critic now. He may not write a column of

(Continued on Page 106)

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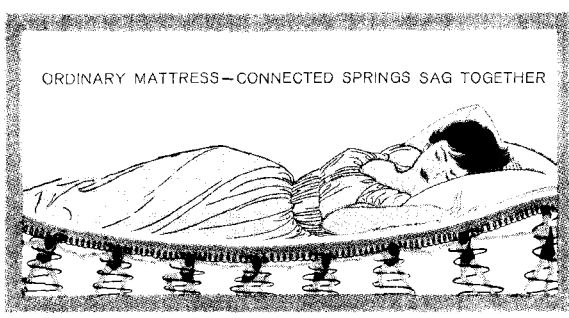

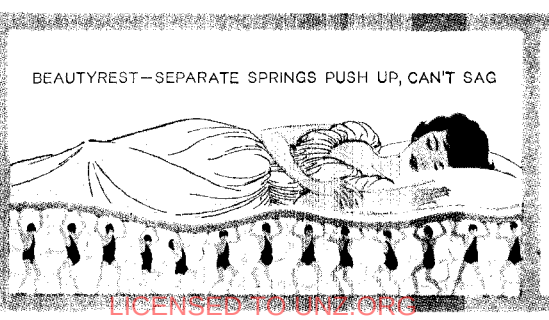

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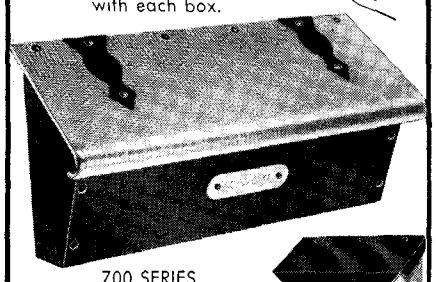

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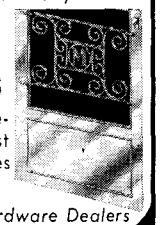

At Leading Lumber and Hardware Dealers

MACKLANBURG-DUNCAN CO.
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(*Continued from Page 104*) criticism, but he's Brooks Atkinson, he's John Crosby, he's *Variety*. That's the reason why a performer who cons himself into thinking that a night-club entertainer can be less than honest with his audience is stupid. That's why certain performers can no longer find employment. Their attitude tipped their audiences—'I'm doing you a favor by being here.' That kind of attitude doesn't last one booking.

"I'll go further than that," Davis added. "Being honest with an audience is more important than having talent. I've seen lots of guys who make me say to myself, 'I don't like the way he sings, and I'm not thrilled by the way he tells a joke, but he sells me the idea that he's having fun, so I like to go see him because he makes me have fun too.' Take Tony Bennett, for example. He's believable, and I love to watch Nat Cole work. He's so easy he makes whole audiences feel relaxed. But I can't stomach some performers in the night-club field because they take themselves too seriously, and when they do that they're not being honest. After all, none of us is in a night club doing *Long Day's Journey Into Night* or *Sweet Bird of Youth*. A night-club performer is a guy who's out there to make people happy for an hour or two. That's the only message he has for his audience."

"I take it that you prefer a face-to-face appearance?" I asked.

"Right," he said. "In a movie you're trying to communicate with a camera, and a camera is a one-eyed beast whose guts are glass, cogwheels and wire. I've been in a movie. They tell me I was able to communicate in *Porgy and Bess* in spite of the camera getting between me and the audience, but I don't know how I did it. Movies are O.K. in their place, but they're also very quiet and very technical, and the electricity which runs them is A.C. or D.C. instead of being generated people to people.

"Even the legitimate actors on a Broadway stage are more concerned with communicating with each other than they are directly with an audience. It's against the ordinary rules for an actor to step forward and away from the rest of the cast and talk directly to the audience."

"Not unless he's in a Tennessee Williams play or a revival of *Strange Interlude*," I said.

"It's even true of a musical-comedy entertainer," Davis added, "unless the entertainer's name happens to be Ethel Merman. Merman is so great she just walks to the footlights and belts it out, regardless of the rest of the cast. Even Mary Martin was washing that man out of her hair for the other Navy nurses who were on the stage with her."

"How about Jolson?" I asked.

Davis snapped his fingers. "You've got me," he said. "Of course Jolson could do it too. He'd stop in the middle of a musical and say, 'I don't feel like messing with the rest of the plot. You all know what's going to happen anyhow. The boy is going to get the girl. So I'm going to sing some songs for you.' And the audience loved it."

"I've seen Danny Kaye do that too," I said.

"You wouldn't see Danny doing it in a legitimate show," Davis told me. "He'd string along with the plot. I know, because I saw Danny in *Lady in the Dark* and in *Let's Face It*. And while he was only great in both, he didn't take time out to hunker down between the footlights and have an intimate conversation with his audience. In both of those shows he was strictly a legitimate performer."

I said, "I can see that a performer like you or Danny has got to keep his act fluid when he's appearing in a one-man show or in a night club."

"Right," Davis said once more. "But I don't think Danny goes out of his way to do his whole show off the cuff the way he used to. I don't mean he can't ad lib if he wants to. I've seen him break up people who've worked with him for years in his shows. He'll do some little thing and he'll have them yukking hysterically. But there are planned breakups too. Every performer who ever told a joke has them."

"For example?" I asked.

His lips moved as if he were running over a list of things in his mind. He said, "I had a trumpet bit. I'd pretend to get my finger caught in one of its valves, and I'd say to my musical conductor, 'Morty, why don't they put a little Vaseline in these valves!' He'd laugh, and pretty soon the audience would laugh too. It wasn't much. It wasn't even funny, but it sounded spontaneous and unrehearsed. What spoiled it was that Morty and I got so sure of that laugh that we were doing the bit in a routine way. But to get back to my original point, night clubs keep you sharp. Movies are all right for an actor who likes that type of technique, but if you happen to be a go-go-go type, like me, they get you down until you can't stand them.

"I sat on the *Porgy and Bess* set for five solid months just going crazy, because I'm a 'let's do it now' type. I'm used to doing things right the first time I try. I don't like doing them five times or ten times, because screen actors have always done things that way. We had real pros, like Sidney Poitier and Pearl Bailey, in *Porgy and Bess*, and with talent like that it was murder having to do take after take of the same tiny bit of dialogue or action."

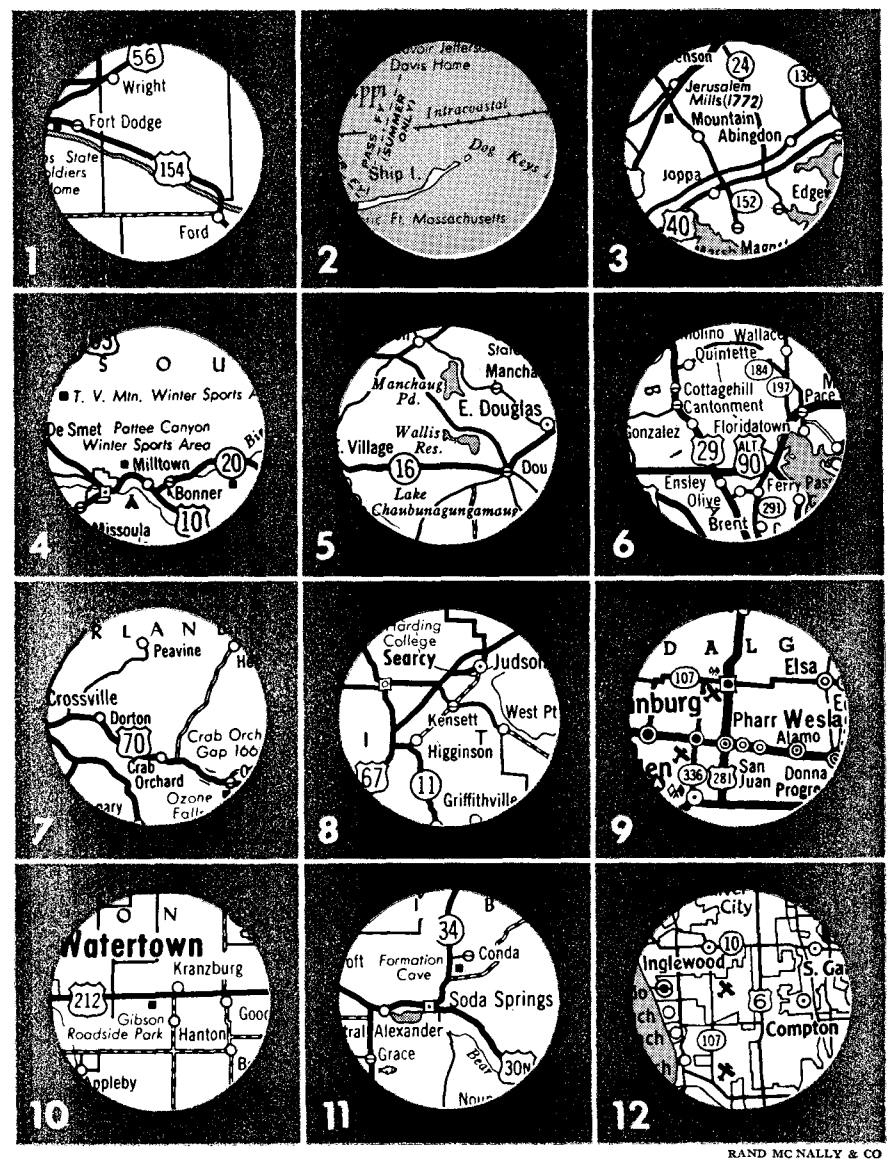
I said, "It must be like stopping a halfback who's headed for a touchdown and asking him to run through the play again."

"What bugs me," Davis said, "is you do a scene as long as five pages; it's very complicated, it's highly dramatic, you're trying to reach a certain pitch. You reach it, and you know it's good. The director yells, 'O.K., cut, print!' I've even seen people applaud on a sound stage after the actors have done a scene, only to have the cameraman say, 'Sorry, we ran out of film,' or the soundman say, 'Oops, we didn't catch the last two words.' And you have to do the whole thing over again.

"It's the most maddening thing I've ever experienced," Davis went on. "I'm constantly assured that it's great discipline for an actor; that it makes him channel his talents and his emotions, whatever that means. Television is just the opposite."

"I was going to ask you," I said.

"I mean filmed television," Davis explained. "They seldom do even as many as three takes (*Continued on Page 108*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 108*)

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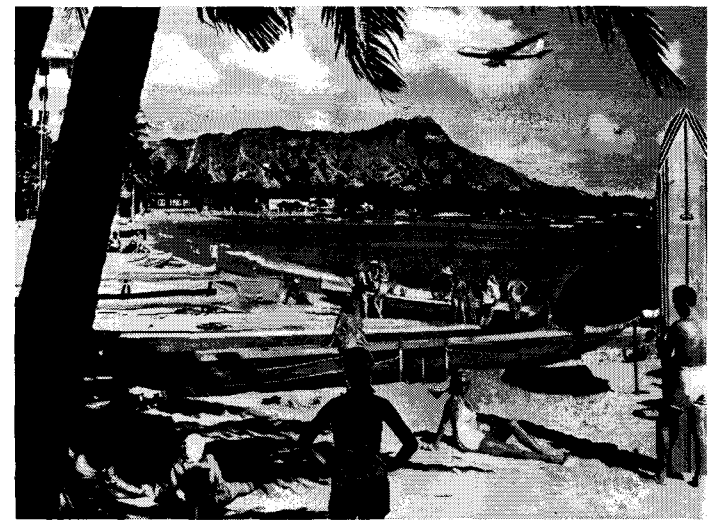

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By BILL MALONE
Announcer: Texaco Huntley-Brinkley Report

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Pick up your free entry blank at any Texaco Dealer in the continental United States, or Canada. In it are the rules and conditions of the contest, and a TV "storyboard" which is like a comic strip sequence—pictures and words, simple and direct.

Under the pictures are four blank spaces for you to fill in your own words. All the facts about Texaco's two great gasolines are clearly stated in the entry blank. Read these, then write in your own words. That's all there is to it.

Watch the Texaco Huntley-Brinkley Report (Mondays through Fridays, NBC-TV) to see how the Texaco gasoline commercials are presented.

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(*Continued from Page 106*) there. They haven't the time. You'd better be right first time around."

"You mean they're not comparable?" I asked. "I had thought that perhaps filming TV and movie making were much alike."

"They can't be because of the lack of time," Davis said. "You're putting a half-hour show on film; that means you've got to put thirty-eight pages of story in a can in three days, and you can only work from eight in the morning until six in the evening. I've done three dramatic TV shows. The first one was a *G.E. Theater* production. I also did a Zane Grey Western. That was a difficult one because it involved so much action, but it got a tremendous rating."

"I understand you've always wanted to do a Negro Western," I said.

"The story of the Negro in the West has never fully been told," he said. "In fact, it's never been told at all. Nobody knows about the Tenth Cavalry. They were referred to in the history books as the Buffalo Soldiers, but nobody knows that they were Negroes, and nobody knows that they were responsible for making peace with the Apaches."

"I'm a history buff myself," I said, "but I've never heard of Buffalo Soldiers."

Davis went on, "Anyhow, to backtrack, it became a big gag around Hollywood about Sammy Davis wanting to do a Western. People said, 'He's Jewish and he's colored. You'd think that would be enough, wouldn't you? But no, this character wants to be a cowboy too. Can you picture a Jewish colored cowboy?' However, when I told Dick Powell, who produces TV shows, about my ambition, he didn't think it was funny. He took it very seriously, and it was in response to a suggestion by Dick that Aaron Spelling, the writer-producer, called me one day and said, 'I think I've got an idea for you.' Then he told me about the Zane Grey Western. It was O.K., although it wasn't what I'd always wanted to do in a story sense. I haven't yet done the kind of Western I'd like to do."

I looked at him inquiringly, and he said, "It's very simple. I just want to do the kind of Western every other Western star does—riding horses, pulling a fast gun, the whole bit."

"Like Wyatt Earp or Jim Garner," I suggested.

"Like that," Davis told me.

"But to get back to the technical side of television," I said, "I don't see how you could get the feeling of communicating with the other actors or the public—or anything except the camera."

"You can't," he said. "All you can hope is that the guy who is sitting in his living room at home, watching his TV screen, will get some faint idea of what you're trying to say or do."

"What's the big difference between acting for television film and acting for motion pictures?" I asked him.

"One screen is big, the other is small," Davis said. "You'll notice, a television shot rarely shows an actor from head to toe. Most of them are knee-up shots or waist-up shots. If you're involved in a fight scene, and the TV camera has got to go all the way, it goes; but ordinarily the emphasis is on the close-ups. That brings up something else. When you're doing close-ups for TV, your acting can be much broader than in a motion picture. If you raise an eyebrow on a wide screen in a theater, several feet of eyelash flutters upward, and the size of that simple action is unbelievable. Understanding such things makes a person a better performer."

"You also did a Broadway show," I said. "Why?"

"I wanted to find out if I could adjust to that medium too."

"I don't know what to ask you about that show," I said, "because I didn't see it."

"I can cover the whole thing in two sentences," Davis told me. "It was not received well by the critics. It was received beautifully by the public. In fact, it ran for eleven months, so you can see it was a success as far as the people were concerned. But we had only one good review out of seven. Thank God for a columnist named Barry Gray. He almost made a holy cause out of us. He asked why the other critics didn't at least mention the fact that the audience had a lot of fun. But apparently that wasn't important.

"The night we waited up to see our first reviews," Davis added, "you could imagine what kind of celebration party we had. It was like a blast celebrating the opening of a morgue."

"Or like being at a Tom Dewey party the night after Truman clobbered him," I said. "I went to one of those."

Davis continued, "The title of the show was *Mr. Wonderful*, and a lot of critics asked, 'Who does Sammy Davis think he is, calling himself Mr. Wonderful?' That was pretty ridiculous, because the role I played in the show was anything but wonderful, and I didn't think up the title. The story was about a kid who wore a leather jacket and long sideburns—a motorcycle-riding type who had nothing and never had had anything. He was working in Jersey as a night-club performer, and that's all he wanted to be. Then he met this down-and-out vaudevillian who could see that he had something special, so he gave him proper training. He kept him from making all the mistakes he'd been making, and soon the kid was a star."

Davis seemed to brood for a moment, then brightened. "The most wonderful thing happened during that show," he said. "Three weeks after we opened, a woman stood up in the audience during a matinee and announced, 'I don't care what the critics say, I love it.' And another fabulous thing happened. The show ran so long that most of the papers sent their critics around to re-review us."

"Did they change their minds?" I asked.

"It wasn't so much that they changed their minds," Davis explained, "but they did admit, reluctantly, that we must be a success. Brooks Atkinson said, 'The charm of *Mr. Wonderful* still escapes me, but it has lasted so long that it is now considered on the hit list.'

"All we were trying to do in that show," Davis continued, "was to provide an evening of relaxation—laughs, songs, music and dancing in abundance. We just wanted people to enjoy themselves." He paused, then concluded thoughtfully, "There were these two things about that Broadway experience, and both of them were important. We refused to admit that we were through because we had taken a licking, and we didn't try to pretend we were anything we weren't. If you can combine those two things, they will carry you through almost any situation.

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 106)

1. Kans.	2. Miss.	3. Md.
4. Mont.	5. Mass.	6. Fla.
7. Tenn.	8. Ark.	9. Tex.
10. S. Dak.	11. Idaho	12. Calif.

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The Wedding of Marie Rose

(Continued from Page 33)

was withdrawn, I saw on her left hand a wedding ring, a plain gold band. She did not look up at me again. No, she kept her eyes on the ring. Upon it now her tenderness played.

When I told Monsieur LeMay of my visit, he said, "Excellently done! You are more and more like your grandfather, captain, in politeness."

"If it is proper for me to ask, monsieur, isn't it true that Marie Rose has been married? I saw her ring. Where is her husband?"

He sighed in compassion. "It's her fancy—nothing more—that gives her the ring. Ah, the world—the world and love have passed her by, captain."

"You have never told me enough about her. What had she to do with *The Lark*? I've been trying to remember all this time and now I remember that her captain rowed to some shore through a terrible blizzard."

He told me that he had heard the story long ago from his mother, who had been in the convent school with Marie Rose and had been her good friend for many years. So it was from him, an able talker, I found out that, if the world had passed Marie Rose by, love had not.

Long before I was born Marie Rose stood one noontime in her doorway, searching the sea for her father's sloop returning. Winter had come early. Already there had been a gale, a harsh blow out of the east, driving hail and making ice. All the vessels had kept snug in St. Pierre harbor. The vessels working on the Newfoundland coast had taken shelter and they were keeping in it because the gale had not really blown itself out. There were signs that the storm would come scudding out again from the caverns of Langlade, the island lying in the east.

Her father's vessel had tied up safely in Fortune Bay of Newfoundland. Because there was no way for her to learn those good tidings until the sloop itself appeared, she had her anxious hours. For some years she and her father were the only people left in the hamlet; therefore, she could not expect that another vessel, or a neighbor, might come by with the news that she desired.

"Ah, it will blow again!"

She spoke of the gale. At the time, she was nearly thirty years old and had long since become seawise, accustomed to the Atlantic and its changes. She knew well the work of the coasting vessels and could sit to the oars as well as any man. Now that she had read the signs of the gale to come, her anxiety for her father waned. She knew he would never venture out of shelter until the storm had passed for good.

Her dog came up to take a caress. Of the Newfoundland breed, black and thick-coated, the dog helped the family in much of its work. He had been trained in the usual way to draw a light cart. The leather harness lay snug over his chest and shoulders. In the migrating seasons of waterfowl, when the wild goose fell before her father's gun, the dog showed much skill in retrieving birds from the hurrying tide. Also he kept guard at night and called her when her father came down the path, lantern in hand, after his trading voyages.

The dog followed her when she set about her chores. She cleared away the shallow drifts of snow blown to her doorstep by the easterly; and she carried into the kitchen the coal and wood for her stove. During that time the wind off the sea chilled her so much that she returned to the cottage and there changed her woolen skirt for woolen trousers and the thick-soled boots of the sea trades. By noontime, the sands of the shore glowed so pleasantly that she walked there a while, the dog romping in and out of the sea.

Marie Rose spied a tramp seal in the green breakers. Those adventurers amused her. Self-exiled from the herds of the north, such vagrants revealed much interest in life ashore. They respectfully returned greetings by bobbing up and down and would often swim a mile along the beach to gain another wave of her hand. Sometimes she thought they seemed like schoolmasters, becomingly bald and whiskers drooping, their eyes requiring an answer to a profound question.

Abruptly, and with no politeness at all, the seal slid beneath the waves.

In searching for him in a casual sweep of the sea yonder, she saw a boat under sail—perhaps a dory. It appeared to be taking advantage of the flood tide to make a swift passage from Newfoundland to St. Pierre. Marie Rose paid small heed to it. Indeed, in the time it took her to retrace her way down the beach to her home, she did not again look out to sea.

At her doorstep, she stayed a while to take more of the sun because it had been hidden for so many days by the gale and was now likely to vanish again. She saw the sailing dory. It had come nearer. This change surprised her because it had been on a course that should have carried it nearly out of sight, much closer to Dog Island and the inward passage to the harbor.

"How strangely she sails!"

For a time the dory steered straight toward her. Because of this alteration, which may have revealed an intent to come ashore there, she walked down the path to the well house. There in its shadow she awaited the stranger's arrival.

The dory had now come close enough for her to see that it was neither a French boat nor one made in Newfoundland. No, its sides were higher than the sides of such craft, and it had a kind of massiveness, created by the forceful way it rode the

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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By Curtis Heath

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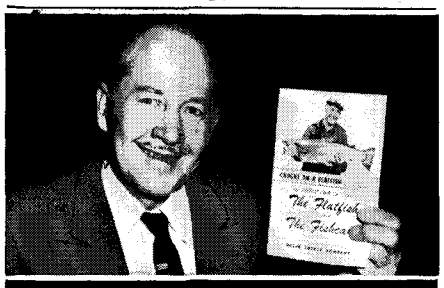

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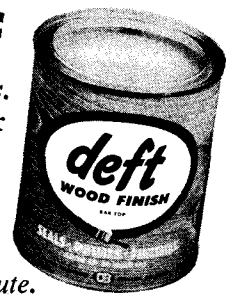

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seas, neither yielding lightly to the tide rips nor faltering when a breaker burst against the blunt bow.

A sun-streaked squall harrowed the sea and struck against the dory. Its sail blew up and flapped in and out of curves of spray. This new change sent the dory veering off, plainly out of control. The tide took hold of the dory, flung it back into a boisterous tide rip, and the rip flung foam and black water over the gunwales.

"But there is no man in it!"

She called her dog and, pointing to the distant dory, bade him watch over it until she returned. He understood this order clearly. He walked gravely to a dune near the well house and sat there, his deep-lighted, amber eyes fixed on the dory. He carried himself in somber fashion and now and then lifted his right paw in a gesture toward the sea.

At the cottage Marie Rose took a sea glass—the long telescope of those times—out of its case, and, her back against the cottage wall, she trained the glass on the horizon. She brought it slowly down until she found the image of the dory. A man's head appeared above the gunwale. Dimly she saw his yellow storm hat and, under its brim, his eyes gazing, not at her or the shore, but in a curious downward look into the flow of ice and foam.

Even so far, and coming from a stranger in yellow oil clothing, the eyes signaled an appeal to Marie Rose, one that she could not understand. She lost the image. When she searched it out again, the face had vanished. The dory had swung all the way around again. Ice knocked at its sides.

Her dog had counted all these changes. He came closer to her side and stood nigh, his eyes set on the dory. Whatever were the images taken in by the dog, they kept him uneasy. A growl rumbled in his chest; he kept tossing his head, a sign to her that he was trying to see more.

"Jean," she said, "it is a living man, a stranger."

She kept her glass fixed on the dory. It seemed likely that there might be soon an explanation of its actions, something to quiet the fear in her heart. A cry of relief parted her lips. The man out there had done something that assured her; his arm appeared in a motion three times repeated. Three times the yellow sleeve glittered in the sun, now long past its noon.

"He is bailing her."

This conjecture soon ceased to satisfy her heart. Three heaves of a bailer meant nothing. Her sea knowledge proved that the dory had not shipped enough water to endanger it. Moreover, the sail kept thrashing, a shattered wing snapping into the blue. No man would risk his sail to clear a little water.

His next action told her more of his condition. He rose to his height in the dory and, by clinging to the mast, held himself up. He bent far backward, his face upturned, his arm rigid in a gesture that seemed one of anger or of appeal to the sky. The sail whipped down and wrapped him.

Marie Rose saw him immobile in that canvas prison; only his white-gloved fist stayed thrust, now against the black water, now against the blue sky. The sail unwound itself and blew away in two skeinlike parts, all tatters. The man's back gave a number of flashes, these from sunlight across his yellow jacket. After that, he lunged awkwardly forward and, once again, vanished under the gunwales.

"Dear God! He has fallen!"

Before ever she stirred from her place, she swept the sea with her telescope, hoping to find another sign of life on that glassy swell. She saw nothing, except the dory turning.

She had no time to seek help elsewhere. Indeed, considering the nature of the task so abruptly thrust upon her, she required no other help than time and strength enough to struggle against the tides and to escape the returning gale. She had been to the hard school and had the skill to carry out her rescue. Moreover, she had her dog, a vigorous, intelligent animal stronger than herself.

Between the well house and the high-water mark a boat lay on its side, its oars under the slanted thwart. She ran to it and righted it with one full heave of her body. At her signal, the dog stood by for the tying of the boat painter to his harness.

She shouted: "Jean! Go!"

He lunged forward, his paws spurting sand, his claws taking good hold. Crying out her signal again and again, she heaved with him until the boat slid into the sea. She drew the rope out of his harness and, calling him in, sat to the oars. She began to row strongly against wind and tide.

By chance of wind and tide, the stranger's dory changed course and sailed directly toward her, gliding forcefully up the seas and plunging hard. In quick glances over her shoulder Marie Rose saw the distance closing swiftly. She bore to windward to make their meeting smoother. Her boat ran too far that way, so that she passed the dory at such an angle she could not look into it. Backing her port oar, she turned her boat with the wind and, in a few strokes, lay alongside the dory, her hand holding to its gunwale.

Face down in a slush of hail and brine, the man lay sprawled. By striking out with his right hand, he kept trying to lift his head out of the water that lapped upon the bottom boards. He seemed unable to do anything with his legs.

She shouted, "Hold on! Hold on!"

She made the painter fast to the dory thwart and slid over the gunwales to his side. She passed her arms under his. In a fierce strain of thighs and legs, she heaved him forward half his length. She turned him over on his back and held his head between her hands.

Now she saw what he was: a man of her age, a ruin of frostbite, hunger, and of immense strength poured out against the gale that had darkened her windows. She struck away the slush freezing on his mouth. She cleared the closed eyes of frost; and then, fearful that he had died, she tore open his jacket and thrust her hand through his woolen shirts until she found his heart beating mildly to her touch. Even beneath all the folds of wool, her fingers encountered frost.

He spoke to somebody far away, to a doryman, pleading: "Greenhorn or not—I go with him! Can't spare a dory now."

Despite the violence of his thought, his voice quavered like the voice of an old man, boastful in a dream of manhood. He tried to make a gesture to back up his words. His hands failed. He had spoken in English, yet not in the manner to which Marie Rose was used.

She bent over him. "Can you hear me?"

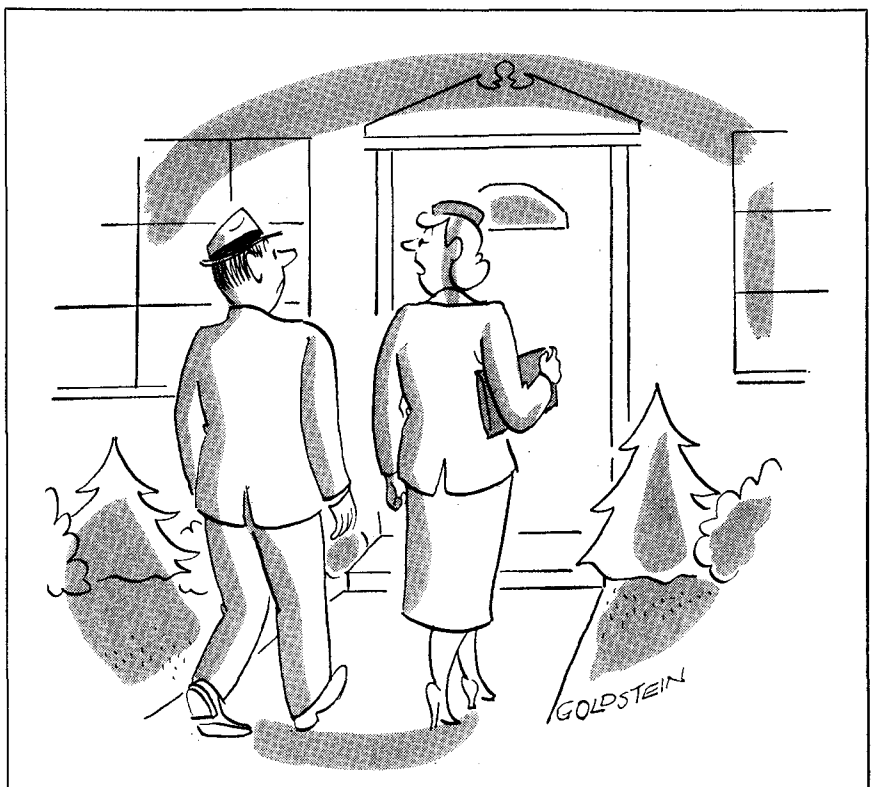
He sighed. He let his head fall gently against her knee, either in peace or in the loss of all consciousness.

She straddled the thwart and, by heaving with all her strength, she drew him nearer the bow, where his wooden bailer lay. Burned into its scoop, she read the words *The Lark*. She thrust it under his head. She took up the dory's painter and tied it to her boat, which she entered and began to row. The tide, coming to slack water, made her task easier. She towed the dory to the beach below her home.

The dory could not be handled. It was all she could do to tip it slightly so that his body turned nearer the gunwale, where she stood over her boots in the tide. She had to rest. Fear had tapped her heart and her strength. She stared down at the enigma of his face. The winter evening began to flow over it. Long shadows of the evening waned. Beyond the outer islands, lighthouses began to flash; and the bell buoys, heaved now by the ebbing tide and a rising wind, clanged another note, keener and faster. Over far Langlade, the gray became black, foretelling the quick coming of the gale.

She had not the power to lift the man. Yet she had to do it. Already a new frost laced his storm hat. Again placing her arms under his, she drew him to the gunwale; then, marshaling all her force, she dragged him over the side. He slid heavily into the water.

"Oh, no! No!" This time he spoke in such weariness that it seemed to her he could never speak again; and yet at once his lips opened in a sigh so piteous that she cried out wildly in answer. Cleaving the sea noises (*Continued on Page 112*)



"Now don't let the fact that they loathe us spoil our evening."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HARRY L. COLWELL

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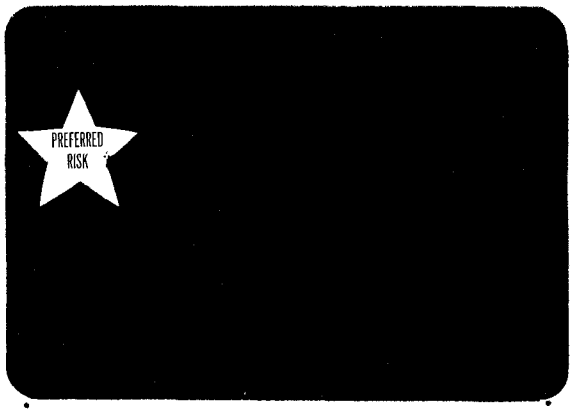

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(*Continued from Page 110*) of a tide splashing on shores of rock, her cry became a wail.

The dog took this cry for a summons and ran through the water to raise his paw to her. She took off the rope from the boat and harnessed the dog to the man's shoulders. She passed the rope round and round the man's waist. She held him by the arms and shouted to her dog.

By one unbroken pull in tandem, the dog straining at her heels, they dragged the man all the way up the beach, past the well house and to her door. She opened it and, joining the dog again, drew the man into the kitchen. That room was well-warmed by a coal fire in the cookstove.

She pulled off his boots. Spurts of water came out of them. This dismayed her because it meant that boots and oil clothing had failed and his feet had been in chilling brine all this time, making the danger of frostbite even worse. Therefore she bathed his feet in warm water and rubbed them with her hands until a faint ruddiness appeared.

Out of her oven she took two bricks that always lay there in winter for the purpose she now required of them. She wrapped them in flannel squares and placed them close to the man's feet. She then removed all of his outer clothing. When she unbuttoned the chin strap of his storm-hat, thus revealing his forehead and close-cropped curly hair, she saw that his hair had much the same color as her own. His stubble beard, days old, seemed not red at all, it was so dark. Because of a deep line on either side of his bluntish nose, and another between his eyebrows, he had the look of a much older man, one of middle age, worn by sea toil and sea cares.

"Sir? Sir?" He made no sign.

Against the nightfall she lighted two lamps and again knelt by him. She bent far down and studied his closed eyes. Under the lids, inflamed by frost, his eyeballs moved in spasms.

She made tea, sugared it well, and put rum into it. She fed him with a spoon. At the touch, his lips opened so eagerly that the first portion went down well, and yet, after the second spoonful, she saw no swallowing action. She had to rub his throat briskly before she marked the passage of the liquid.

She held off. He had tried to lift his left arm and had failed. In response to the break of famine and thirst, he cried out clearly and without distress: "My vessel! Is she safe? Answer me!"

She did not think that he actually knew what he was saying or that he could receive an answer. She made none. Even so far gone, he had something on his mind—a great fear. It forced him to repeat his thought, this time in such a pleasing, calm tone that she answered boldly, wishing to comfort him, even at the cost of a falsehood. "Your vessel is standing off and on the headland. She is safe, captain."

She wiped his forehead and his mouth.

Either her words or her soothing hands sent a meaning to his searching heart. He let his head go gently to one side. He began to breathe naturally, no longer striving to take in gulps of air. He raised his right hand to his throat and fumbled at a leather cord there. He soon gave this up.

Marie Rose tried to give him more drink. She didn't succeed because he wouldn't open his mouth. A little later, in a voice that waned at once to a whisper, he said, "I am her skipper. John Darmody of *The Lark*. Gloucester. Let that be remembered. Do you hear me there?"

She answered, "Aye, captain! All of us hear you. Have no fear, sir."

"Fear!" She had, for once, made a clear communication to him. This word came scornfully from his lips, and the scorn twisted his lips into severity. Resuming the calm voice that had comforted her, he said, "I'd like to know just what there is to fear. I would, indeed."

The establishment of thought between them raised her hopes greatly, and she kept them so, even when he again refused to admit the liquid. He responded by a change in his breathing to such a hoarse rattling that her heart became faint with renewed fear. In trying to force his left hand away from an awkward position, she found it icy and inflexible. This was her first certain knowledge that frost and famine had stricken him so deeply in those days and nights on the Grand Bank or the Green, wherever he had been lost from his schooner. She uncovered his feet. Warmth from the enfolded bricks floated through her fingers, yet his feet had yielded to the paralyzing chill.

"Do you hear me, captain?"

Because she knelt by him the intense cold of the earth, working through the floor, began to hurt her knees. She could no longer let him lie there. Unable to carry him to a bed, she brought the bed to him, one from her own room, squeaking on casters. After struggling long against his unyielding body, she placed him between the sheets and covered him again.

Night had drifted over Galantrie Head. The unspent gale had risen. Sleet scraped at the windows. At times snow fell so thickly that flakes slid melting down the kitchen panes. Far away the breakers repeated the throbbing, cavernous melody that told of ice floes pushing in from the east. The wind frightened her. Yet it had been her lullaby.

Now, for the first time, his eyes opened. They closed so quickly that she couldn't see their color. This brief access of strength created in him another fancy, a dream, of such a nature that his empty expression changed to one of intensity.

"What vessel is that? Oh, I can't hear him! What's he saying, chum?" Even in his delirium, he sought an answer. He repeated his questions and turned his head sideways as if he were actually scanning the sea.

Employing the name of her father's vessel, Marie Rose replied in loud, pretended cheerfulness; "'Tis the *Mathilde* out of St. Pierre, captain. Aye, 'tis her. Now she signals: 'All is well.'"

His question had been ably said. Her answer had no effect, except the opening of his eyes, not in a lively way, but in a drowsiness. This hid any meaning that she might have found if his gaze had been directed toward her. He looked dreamily at nothing. The pupils of his eyes each held images of lamps. Upon the gray irises, night floated, whirled.

In an action that surprised her by its smoothness, he again reached into his sweater. This time, he drew up the leather cord. A tiny pouch of green leather came to the edge of his sweater and then fell outward rather heavily. A new intensity marked his next words. He made a plea. "Mary!" And: "Oh, my darling, give me your hand. Ah, how long it has been, Mary!"

He held out his hand in the pleading. Marie Rose gazed at it. Soon her tears, no longer to be held back, hid the hand from her sight. When he whispered the name again, she placed her left hand in his grasp. His hard fingers embraced her hand entirely. His eyes closed; once more a degree of gentleness stayed on his mouth. A change came. His breathing increased in force. He began to breathe roughly through his mouth. This soon subsided.

Marie Rose tried to spoon the liquid into his mouth. She could not. She cried out to him. An uproar of the gale beat against the door and windows so loudly that he couldn't hear her. Nor did he perceive the gale. Even when the cottage shook, he lay in seeming peace.

She began to pray that help might come, although she knew that the only help lay miles away in the town of St. Pierre. It now seemed possible to her longing heart that her father might have made the crossing and might come to her. Yet she was aware that, even for him, the roads and paths to Galantrie were long since drifted over and difficult to pass. Nevertheless, she wished for the welcoming bark of her dog, lying outside the door. In the end she understood there were no reasons for such hopes. She bent over the young captain.

He began fumbling at the drawstring of the pouch. His failure made him complain fretfully. "Oh, dear! Oh, what luck!"

When he failed the third time, Marie Rose opened the pouch for him. He reached into it and, with a deftness that again surprised her, he took out something wrapped in a delicate blue paper. His hand passed over the object, surrounded it; and he held it closely to him.

He had to make keener efforts to follow the bidding of his far-inward thought. The line between his eyebrows deepened and a set of wrinkles came skeining across his forehead.

"Mary! Come close to me, dear. Oh, the time has come, thank God!"

He laughed in delight; yet no pleasure appeared in his eyes. They stayed blank. By a sudden enclosure of her in his right arm, he drew her down to him and, again in a laughing way, he said something about lips and breasts that caused her to flush and turn her eyes from him. He would not let her go, or he could not, so strong was his delusion. He held her even closer and, at last, brought her mouth to his. So they kissed; and the man and his kiss seemed very sweet to Marie Rose, who had had no other kiss of love.

Soon, in that passionate embrace, she felt his arm weakening on her shoulder. He had strength only for whispering, "Don't leave me, Mary."

And she answered, "I will never leave you, John." After speaking so, she kissed him and kissed in haste.

Now a solemn vision stirred him gently, and his eyes closed and opened again. "Aye!" he whispered in contentment, as if the vision contained the summertime and apple blossoms at home, and a bell chiming amid the song of red-winged blackbirds near a garden where he stood, and his white-gowned Mary advancing to him on the arm of her father.

More than ever gentled, he drew Marie Rose to him and said, "I love you, Mary. And I always will."

Marie Rose laid her hand on his forehead and kissed his frost-broken lips and answered, "I love you, John. And I always will."

He held her hand. His empty eyes staring away, he drew a wedding ring out of the blue paper by the last effort of his left hand. He placed it on her finger. He carried her hand to his lips and kissed the ring.

"Oh!" he said clearly, fondly, "oh, Mary, I am so happy now!"

Thereupon he turned his head toward the sea window, where the gale clanged in its darkness.

After a time Marie Rose folded his arms across his breast and closed his eyes. She knelt by the bed and she prayed for the repose of his soul and she prayed for his Mary, in Gloucester far away. She continued her supplications until day broke.

This is why Marie Rose made a certain answer when bolder visitors, seeing her ring revealed, inquired, "Ah, madame has been married?"

And Marie Rose replied, "For a very little while. A long, long time ago."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"It's the most"

It's her own dream bathroom—with fixtures and fittings by Kohler of Kohler.

Dad and mom must agree "it's the most" to have a second bathroom for their favorite daughter—and bathroom emancipation for themselves.

"Dreamy" is the delicate Peachblow color of the new Dynametric bath and the Carvel lavatory, which are also available in six other pastel colors and white. The all-brass fittings are finished in chrome that shines like sterling—but is easier to clean. See your Kohler dealer or write for booklet J-47.

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Journey into Danger (Continued from Page 47)

"No, not this time. Take that to the *nooi*'s room secretly and hide it. . . . She can take it into the house more easily than you," he said to Francina. When the girls had left he took her hand. "This is good-by," he said. "My donkeys have already gone, and I must follow them. In the parcel there are some small gifts that I hope will make you remember me when you look at them."

"I remember you every time I look in my glass, *Meneer* Rosenberg. For it was you, *meneer*, who were the first to tell me I was beautiful. Now I begin to see it for myself. But I owe it all to you."

"To God," he said. "Never forget that all beauty belongs to God."

The trek had almost begun. It was only a matter of minutes now. The long whips clapped, echoing like rifle shots in the hills. The oxen lowered their heads, taking the strain on their yokes. The *trektows* and chains slipped over their backs and straightened out, the great wheels turned, and the tented wagons began to roll over the rough road like ships at sea.

Beside the wagons ran the herds—the horses and cattle, the flocks of sheep and goats. Behind them, to prevent their breaking back to the farms where they had been born, rode the horsemen—the Boers and their mounted servants, all armed, each carrying his gun across his knees or with its butt upon his hip. The horses—stallions still strange to one another—plunged, fought for their heads and screamed defiance at one another. And of all the mounted people, Francina on Blaubooi was the only woman—not fully a woman yet, nor a girl, but a tomboy just awakening to men, sitting her horse as if she were part of him.

In two days they would be in new country, among scenes that would be strange to her. Already her life had changed. Not only was the farm behind her but she was part of a great moving company of men, other women and children. Her loneliness was now behind her. Before her was adventure, hardship and danger; but these would all be shared. She was at present unaware of the sensation she caused by being mounted on such a horse—being mounted at all, in fact. She did not know that the young men were eying her, and even the older and the married ones noticed her and saw in her a disturbing factor.

The men were more aware of the trek as something special, as a historic event, than the women, whose emotions were concerned with treasured objects that had had to be abandoned and with the difficulties and hardships that lay before them.

They were leaving their homes and many of their kin. They were leaving two hundred years of history behind them.

Tante Maria stood poised at the end of her wagon. Hendrik, the only boy she could count on, had arranged the wooden steps against its tail. She was about to descend. She did this only by an act of will which was brought about by necessity. Still, she thought, things might be worse. She was certainly being appreciated and looked up to. This was a pleasant change. Even *Groot* Jan, her beloved husband, had not fully appreciated her. Of course, the trek was not as strong as they had hoped. Two families had changed their minds when they had heard of the great massacre at Weenen. And the nine young men who had been going to accompany them had decided to go off on their own and not be embarrassed by the company of women and children. This left them with the three Beyers boys and their mother, Magdalena. It was certainly a strange thing that a woman of thirty-five should bloom in such discomfort and act as if this task were an endless picnic. *Tante* Maria was against happiness—no good ever came of it.

Then there were the Van der Merwes and the Bokmans. This gave them only seven guns, not including those of the servants—who could not always be counted on—to protect five women and nine children if you could still call Miemie Bokman a child. Sometimes it seemed to Maria that pretty little girls were never children.

Tante Maria came down slowly, a step at a time. The wagons had halted and lay like anchored ships. It was midday. Cooking fires were being lighted and the oxen outspanned. To keep well, working cattle required eight hours to graze and chew their cuds and eight to sleep. The *voorloopers* were driving the spans down to water. Women were already bent over the cooking pots. Children ran, followed by their dogs. She heard a shot. One of the men had found a buck.

She told Hendrik, who was still near her, to loose the chickens. Their wicker crate hung under the bed of the wagon, but already they knew what was taking place and had thrust their heads out between the bars. As soon as the crate was opened they ran out and began to scratch and peck about. People said chickens were foolish, but that was not true. They did not have strong nerves, that was all, and lost their heads if they were chased or frightened.

She watched her chickens scratch with pleasure. They made the wilderness seem homelike and secure. The crow of a cock in the morning made up for the roar of a lion in the night. Not that they were in lion country yet, but they would be soon. Not only had she been told about it, but she had dreamed of it too. And her married youth had not been devoid of lions. She sat on a stool to watch the girls cooking and to shout advice and instructions. She wondered if she would ever be able to teach them to wash their hands instead of wiping them on their skirts or their hair. But if she had been unable to train them in Groenplaas, what was the good of trying to do so now. Still she shouted at them.

"If you will not wash your hands, at least wipe them on a clean cloth and not your filthy skirts."

The girls turned back from the fire to smile at her. "*Ja*," they said, "*ja, ja*," and wiped their hands on their skirts.

The next and nearest wagon to hers belonged to the Beyers family. She could see *Mevrouw* Beyers walking round it on her toes as if she were a young unmarried girl, singing. Of all things that a widow could do, this was the worst! Particularly if she sang like a bird.

Another thing disturbed her—a dream she had had again of hell. There had been smoke and roaring fires about which devils leaped and shouted. She had great confidence in her dreams. They were always bad and always came true if one waited long enough.

Magdalena was unperturbed by *Tante* Maria's dislike of her. She had been a widow for three years. The trek, therefore, had been a solution to her difficulties. By the time they reached their destination, she would have found a new life. She had loved her husband, but tears would not bring him back. It amused her that the other women did not like Cina either. She saw her riding in and greeted her.

Francina waved and cantered on. She was hungry. She had arranged to meet Barend Beyers when she had finished eating. He wanted to show her a new calf that had most curious markings, being white with both red and black marks arranged upon it in symmetrical spots. *Ja*, she thought, *that is what he says with his mouth, but his eyes say something else.* Her heart beat faster in her breast.

She gulped her food and told Hendrik to put her saddle on another horse.

Barend was waiting for her. Cina dismounted. Barend rose and took her hand, his arm encircled her. He pulled her against him and kissed her. For an instant she fought against his grip. No one had ever held her against her will since her early childhood. Then her legs became too weak to support her, and she clung to Barend's shoulders with her arms about his neck. She felt his lips still on hers. She returned his kiss. At that instant her whole life was in her mouth. A bridge had been crossed. She was a woman now, with a woman's feelings. The fairyland of childhood lay behind her.

They rode back to the camp together. They had not spoken after their embrace. Barend had broken away from her, shaking her off as a dog shakes water from his coat. She had wept swift hot tears like none she had ever shed before. She had cried from neither fright nor rage, nor from happiness, but from some strange relief that something was now over.

"And the spotted calf?" *Tante* Maria said. "Was it so wonderful? Was it worth riding all that distance to see?"

"Calf?" Francina said. She had forgotten that she had told her grandmother about it. "I saw no calf, but I am going to marry Barend."

"He is a good man," *Tante* Maria said, "and you get a better bargain than he does, for I cannot see why anyone should want to marry you."

"You cannot see, that is why."

"I cannot see?"

"No, you are blind. Barend wants to marry me because I am beautiful." Francina stamped her foot. "*Ja*, I am beautiful, beautiful!"

Barend and Flip Beyers were very close to each other. Flip could not understand, though he respected, his brother's caution. Barend was continually afraid lest Flip, through lack of foresight, come to trouble—even death—for he was both an ardent and a reckless hunter. Louis, their half brother, admired them both. To him each was a hero in a different way, and he was delighted when Barend told him that he was going to marry Francina. Flip too was pleased, but somehow annoyed that his solemn and staid brother had got there before him, surprised that he had not noticed her sudden blooming.

Barend was not a ladies' man, like Flip. And, (*Continued on Page 116*)

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Mike awoke with an awful hang-over. He felt worse when the police arrested him on a charge of killing a man the previous night. Unable to recall his drunken evening, he couldn't even say whether he was guilty or innocent. As a last resort his attorney decided to try to bring back his memory through hypnotism. But when he sought to take a hypnotist into the jail, the prosecutor objected in court.

"Mike's lawyer just wants to put on a sideshow to get publicity and arouse sympathy," the prosecutor charged. "Anyhow, nothing that Mike says while hypnotized would be admissible at the trial, so it would be a waste of time."

"What Mike reveals under hypnotism may help to shape up his defense even if his statements are not admissible in court," Mike's lawyer replied. "His constitutional right to counsel means nothing if counsel is prevented from preparing his defense."

If you were the judge, would you let Mike be hypnotized in jail?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Yes. The court agreed to the step as a part of legal preparation of a defense. "There is no substantial legal difference," it said, "between the right to use a hypnotist in an attempt to probe into the client's subconscious recollection and the use of a psychiatrist to determine sanity."

Based upon a 1959 California case.

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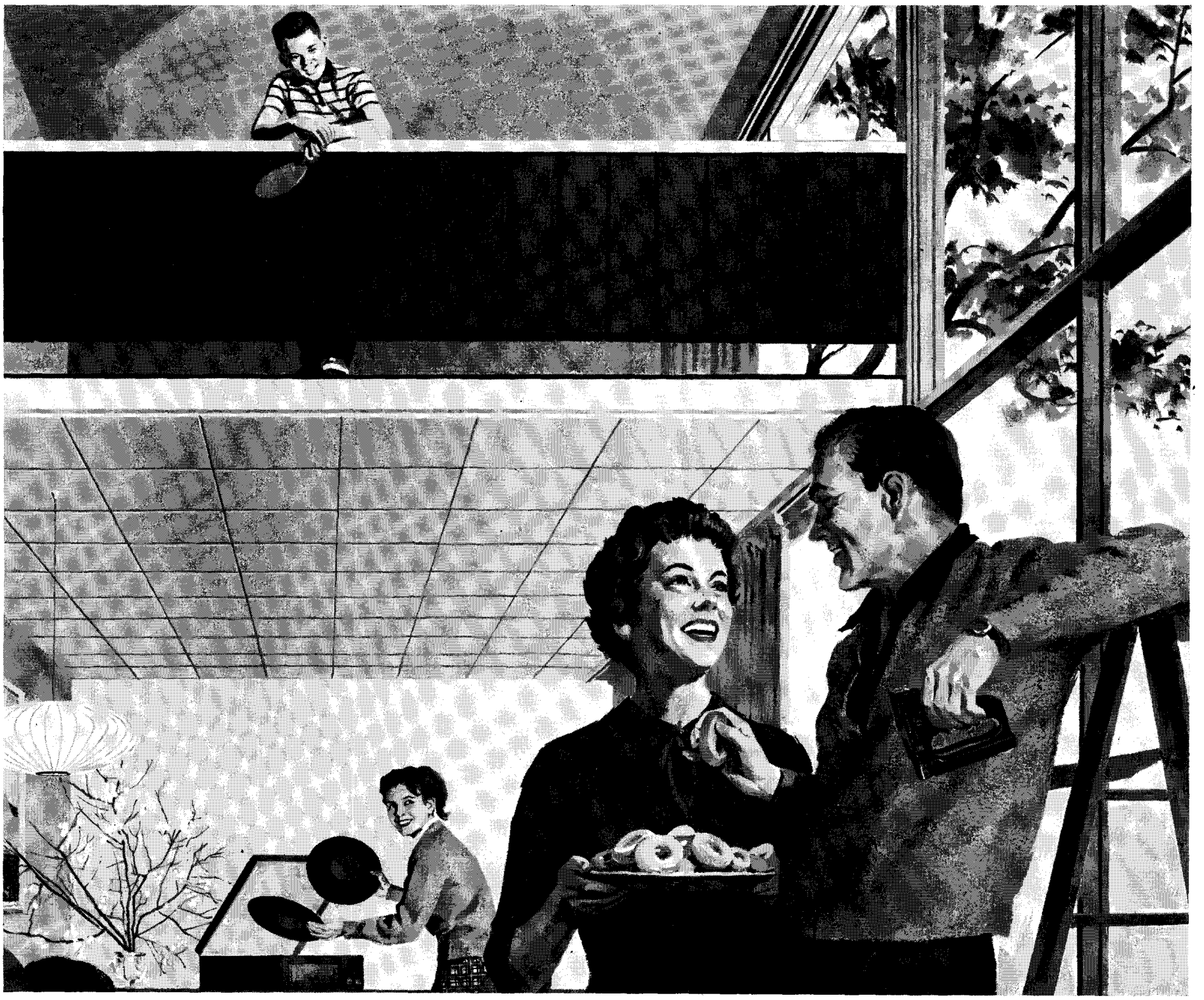

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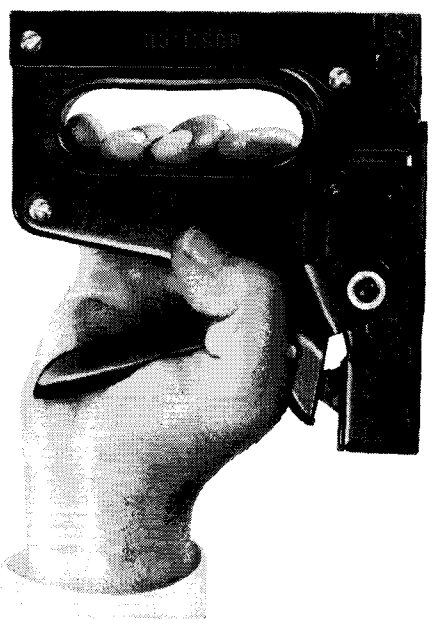
When the Jones family discovered Bostitch Stapling, a hundred jobs began to *get done* around the house. Tonight, Mr. Jones finished the rec room ceiling before the kids went to bed, so they celebrated their new ceiling and a job well done—thanks to Bostitch.

Before they moved to this home, Mr. Jones used to *think* about tiling a ceiling. But the job never was done because he hated the tiring job of overhead hammering or the messiness of glue. Then his building supply dealer showed him the Bostitch gun tacker—no hammering fatigue, no messiness, no damage to tiles. Now the whole Jones family enjoys their new ceiling because Mr. Jones found Bostitch stapling tools so easy to use.



Bostitch tools like the T-5 Tacker that Mr. Jones uses for fastening jobs all over his house are available for sale or rent from your building supply dealer.

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(*Continued from Page 114*) now suddenly, he was overwhelmed by his feelings. He watched Francina, experiencing a strange pleasure in her every movement. It was wonderful to see her eat, and surely no one had ever sneezed in such a charming fashion. He loved to kiss her, to hold her, purring like a kitten in his arms.

The trek was now passing through hilly country that was heavily timbered with immense trees. Leaving the stock which would not stray from the narrow road, Barend and Cina made for a giant yellowwood. Without a word they had turned their horses toward it and dismounted at the trunk that rose like a wall in front of them.

The forest was green about them—dark green with filtered light. The boles of the trees stood out like the pillars of an ancient church. The leaf mold on which they lay was black with age, deep with the fallen leaves of centuries, perfumed with a heady fecund scent. In her hands as she held the rotted loam Francina could feel its life.

Once again there had been a struggle. Then Barend had kissed her, and she had kissed him back, lost in his embrace. He had become more urgent. She had fought him once more, struck him. She had bitten his hand. She still tasted the salt of his blood in her mouth. Then he had flung her down, and her strength had failed her. She had felt his hands upon her, his weight pressing on her body, and then—nothing.

He had stood up and was staring at her. He looked very big, standing above her, and she hated him. "Get up," he said. It was when he had said that that she hated him, hated him for his caution, for his fears—hated and loved him at one time and wondered how one could do this.

Now she looked at him as he sat beside her in the light of her grandmother's fire. This was her man, her lover, her husband-to-be, the father of her unborn children. She laughed suddenly at the thought that had he been different she might soon be a mother.

"What are you laughing at?" Barend said.

"At a joke, Barend. At what else does one laugh? *Ja*," she said, "it is a very private joke." And then she began to cry.

Though the Prinsloo trek had traveled far, there had been no incident or adventure that was in any way out of the ordinary. They had seen no new animals though the game was more plentiful. But now, for the first time, they were in elephant country and saw the huge beasts' sign. Several of the Boers had been out after them, but had not seen or even heard one. As they approached, the great beasts had moved away, silent as ghosts along their forest paths.

The forest was not continuous. It lay like a great dark-green carpet in the valleys, climbed into the gorges and sometimes reached the hilltops. But much of the land was grass and open veld, so that there was ample grazing for the beasts. Before long, *Oom* Willem said they would reach open country that was almost desert, but where the succulence of the bushes replaced water, so that the stock could go for long periods without it. Then after that came the high veld, vast rolling plains covered with game, where at night in the winter the cold was bitter. After that again, after crossing more mountains and rivers, they would descend into the low country. Here the game changed again as did the nature of the land, for this was bush country, a land clothed with spiky thorns, some no taller than a sheep, others the height of the giraffes that fed upon them. There were many lions here, and fever that killed those unable to resist it.

Now *Oom* Willem began to train his people in the art of making camp and in the stratagems of war. For soon, in a month or two, they might run into wild Kaffirs.

It was the men themselves, rather than what they did, who interested Francina. Whether they made proper camps or not mattered little to her. She liked to watch them, to listen to them shouting, to see their eyes change when they looked at her. Barend had done something to her in the forest. Perhaps, she thought, had he done more, the change in her would have been less, for then she believed her desires would have been stilled. As it was, the blood ran through her more swiftly than ever before. Her smooth skin was too tight for her body. Her eyes now burned with a somber, brooding flame. It was as if, galloping madly, she had reached the edge of the precipice of life, and there had been pulled up by a cruel bit—pulled up and flung back onto her haunches. But still she pawed the air, still sought the leap that would carry her into the future.

Miemie Bokman had become her friend, and they talked together about life and men. With her, Francina assumed knowledge she did not have, speaking with the authority of an engaged girl.

In the afternoons while the camp was being made, Francina and Miemie, under *Tante* Maria's direction, taught the younger children their letters. They sat on little stools grouped round the two girls and wrote on their slates or read from the Bible.

As there had been a routine on the farm, so was there one here. The oxen were inspanned at the first gray light of dawn. The wagons rolled on till the sun was high. Then, at about midday, they outspanned for two hours near water—if there was water. The oxen grazed or lay chewing their cuds. The women prepared a meal, for all were hungry, their bellies empty because they did not eat before leaving.

When the shadows lengthened, *Oom* Willem blew on his horn and halted. The other wagons came up one at a time, passed him and, taking a turn inward, stopped. Each was a link in the chain of wagons that would form the protective ring of the wagon camp. One lightly loaded wagon that could be moved by hand was kept as a gate. The working oxen and horses were now sent out to graze. As night fell they were driven in and the gate closed. The other stock rested out on the veld, held by the older, tamer beasts. Some of the cows wore bells. Some of the horses were knee-haltered.

For Willem Prinsloo, confident in his power to lead these people with God's help to the promised land, life seemed to have begun again. It was not merely that he felt younger. It was as if in this new life he, too, had become a new man.

He was astonished at how well he remembered everything, of how in thirty years there had been no change. Trees that he had camped under were no bigger. Time had passed this ancient land by. No more could be written here. It was too old.

One day as he rode alone ahead of the wagons *Oom* Willem stopped and turned off the road to look at a heap of rocks. A cross was painted on it with whitewash made of wood ash and milk. He took off his hat. Someone had died here—a child, from the size of the stone heap. *Ja*, he thought, children die. There were his own dead children in the cemetery at Groenplaas. But at least there they lay with their own blood. But to die here and lie alone in the open veld was a strange fate for a child. *Ja*, and when the dead arose at last on the Day of Judgment, what of this little one isolated and alone in the veld?

He did not want to think that they had been lucky so far or that before they reached the end of their march they were bound to bury some of their own dead. This thought he thrust behind him.

Fred Carter had finally decided that the best way to kill Harry Bates would be to leave the band—to say, "Come on, Harry, let's get out of this." He thought Bates would agree because both of them were getting tired of this hunted life. Francina Prinsloo was continually in his mind. Carter had not believed that he could ever feel this way or that a young girl could send a man so mad.

He had not been able to forget the way she moved, the way her heavy hair swung over her shoulders, or the golden pools of her eyes. For living like this, used to taking what he wanted when he wanted it, he had had the greatest difficulty in restraining himself when he had been with her. If the Zulu had not been there, there would have been no need for restraint. This had increased his desire till it had become an obsession. He could not forget her hand when he had said good-by. It had been as firm as a boy's. It had lain in his—passive yet alive, as though poised for flight, as if she half feared him, as if she knew what lay in his heart. That she felt this only inflamed him more.

He had tried to put it all out of his head. As they rode back to the mountains with the troopers' saddles, he had concentrated on the reward for Bates. The thought of murder did not deter him, but it had to be a safe murder—safe for him.

Now suddenly the situation had changed. They had received news from one of their spies that the Prinsloo family had trekked. This simplified everything. They would follow her. He had only to persuade Harry to come with him. They would join the trek, say they were reformed characters and that they now wished to hunt and farm, to become Boers. They would point out that two men like themselves, used to a rough life, to guns and horses, well mounted and armed, were an acquisition. *No*, he thought, *coves like us don't grow on trees.* They would not be refused.

Harry was sitting on a bench outside his cottage when he arrived. "Well, Fred," he said, "you're the kind of visitor I like to see. The kind that brings their own liquor instead of drinking me out of house and home."

"It's good too." Fred Carter held up the bottle.

For an hour they sat drinking and smoking. Kleinbooi joined them. *This is getting nowhere*, Carter thought. He put his hand on Harry's shoulder. "'Arry," he said, "I got something to tell you."

"Tell me then."

"It's private like. An idea that I got."

Harry got up. "All right, we'll go down to the water."

Fred threaded his arm through Harry's. "'Arry," he said, "I'm sick of this. We'll get nowhere here unless it's the gallows."

"Well?"

"Wot about getting out of it? Wot about joining some of these Boers that's getting to hell out of it to the North? We're good men, 'Arry—good men with swords and guns and horses. They'll take us, 'Arry. I'll swear they'll take us."

"And the boys here?" Harry looked around him. "Who's going to take care of them?"

"That drunken scum?"

"Drunk and scum they may be. But without a leader they'll be taken. They're stupid, Fred."

"That's right, 'Arry—stupid. Let 'em swing. It's my hide I'm worrying about. Mine and yours, 'Arry.There's a rumor, you know, that there's a reward out for you, a price on your 'ead—dead or alive." *That was clever of me*, he thought. "And if it's true, 'Arry, how long do you think you'll last with them wolves? I'd stand by you, 'Arry, because I'm English. Sailor Jack might too, and your big Kaffir. But they'd pull us down."

"Your idea is that we join some Boers?"

"That's it, and there's some Boers we know—the (*Continued on Page 118*)

"Can I disturb you for a minute?"

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(*Continued from Page 116*) Prinsloos. You sold them that gray 'orse, and I rode back with the girl. Decent people, 'Arry. Very decent people and God-fearing."

"I'll think about it," Harry said. There was a great deal in what Fred had said. Why not turn a new page and start afresh? A new man in a new land. Forget he was an English soldier. Forget the regiment that had been his life. Sailor Jack could take over. He was a good man as long as he stayed sober. Drunk, like most drunken men, he was without judgment. Yes, he would go. But Fred was wrong about one thing. He was not going to sneak off like a thief. He would say good-by to them. He would hand over to Jack. There would be a last parade.

Kleinbooi said he was glad to be going. "*Baas*," he said, "I do not like it here."

"Then why did you remain?"

"Why does the hyena follow the lion? I remain because you are my lord, and a man cannot be separated from his shadow except by death."

"What didn't you like, Kleinbooi?"

"The climate. I do not like rain in the winter when it is cold. In my country it rains in the summer. I do not like the people here—dogs, scavengers and mangy jackals. Finally, I am sick of my name. I will no longer be Kleinbooi. My name is Nzobo, the Zulu, of the Zulu clan. Lord," he said, "I am all Zulu. I am of the blood. I—" he tapped his chest "—I can wear the skin of the leopard, and none can say me nay, for the blood of Senzangakhona runs in my veins."

"But what happened, Nzobo? Why did you leave your land where you were held in honor?"

"I left because of a maid, lord—one of the three hundred concubines of the king. To touch one was death."

It took Harry Bates three days to make his preparations. Then he called his band together and told them his decision. They stood around him, ragged but confident and well fed, the women and children on the outside of the group.

"I called you together to say good-by," he said. "Fred and I and Kleinbooi are going to leave you. We are going to hunt elephants in the North. Sailor Jack is a good man to be your captain."

The men cheered him and wished him luck.

So far the Boer wagons had advanced without adventure. For weeks they had moved through clouds of red dust as fine as flour. Everything was red—the wagons, the livestock, the people. There was dust in the food, dust in every clothes chest. There was not enough water for laundry nor was there any point in washing clothes had there been water. There was enough for drinking, and sometimes the stock would have been short had it not been for the succulence of the bush.

Then the country changed. There was grass—grass stirrup-high that swayed and rippled like water in the breeze. Wildebeeste and zebra grazed in great herds. Eland were common, the fat bulls easy to ride down and herd back to the camp as if they were cattle for the slaughter. There was plenty of water here, great pans on which ducks and geese swarmed in thousands.

Day after day the virgin grass went down before the hoofs of the leading span, and the wake behind the last wagon stretched out till it disappeared—a thread on the horizon.

Through this new bright world Francina rode between Barend and Flip, laughing first with one and then the other. It was fun to be riding with two men and know that one of them loved her madly. But while one part of her cried out for Barend, another resented him. Her knee brushed against his. He put a hand on her thigh. She turned away so sharply that the long switch of her hair brushed across his face. She laughed when Flip said he wanted to be godfather to their first child. "*Ja*, Cina, there is no law that a man cannot be both an uncle and a godfather." Then he leaned toward her. "Only one thing would be better—" he whispered "—to be its father."

Francina felt herself growing hot under his eyes, but she smiled. "Brother-in-law to a girl who is not yet wed and godfather to a child still unconceived," she said as she recovered her composure. How was it that Flip did more to her without touching her than Barend had ever done? She leaned forward to stroke her horse's neck.

She turned to Barend and said, "In two days it will be Christmas. How strange that will be to spend it like this—homeless in the wilds."

Everyone had been thinking of it—thinking of what they could give one another, of what they should eat, of what hoarded dainties they could partake to the glory of the Christ child's birth.

Johannes Frederick Ullman, with his wife Sybella and their two small boys, two herders and three hundred head of mixed stock, had been camped for a month. The grass and water were good, and there was plenty of game. Long strips of drying salted meat, the results of his hunting, were hanging from the trees. He took no skins except those of the giraffe, which could, when brayed, be made into wagon whips. He was busy with one now, cutting the immense skin, working his way round and round it, into one single strip from the outside, with his workers clearing it away from him as he attacked the oval of hide that got smaller and smaller beneath his hands. Looking up to wipe the sweat from his eyes, he saw the dust of a trek in the distance.

"Sybella!" he called. "Come quickly."

His wife climbed out of the wagon, followed by a small boy. When she was on the ground she turned back and picked a still smaller boy off the *kartel* that filled its end. "A trek!" she cried. "People at last. We shall no longer be alone."

It was Flip who saw the outspanned wagon first. He had left the lovers to hold hands as they rode side by side, amazed that Francina, who had for an instant seemed so close to him, in whose gold-brown eyes he had seen a promise, had turned from him so suddenly.

He galloped back, shouting, "There are men camped a mile away—Boers. There are cattle and some horses."

... ...

News Coverage

By Irene Warsaw

At breakfast time I'm
always groggy ——
Some eyelid starch is what
I need.
My vision's so completely
foggy
I wouldn't even try to read.
But propped against the
coffeepot
And shielding me from
observation,
The morning paper does a
lot
To ward off cheery
conversation.

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"*Kom, kom*," Francina cried, driving her heels into Blaubooi's flanks and setting off at a gallop. Men, people, new faces, change. All this at Christmastime, as if God had sent them as a present.

When they pulled up, the stranger raised his hat and said, "I am Johannes Frederick Ullman. I am camped here with my wife and sons."

Barend said, "We are the Beyers brothers, and she"—he nodded at Francina—"is Francina Prinsloo."

Ullman said, "It will do my wife good to see strangers. It is curious that a man is not enough company for a woman. She needs other women with whom to gossip if she is to be content." He looked doubtfully at Francina.

Sybella Ullman looked at Francina with some astonishment—a young girl, hatless and wearing trousers, mounted on the finest horse she had ever seen; sitting on a splendid saddle with pistol holsters in front of her thighs, and an embroidered saddlecloth; a half-naked girl, for this was how she saw her, accompanied by two wild young men. Francina threw her leg over her horse's neck and slid to the ground. Never had the woman seen such lack of modesty.

Francina held out her hand. "I am Francina Prinsloo," she said, "and you must be *Mevrouw* Ullman."

"*Ja*, I am Sybella Ullman."

"Give them coffee, *vrouw*," Ullman said.

Francina picked up the smaller boy. "I'm Dirkie," the child said.

"*Ja*, Dirkie," Francina repeated. "That is a fine name for a man."

"I am not a man, but one day I shall be. *Ja*," he said, "a man and a great hunter and fighter in the Kaffir wars."

Francina kissed him. He was good to hold—warm, with firm solid flesh. Francina told Sybella Ullman about the trek and of how her *oupa*, having no sons, had brought her up as a boy. Then she went on to tell her of the other women and children.

Sybella pressed her hands together before her and said, "I pray you will let us join you, for here I am most lonely and afraid." She paused and looked at her husband. "Suppose—just suppose he was killed by some wild beast or had an accident? What would become of us?"

"You can join us. I am sure of it," Francina said. "Let *Meneer* Ullman ride back with us now to meet *Oom* Willem."

Ullman held out his hand. "Ullman," he said, "once of Swellendam."

Oom Willem took it. "I am Willem Prinsloo," he said, "of Groenplaas in the district of Bredasdorp."

"That is near the sea," Ullman said.

"*Ja*, it is near the sea."

"We would like to join your trek," Ullman said. "We were with Potgieter, a difficult man, with whom I did not see eye to eye when he decided to turn East."

"The land is fair," *Oom* Willem said; "it is the land of the Zulus. And if one is strong, one need not fear them. They killed Piet Retief, the brother-in-law of my sister-in-law, and his men, but they were unarmed and unprepared."

"That was not all, *meneer*," Ullman said. "They also swept down upon the Boers camped in the sweet grass near the Blau Krans River. This was on February the sixteenth," he said. "I had the tale from a man who escaped. In that night of terror perished the Liebenbergs, the Rossouws, the Bezuidenhouts, also the Engelbrechts, the Greylings and the Bothmas. *Meneer*," he said, "on that night forty-one men, fifty-one women, one hundred fifty-six children and more than two hundred servants were killed, and twenty-five thousand head of cattle stolen. The veld was red with blood and fire. Of the wagons and the gear nothing was left but smoke. The Van Rensburgs' camp did not fall nor did the camp of Gert Marits. No," he said, "it is not in my heart to go to that land, nor after what has happened do I deem myself a coward to fear the Zulus."

"This is terrible news indeed," *Oom* Willem said.

"*Ja*," *Tante* Maria said. "It is indeed fine Christmas news to hear that so many of our loved ones are dead and that we are likely to follow them. In my dream I saw all this and more. I saw ——"

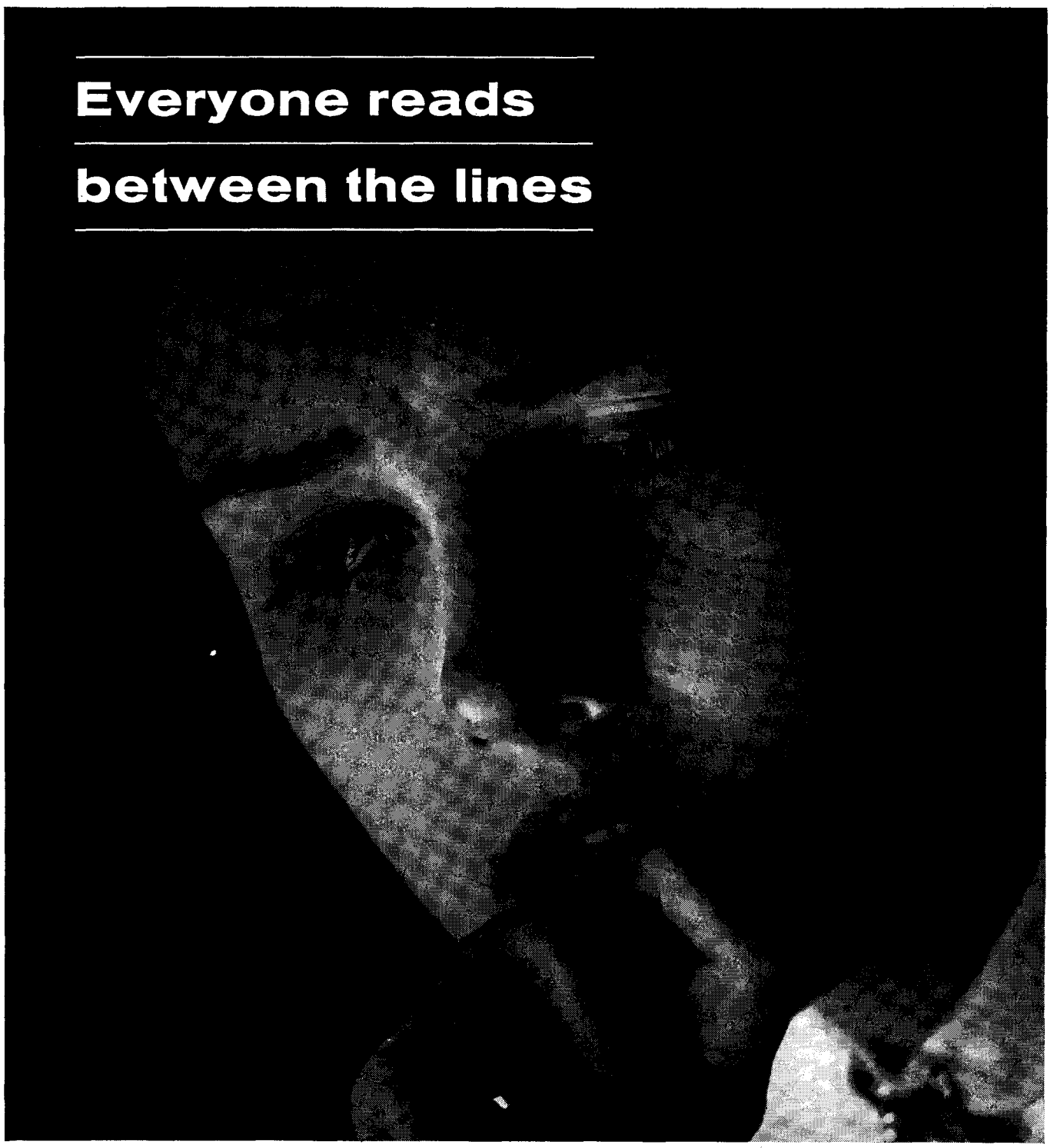
"Hold your mouth closed, woman," *Oom* Willem shouted. "You and your dreams that are fit only to frighten the Tottie maids."

"Then why will you not listen? You will not listen because I am always right. But I will tell all," she screamed. Her hands were on her hips. "That I saw black devils dancing and a great fire."

"Shut up!" *Oom* Willem shouted again. "Silence, I say!"

She closed her mouth. "Very well," she said, "if you will not be warned, if you will not listen to reason and turn back while there is still time. Turn back before we have lost a single life. Their blood is on your head. *Ja*"—she raised her hand and her voice—"the blood of the little children who will die is on your head, and the girls and the women and the men and the servants. For all who die you are to blame, as God is my witness; and those gathered here about me will testify when the last trumpet is blown and we rise from the dead, that I, *Tante* Maria Prinsloo, who was born Maria Nel, have warned you."

TO BE CONTINUED



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Evidence of Affection (Continued from Page 26)

peculiar indeed when you consider that he was her father's friend and thus by definition someone you would never talk to—telling him about the kiss and why it made her so mad.

"You just can't imagine," she said, lying back limply, letting her hair fall out of her mouth, scowling at him.

"Oh, yes, I can too imagine," said Uncle Pell, and laughed in that very loud way which Clare's mother always meant when she talked about "the way Pell laughs." She meant "coarse," but Clare's mother would never say things like that about him; she was besotted with him, mushy about him; she could take anything he did and smile.

The worst thing about Uncle Pell was that he made everybody feel this way, everybody that Clare knew, even Clare, no matter what she thought of his writing, which was less than nothing. To begin with, he had been the first big breath—in that secure and careful house in a nice suburb—of a huge, unknown outside world. His laughter roared through the house, he talked at the top of his voice and all the time, he drank, and he told the craziest stories. His cigars breathed out of the curtains for weeks after he had gone. When she was a very little girl, Clare had been able to grasp the fact that her parents didn't know anybody else at all like him and that he probably knew very few people like her parents. This she liked, for she had never been a prim little girl.

But Clare, through her final year in high school and especially since her first year in college, had known that she would write seriously, sophisticatedly, for the In people. Uncle Pell wrote *Adventures in Science Fiction.* His hero was a detective in some hot-shot and imaginary government bureau of the future. The adventures of this tough and knowing character yelled at you from the TV screen and from the pages of mass-circulation magazines. The name of this man was in the language. The money Uncle Pell made out of him—well, some serious writers made money, Clare wasn't an innocent; but not *that* kind of money. And nobody serious wrote that many books and stories a year, with thousands of feature articles, interviews and pronouncements on the side.

Clare wasn't above swanking around a bit among her friends about Uncle Pell's visits to her family; he was a celebrity. He whooshed in, she would tell; he never said when he was coming, he was always on the way somewhere. If daddy wasn't there, he just perched. He never brought anything with him but a briefcase, filled with papers and books and a Chinese dressing gown; he brushed his teeth with towels, and he didn't believe in pajamas. When she told about this among her new friends at college, Clare waved her cigarette wearily and drooped her eyelids.

Now here he was, perching, and here she was, telling him about different kinds of kisses. There certainly was nobody like him.

"Why didja wanta go to the Skyline?" asked Uncle Pell. His enunciation was really sloppy. Clare sighed.

"Well, I've never been to a gambling place. I thought—well, you know how it gets written up in the papers, the Skyline. I wanted to ——"

"Ya really *know* howta shoot crap?" asked Uncle Pell with a touch of mild curiosity, his large light eyes peering at her through those huge glasses.

"Oh, a little," said Clare, and saw immediately how he rolled up his eyes behind the glasses, grunted and snorted. He clearly didn't think there was any such thing as knowing a little about how to shoot crap.

"It's a game," he said, and seemed about to explain something, thought better of it, apparently, and asked instead, "Ja get some sorta bang out of it, the gamble?"

It just so happened that she remembered something she'd heard that was perfect to say.

"Gambling, games of chance," she said, her eyes lighting happily, "well, they're a sort of fragmentation of violent experience, a purified extension ——" but she forgot the rest,. Uncle Pell hooted like an owl, and he looked like an owl.

... ...

Love Growing Later

By Elizabeth Landeweer

The cock that wakened us this
morning crowing
Has turned philosopher of
silence now,
The wind of dawn that was
a bugle blowing
Has gentled to a whisper
in the bough.
My dear, my dear, we two
are young no longer.
The sun is going down, and
we are gray.
How shall we fare, not
knowing which is stronger—
Our love, or time that robs
us day by day?
Oh for some vitamin to keep
us vernal,
Some pill to take against the
march of fate,
Some potent tonic, by the
great eternal,
To stop the clock before it
is too late,
And set it back to morning's
mellow chime ——
Another time upon a golden
time.

... ...

"Baby," he said, "you kill me." Then he added, "Ya know, you make a bigger gamble, and more exciting, every time you start on a new piece." Her mind leaped to meet his, but before she could open her mouth he stood up.

"Come on," he said, "we're going out for a quick one, you and me." Clare looked at him stupidly, for she really was not used to drinking with grownups.

"Quick trip," growled Uncle Pell, and laughed coarsely.

Clare was tired, and she didn't have an inkling of what her uncle was up to. But she knew she couldn't pass this up; the knowledge came to her mind's upper levels in the form: This will make a good story for the others. She meant, to tell when she got back to college.

They got in her mother's car. Uncle Pell began to tell her stories about China, Honolulu, food, drink, Guatemala, so fast she could only stare and listen, and laugh, her attention all sucked up. When he pulled up and jumped out—he never could just get out of a car, Clare had heard her mother complaining—she looked up and (*Continued on Page 123*)

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Colorful contrasts of good living in St. Louis

St. Louisans themselves picture traditional charm, bold progress

How would you picture the land you live in? Recently Union Electric sought answers to this intriguing question by sponsoring a photo contest in St. Louis and the surrounding area.

Pictures came in by the hundreds. Each was accompanied by a statement explaining why the picture best represented St. Louis.

From the hundreds of pictures came this conclusion: No single picture can portray an area. Contrasts are seen everywhere: the speed of old buildings giving way to new . . . the leisure of an afternoon in the park . . . the meditative calm of a botanical garden or museum. Here are representative contest pictures of the contrasts St. Louisans enjoy in their land of good living.

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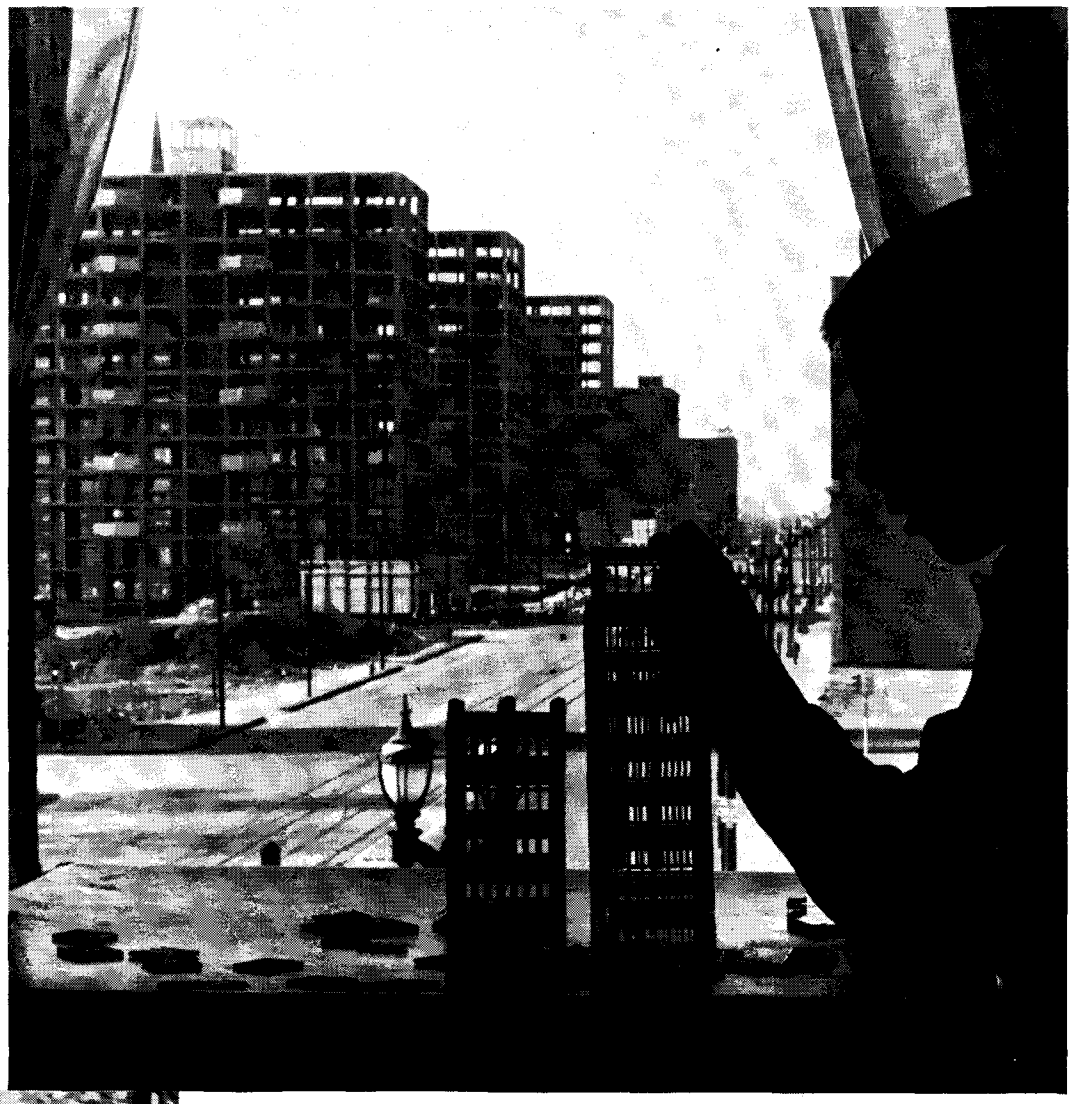

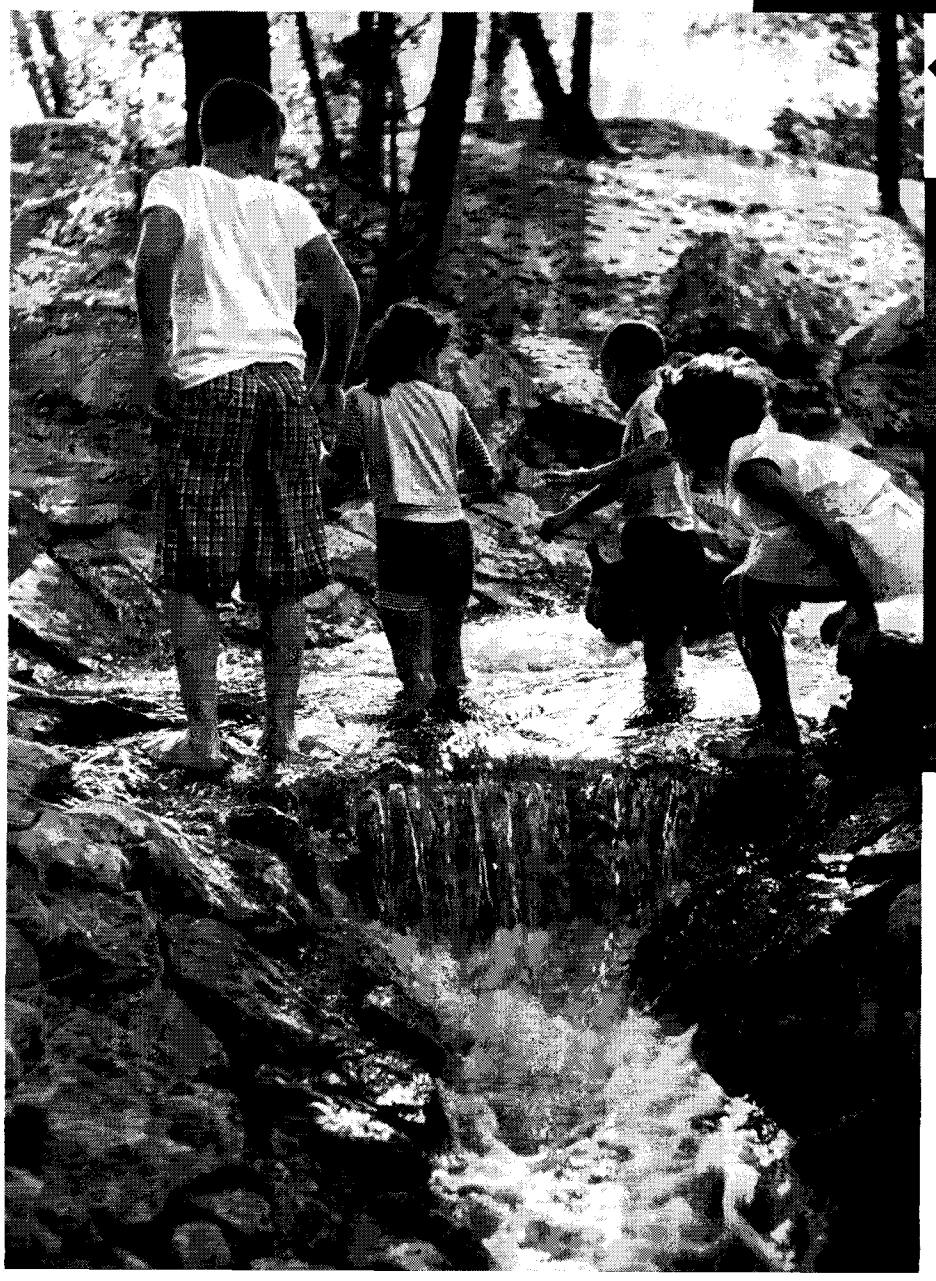

Thelma Blumberg: "This beautiful spot in Forest Park attracts people of all ages who've never lost the desire to dangle their feet in a pool of water or be near the peaceful sound of running water."

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Left: No. J4246—ventilated to let in cooling breezes. **Center: No. J4693**—smart wing-tip blucher featuring washable white grain leather. **Right: No. J2011**—hidden gore slip-on with genuine hand-sewn moccasin seams. Each style also in other colors. Jarman shoes available at Jarman dealers and Jarman stores, $10.95 to $19.95 most styles.

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(*Continued from Page 120*) saw suddenly where she was—back at the Skyline.

"Going in here, quick trip," said Pell, yanking her door open and half yanking her out of her seat, his hand closed round her arm. She was too surprised to say anything at all; she just pattered along meekly at his side, her heels tapping.

"Say!" said the man inside, who looked you over when you came in. "Looka who's here! Mary Lou! Buzz up Mr. Ciardi! Well, whadda-ya ——"

Uncle Pell began to clomp people on the shoulder and shout. Down the upward-winding mysterious stair which Clare had heard about for years of her girlhood and read about and wondered about came a thin small figure of a man, sharp-faced, with a wide, smiling mouth. He murmured in a rasping voice, a queer little counterpoint to Pell's boom and bellow. They talked at the same time for three or four sentences.

This was Antonio Ciardi, whom Clare had never seen except in newspaper photographs and once on television, in a famous investigation. He did not make a habit of appearances. He was one of the region's most widely publicized figures, and the region hated the publicity, for "notorious" was the right word to describe Antonio Ciardi, and it was the word always used.

"Hear about Garth?" he said suddenly to Uncle Pell, and for a minute they were talking of something only they knew about.

"Saw him in L.A. at the hospital two days before he died," said Uncle Pell quietly and naturally.

"That Irishman," said Antonio Ciardi, and a strange, rueful smile twisted up his thin mouth. He looked human, and sad.

"He was never sorry he cut out," said Uncle Pell, and the others round them were still quiet. "He meant it when he said he was through."

"Yeah," said Ciardi softly.

"Cancer of the throat," said Pell in his soft, growly voice, the one Clare had liked as a little girl when she hated his shouting one.

"Pain?" asked Ciardi.

"Yeah," said Uncle Pell, "but in some ways none at all. He'd left a lot of stuff behind that he wanted to leave behind," and he jerked his head in the direction of the upwinding stairway.

"Uh," said Ciardi. "He was some Irishman." They both smiled now, looking steadily at each other. Clare didn't know, in any sharp or detailed way, what they were talking about; yet she felt she got the gist, because of Uncle Pell's weird gift of clarity. His tangled plots were always mysteriously clear; now out of this cryptic exchange she knew as well as if he'd told her directly that they spoke of some man, loved by both, who had once been in Ciardi's league—another gambler, some other kind of racketman? He had left the rackets, and got away with it, and died of cancer instead of gunshot, in bed, contrary to all normal expectation. These remarks were a kind of epitaph, pronounced by friends.

As they spoke of death and their friend, Clare was so far from thinking of what she was going to say to her acquaintances about all this that she really had time to see something new about Uncle Pell. She had thought of his face always in memory as those big specs and that big mouth; now she saw how heavy and delicately veined were his eyelids behind the glasses, how deep was the line that ran down from the corner of his nose to the corner of his mouth; that line looked like a scar.

How did he know Antonio Ciardi so well? She knew as well as she knew her name that Pell was not a man to be the friend of racketeers in any ordinary way. Everybody knew about his talks to big audiences, his articles in big magazines, condensed afterward for the digests, about how crime doesn't pay, and anyway isn't a good thing. Everybody knew, too, that he got around. Before he stopped talking to Ciardi and Ciardi's people she could feel a real thought touching her like a hand, not just something you were supposed to think or could say you thought, but this: Uncle Pell could share experience with anybody. He could draw lines, be clear on his own side, without making the lines personal. He *couldn't* make the lines personal; there was too much he could see and understand.

Is this an insight I'm having? Clare asked herself, for her friends were forever talking about having insights.

Uncle Pell suddenly began to talk about her. "See this kid?" he said, jabbing at her with a big hand which now clutched a gross cigar. Five or six faces turned toward her and considered her, standing there in the Skyline's little waiting room, a thin girl in a brown, floating dress, with tall gold heels and long tan hair and lipstick wearing off. She felt them impassively taking her in.

"C'mon upstairs," said Pell, and Ciardi led them up, the whole crew except for Mary Lou and the man by the door. They passed through a big hallway, went past the open door of a big private office, into a big room full of noise and smoke, where men and a few women sat over card tables, and where a small, very expert-looking little orchestra vibrated softly and intensely in a corner.

"Mr. Ciardi's friends play up here," said Uncle Pell to Clare; "his very, very best friends," and he laughed his coarse laugh, and Ciardi smiled his thin smile. They turned and went into the office.

"Now, Tony," said Pell in a hard, quick voice, very serious and down to business, "look at this kid, and get all the guys downstairs to look at this kid. She was here tonight. I know how you feel about the kids coming in, but they come in. I don't want this one coming in, and *you* don't want her coming in. If she comes in with anybody, ever, call up her father for me. Here's his name and his number," he wrote on one side of his own card. "If her father's out of town, call this number," he wrote again, "her uncle. And if you run into her anywhere you think she shouldn't be, I want to know about it. You can get me here anytime." He started to write.

"I know where I can get you, Pell," said Ciardi, smiling, "anytime. . . .Well, miss," he said to Clare, looking at the card, "I shall, most probably, not be seeing you again, right?"

"No, sir," said Clare, with dignity, her head up, looking him in the eye.

"Atta girl," said Pell. "But call," he said to Ciardi. "You know how kids are." A look of faint, tired, half-disciplined exasperation sat on both dissimilar faces and made them look for an instant so much alike that Clare almost laughed. After all, they had things in common: They both looked so darn human it made you want to scream.

"Now," said Pell, pushing past the others out the door again, starting across the hall to the cardroom, "who ya got here, Tony? Yeah! There he is! Hey!" and he yelled and waved his arm toward the musicians' table. A thin young boy got up with a big guitar. "Best *gee*-tar I ever heard outside Texas," said Pell, very fake hick. "Tony," he said, "you know what I think, but I gotta say, I *like* this place. Old Skyline! Always somebody good on *gee*-tar or, failing that, on trom*bone*," and after he shouted at and clomped on the guitar player and told Clare you never saw or heard this kinda music at joints like this, just old Tony's, because old Tony was that way, he suddenly grabbed the guitar out of the boy's hand. The boy grinned and didn't look startled even. Uncle Pell began to play, and the room slowed down, got quiet; you could feel everybody in it getting a bang out of Uncle Pell, whether or not they knew who he was. His thick fingers moved light and sure on those strings, his grating, growly voice came out.

"*Now don't go drinkin' and gamblin'*, he sang. "*Don't go there yer sorrows fer to drown*," and he gave Clare the most asinine look, over his terrible glasses. "*Them hard-likker places is low-down disgraces, meanest durn places in town—Ohh. . . .*"

He sang, and the guitar player grabbed the instrument and took up the song; across the room came the high twang of Southern voice, singing, singing in that hooting rebel way Clare had heard only on odd records in the collections of people who really collected. The room laughed, relaxed; the whole place was shot through and charged with Uncle Pell's off-beat vitality.

But they left too soon, before Clare could properly taste her privilege. As he gunned the car out of the lot she opened her mouth to speak, but he snapped out at her before she could say anything. "Now," he said, "your boy friend."

"What? Him?" said Clare feebly.

"The boy friend," said Pell. "Tell me about him. So you popped him a couple, so he's an old school paaal." He drew out the word. "Why do you think he did—uh—what he did?"

Clare drew in her breath and started to look for words to tell him how mad it made her, how she really could not imagine what—but she left off, before starting. She thought a little. She faced it: She hadn't really given the matter any thought. She hadn't bothered to try to imagine what Philip McGrath had been thinking of.

"I think," she said carefully, "he figured if I asked him to take me out to the Skyline, it meant I wasn't just chums any more, maybe. I never have gone out with him much except for sports and outdoors. I asked him to take me tonight because the others wouldn't. I'm too young, of course, and they're always afraid there'll be trouble at the door. They don't want to risk it, think they'll look dumb. I knew Phil would be glad to risk it if I ——" Silence in the car. "If I asked him."

"Oh. Maybe this pal stuff hasn't ever been that for him. Maybe just for you, because that was what you wanted and all you thought about," Pell growled softly.

She was quiet, thinking of past years; wading in the swamp she so loved, Phil watching her from the boat in the stream while she poked among cattails. At the proms when she danced by, trailing a little bouquet over her partner's shoulder, a long velvet ribbon hanging out of it—the sort of thing she liked to do—she chattered brightly or smiled languidly, and she could see from the corner of her eye Phil standing there quite still, just watching her, with no particular expression, just not ever taking his eyes from her.

She saw herself standing in the hall at college, reading his long, full letters, which she opened before the others because she knew they would always have some stuff in them that interested her particularly—he knew her so well—and she could read the others in a minute anyway and make up her mind which invitation, phrased in the aboriginal language of the happy undergraduate, she would eventually accept.

"Yes," was all she said. But she could remember now more about that kiss than she had even noticed at the time.

"Where does he live?" growled Uncle Pell.

"By himself this summer, in his family's house. He's going to summer school, taking extra courses; he wants to be a doctor, the premed stuff takes up all his time, or almost, so he can't take other things he wants to in regular term," she said slowly. She had known this all summer; only she had never thought about it. "He likes a lot of stuff. History. Sociology. He thinks you can never know enough if you're going to be a doctor." Her voice was full of intelligence and comprehension, and it was warm with agreement.

"You can never know enough, period," said Uncle Pell prosily. She remembered prefaces in his books, articles in which he spoke with passion of some new laboratory, some new phase of study which he had met in writing some new book; dedications to doctors, chemists, criminologists, astronomers, his friends. His hero had a long, flat, bony face—you could *see* him—a cigarette hanging from his lips; hard eyes and a quick smile, as incredible a range of peculiar knowledge as Sherlock Holmes. His name was in the

"He claims it's the only thing that keeps him going."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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language as a synonym for Tough Guy, but Tough Guy with Brains.

Clare felt she knew all of a sudden so much more about Uncle Pell, about Antonio Ciardi and about Philip McGrath than she had ever known before that she wasn't really quite the same person. She was feeling some things she had never felt before—a warmth of response, a sensitivity to feelings, a capacity for respect. A funny thought slanted quickly through her brain, which should by now have been so tired. Uncle Pell was making her different. Was he making her up? Creating her, like a character? Expanding parts of her and contracting others, according to his interest and taste, through the process of his imagination, as all real writers did with their characters? She gave a little nervous laugh.

"What's to laugh?" said Pell in a grumbly voice.

"I wasn't laughing about Phil," she said quickly. "Turn here, Uncle Pell, and drive down two blocks and turn left, and we'll be at his house. I'll wake him up. I won't go in, you can wait, I'll be right out." Her words ran together.

He shot her a look quickly, out the side of the big glasses. She couldn't see it in the dim dash light, but she felt it: It was the first approving look she'd had out of him in these hours.

But she did not have to wake Phil up, for when they stopped in front of his house they could see the light still on. The shade was up, and you could see him walking up and down in his parents' living room by himself, smoking. Knowing him, she knew that he was playing records; he knew music and loved it. Her imagination moved up the walk before her, though she ran; she could run well in high heels if she really wanted to hurry. She thought, *What does he listen to when he can't sleep, when he's had his feelings hurt and his pride?* A small fierce pang twisted in her heart. She leaned against the door for a minute before she rang.

He snapped on the outside light before he opened the door. She could see his astonished face. He gaped.

"Dear Phil," she said rapidly, "I had my uncle drive me over. I acted like a brat, and I'm sorry." Then she stretched up and kissed him quickly and sweetly on the lips, a girl's kiss, not a woman's yet, but uncalculating and warm.

"Good night," she said, and turned round to run down the walk again. She jumped into the car, rolled down the window, and waved as they drove away, sticking her face out. He was just standing there—*What a one for just* standing *there!* she thought with affection. He managed to wave, though.

Uncle Pell reached over and took her hand and held it, one-hand driving through the dark streets. "Atta baby," he said sleepily.

She couldn't think how to ask him about something she wanted to ask, so she just asked without thinking. "Uncle Pell," she asked, "what's most important to learn if you want to write?"

"Ugh," he yawned. "Learn to care."

"Care, yes," she pursued him, for she was not sleepy at all. "But everybody says technique ——"

"Technique," he said and made a rude noise, just like him. "Learn to work."

"Learn to care, learn to work," she said and laughed. "To what, Mr. Pell Stewart, do you attribute your phenomenal success?"

"Energy," he said and squashed her fingers together.

They pulled up in back of her house; they crossed the lawn arm in arm. "Got to get up at seven, get to the airport by eight," he said. "Think you can drive me? Can't wait round for your dad this trip."

"I'll have breakfast for you at seven-ten, and we can make it," she said.

"Think *you* can make it, young and tired as you are?" he asked, grinning.

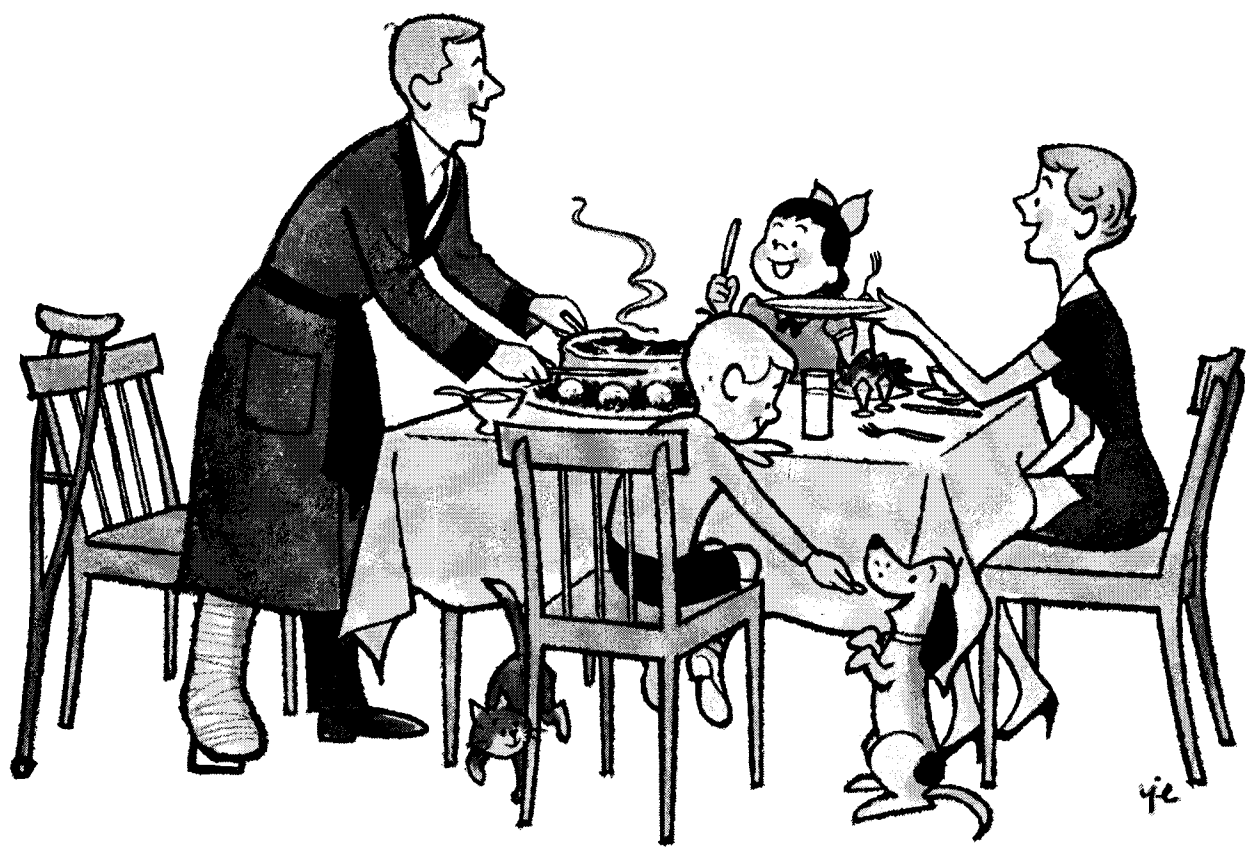
"Oh, sure. I've learned to *care*," she said freshly, and kissed him airily, stand-at the foot of the stairs.

"Haw," he said, "that was a quick trip," and he looked sharply at her. He smiled, no grin, the sweetest smile she had ever seen on a man. And look at him! Ordering her around, interfering with her private affairs, telling on her, shooting off his mouth with his advice—all the things she hated. He stumped off upstairs, and she stood there for a minute, loving him dearly.

There were distinctions she still felt like making, and some distinctions she didn't feel like making any more. She wouldn't ever again believe there were on the one hand serious writers and on the other hand trash writers; she would believe forever that there were real writers and imitation writers. Certainly you couldn't believe Uncle Pell was an imitation of anything anybody had ever thought up or could think up or would want to think up—he was so genuine you could hardly stand it.

She ran into the living room and caught up his Chinese gown where it lay shimmering and glaring on her mother's couch; she pattered upstairs with it and his briefcase, and set them outside the guest-room door. If she got up half an hour before she had to, she could make him some biscuits. She wasn't any cook really, but she could make superior biscuits; what was more, she decided without effort, setting her clock, she *would.*

THE END



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I Always Have Help (Continued from Page 37)

too far in alcoholic experiment, lost her mind and never got it all back. There were others, tragic, unforgettable, teaching vital lessons by their failures. And there were inspiring successes. These last, I gratefully report, were predominant.

In time, just by being around the people who were "on the program," I began to have some ideas about why we have emotional stresses and how The 24-Hour Plan sees us through. People break down, I am quite sure, for the same reason animals in laboratories do—too great expectations followed by too severe disappointments, too often repeated. The 24-Hour Plan cushions such shocks by encouraging us to gear our hopes to what may reasonably be expected of the day in which we find ourselves.

This brings us directly to the question: What is a day, and what may one reasonably expect of it? Of course, our ordinary days vary according to our involvements. Now and then, however, it's rewarding to take a day, strip it of all its nonessentials and get acquainted with it in its pristine essence. A day, the dictionary says, is the period of the earth's revolution on its axis. One of the finest things that can happen to a person, say devotees of The 24-Hour Plan, is really to come to know a day.

You have to pick your time, though, and be in the mood. The best time for me is after a period when I have had a lot to do with people and am ready for a little solitude. It may sound strange at first, but this complete break from people, this getting by one's self and trying to know a day is, to many of us, one of the essential points of the plan, high in dividends.

I like to get up when it's still dark on the day I have chosen and watch for the dawn—the beginning. The way dawn comes is always a special and fine excitement, too often missed. Things seem to know it's coming; the quiet of the night seems to deepen a little just before first light. Then the light changes and the predawn twilight is there, a filtered presence. I think of the great arc of light advancing over the earth and of all the things greeting it: a forest full of birds in song, a rooster crowing somewhere. Presently the sun breaks the horizon, rapidly clears the earth and begins its climb.

All day I keep track of the sun. If I can manage it, I walk on a wooded road or in a park, or along a river or lake or the sea; or I drive to a distant place, planning to have lunch at some place where nobody knows me. I have cleared my project with my family—who understand that apartness is as much a part of family life as togetherness—and have arranged that business demands be not pressing; then I can give myself to the day. Noon comes. At sea the navigators are watching through their sextants; they check their chronometers and know where they are.

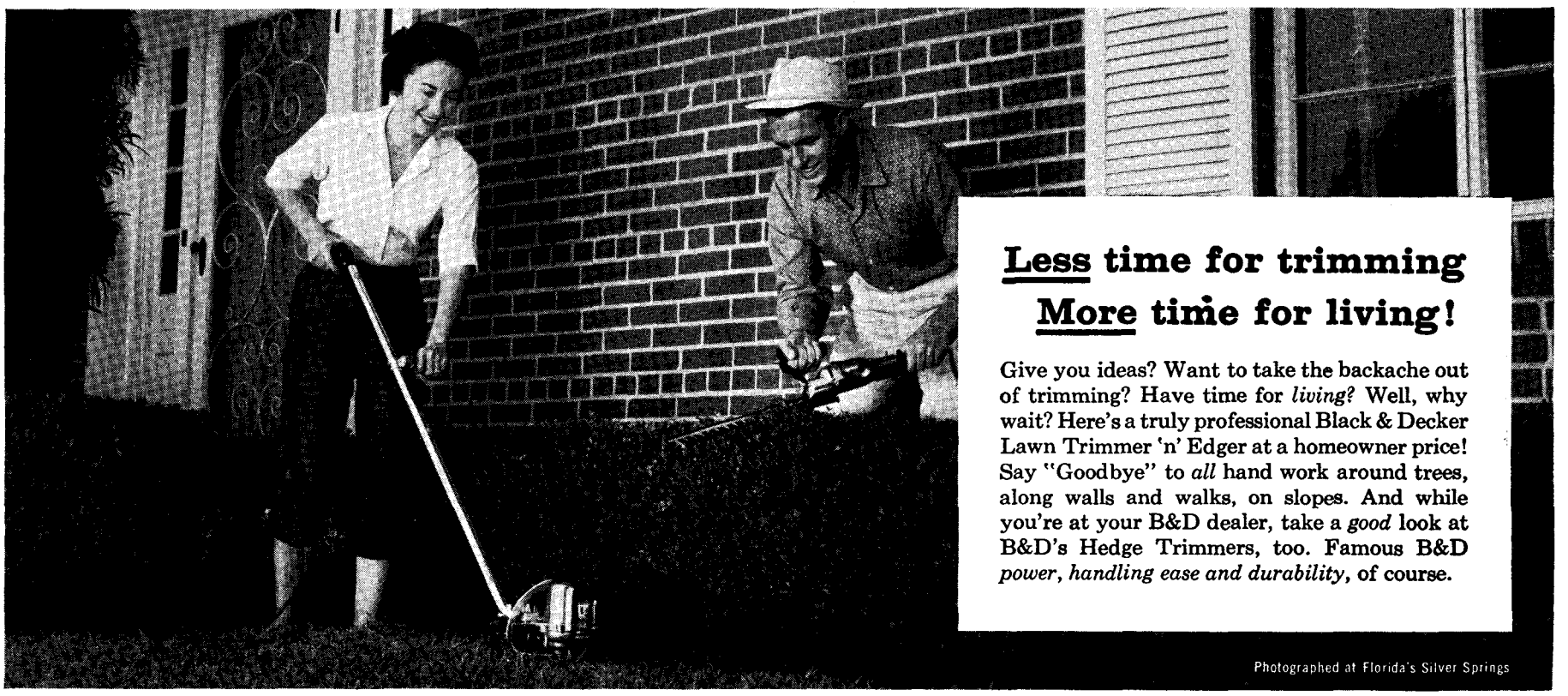
Sunset, twilight, dark, the moon and stars—I begin to know a little where I am too. All the day I have not thought of people, but of earth and sun, daylight and dark. When thoughts of people intrude, I try to choose the people of whom I will think. I pick solitary, day-conscious people—the psalmist lifting his eyes to the hills, from whence came his help, the young prophet walking in the desert and encountering his destiny, the poet considering the lake country of England, the physicist perceiving that space is curved. All are people who have made The 24-Hour Plan's big discovery—that man's rational poise is related to his awareness of time and place, earth and sun.

Sometimes there is a great moment of full knowledge of being an earth creature and belonging, wholly content. This delicious instant is often reported by those who have known the plan—by any name—in depth. It may be described as a sudden intuition that the whole of creation is offered for you, that you are part of a cosmic creative current, secure. One is not always so fortunate as to know this moment on the day one has chosen. But a moment comes when one knows it's time for the return to people and the hurly-burly, to see what contribution one can make, refreshed.

The 24-Hour Plan is wonderfully flexible. It encompasses whatever we may conclude, on taking inventory in the light of our best understanding, is the major need of that day. It provides for the rhythmic, pulsating quality of life, the thing that Arnold Toynbee, acknowledging that one day's need may not be the same as another's, called the principle of withdrawal-and-return. Sometimes the

"You'll find Harriet's cooking simple but indigestible."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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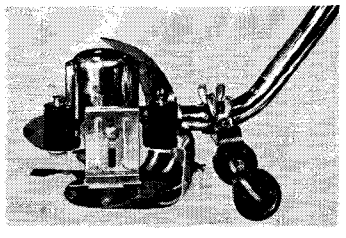

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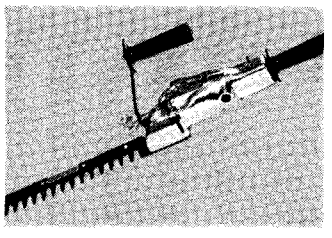

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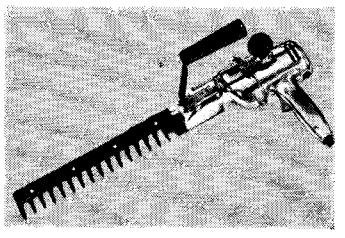

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difficulty is not too great involvement with people but the opposite—too much of being by ourselves.

The plan divides life into livable, manageable, daily units. This, indeed, was what made it so admirably suited to alcoholics. We knew that swearing off forever was beyond us, but abstinence for a single day was something we could manage. The principle applies to a whole catalogue of trying situations, having nothing to do with alcoholism.

The things most likely to ruin any 24-hour stretch, we found, are fear and resentment. To enjoy life we had to control these plagues. We acknowledged realistically that other people would sometimes make mistakes and wrong us, but we could not afford to let this make us afraid of them or chronically angry. When we tried daily to tidy up our own behavior, sweeping out the ashes of burned-out grudges and opening the doors to fresh opportunity, we found that perhaps they had not decisively harmed us after all. Resentments, replaced by new interests, died from lack of nourishment.

My twelve years on the plan have been full of emotional peaks and valleys. Because the plan has never let me down, I have come to trust it.

I crossed the first of the valleys after the refusal of my first wife to accept reconciliation. After my seemingly miraculous recovery from alcoholism it was a baffling reversal of everything I had learned to expect of her, and of the justice of things. It seemed to me we had been through the worst, that happiness was at last ahead. I loved our children, our home and, despite our misunderstandings, I loved her. It took me a wretched year to accept her determination to carry through a divorce. The plan, as well as the famous A.A. prayer for serenity to accept things we can't change and for courage to change things we can, saw me through this valley.

Then quite unexpectedly I rose to one of the peaks. A neighbor woman had a bent for matchmaking. She noted my dismal celibacy, recalled a young divorcée who lived with her three youngsters in a neighboring suburb, and wrote notes to both of us. I called on the young lady. It was a click from our first meeting over a Sunday-afternoon cup of hot chocolate. A year later we were married and ever since have known the great happiness of marital harmony and devotion.

Happy marriage, however, cannot ward off calamity, and presently I was to enter the deepest, blackest valley I have yet been called upon to cross. I was careful not to allow my friendship for the children of my first marriage, including an only son, to lapse. A father's hopes and plans for his son—how long they incubate, even from his own boyhood, and how they hatch and soar! One night the phone rang, and I was summoned to the hospital to see my son after an accident. The next day he died. I cannot tell here what I felt during the following days and months, or say much about a lonely corridor that haunts my memory even now. But I can say that the plan saw me through.

Meanwhile, life, irrepressible, was bearing us upward toward another peak. A baby was on its way. Carl Sandburg once said that a baby was God's idea that human life was worth while. Sandburg was right. When our little girl arrived, even in our grief we found it good to look after the needs of this small and charming, this needing, trusting, appreciative person.

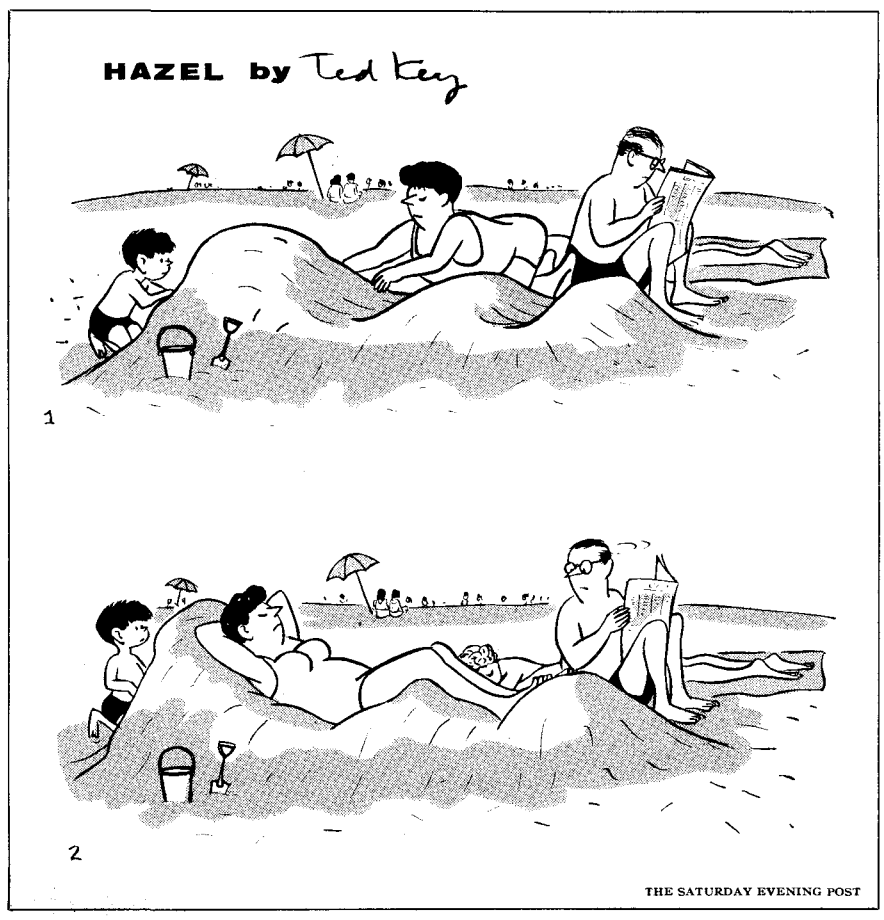
After these heights and depths the business ups and downs seemed almost anticlimactic. True, I coddled a whopping rage for a while when a boss fired me because I could not share his views on local politics. I hit a giddy peak when a new product I had concocted began to find favor with customers. And I slumped into another valley, or at least a gully, when I misjudged demand and wound us up $20,000 in the hole.

But nothing has yet happened in these twelve racking years that has found the plan wanting. If it can produce this wonder for an alcoholic type like myself—edgy, high-strung, mercurial, headstrong, conflict-prone and vain—what might it not do for a normal person, normally beset? It is the lesson of my deepest heart that lets me say truly that The 24-Hour Plan, the decision to bargain for this day alone, is an ever-present help in trouble.

Our experience suggests that nobody can work the plan alone. Some sort of affiliation with some human organization based on some sort of idea that is at least global in scope is essential. We alcoholics have weekly meetings devoted mainly to discussing ramifications of the plan. All churches offer this primary call to the transcendent. So do many fraternal orders. For those who mistrust creeds, organizations like the Unitarian Fellowship bring the challenge of cosmic thought without doctrinaire demands. Service and literary clubs often are bridges to a realm of thought beyond the commonplace. All these groups can provide the ingredient without which the plan cannot work—direct contact with thinking people.

Friends can be of enormous help. When I first undertook the plan I felt I didn't have any. But friends appeared, and two of them—named, by coincidence, Walter B. and Walter C.—contributed important thoughts. Walter C. helped me to understand the rewards of just being quiet, quoting the Chinese proverb: "Muddy water . . . if permitted to remain still . . . will gradually become clear of itself." The more practical Walter B. took me to task one time—when I was trying to bull through an impossible situation—with these words: "Relax; give events a chance to go to work on your side."

Some of my best friends in the plan have been books. Here, as with any other kind of friend, it is individual's choice. I have liked *Conquest of Fear* by Basil King, from its opening line—"When I say that during most of my conscious life I have been a prey to fears, I take it for granted that I am expressing the case of the majority of people"—to that memorable assertion: "The life principle is my principle; I cannot cut myself off from it, it cannot cut itself off from me." The New Testament has some fine statements of the Plan: "Give us this day. . . . Sufficient unto the day. . . ." My wife likes Anne Lindbergh's *Gift From the Sea*, with its special word for mothers and its cry to her sex, "Why have we been seduced into abandoning the timeless inner strength of woman?" I have found things in John Cowper Powys' *A Philosophy of Solitude* worth remembering: "People find to their astonishment that when they drop their eternal striving and clutching, real happiness flows in upon them in a brimming flood—the art lies in the embrace of those elemental accompaniments of existence which as a rule are taken so stupidly for granted."



If my account of the plan seems to emphasize calamity it's only because bad times always seem so much harder to manage than good. Surely we must not end the narrative without mentioning that an important part of the plan is watching for those small delights—"those elemental accompaniments of existence"—which life is always tossing our way.

One morning last winter I awoke with a vague dread and discontent. The malaise persisted most of the day. During the afternoon the weather grew colder, and by the day's end the temperature had fallen thirty degrees. When I came home, my eight-year-old daughter danced and tugged at my coattails, shouting, "Daddy, daddy, the pond's frozen—take us skating!" I was about to plead too tired, but we were called to the table. After supper we all got our skates and went to the pond. The moon came up and made the big irregular oval and its surrounding woods a glistening, blue-black-and-white fairyland. It was a night of laughter, swift gliding and spills—one I will always remember, and it came unexpectedly out of nowhere.

There have been many such times. One day in late spring I heard the sound of a steam calliope. Now, playing a calliope is to me what being President is to some people. They are about as common where I live as yaks are in Iowa. My musical training never extended much beyond a few boyhood piano lessons; actually to command the instrument of the river boats was almost beyond my daydreams. Nevertheless, there came this haunting desire. I followed the sound a few blocks, and there at the curb sat a man playing the great machine, mounted on a wagon. I was sure that anyone owning such a thing would be selective about who played it. Just the same I asked—shouting, so grand was the din—if I might try.

He smiled and nodded and moved over on the bench, and waved an inviting hand toward the keyboard. I stepped aboard, approaching the big, hot pipes with awe. The quivering, powerful thing now sat waiting my touch, its tense boiler hissing. I played *Farmer in the Dell* over and over, the great steamboat sounds whistling, fooping, boop-alooping over the landscape for miles in all directions and upward God knows how far. It was all a part of the plan, and it contains a lesson—if a chance to play a steam calliope can come to me, any good thing can happen to anybody.

"Give events a chance to go to work on your side," Walter B. had said. This is no Pollyanna happy piece; some days we get nowhere, and when they're over, all you can say for them is that you've suffered through another day. But even that is an accomplishment when you're passing through one of the valleys. Some things are healed only by time, administered in 24-hour lots. Its mere passage brings one closer to that restoration that makes it possible to begin living creatively again. Thus have people been living their daily stints for a million years, through an incredible variety of shifting circumstances.

Failure to hold fast to this truth has cost many a life, swept away in a fit of temporary disappointment. A neighbor of mine, a literary man, worked for four years on a novel, shipped it to market, then fell into despair during the weeks of waiting for a publisher to decide. One evening he drove his car into his garage, closed the door and started the engine. His widow and children are now living well on the royalties and movie rights—the book was an international success.

The $20,000 predicament described at the beginning of this article has given me a fine opportunity to "let events go to work on my side." For a week or so it looked like certain bankruptcy—I was obliged to "accept the things I cannot change." Then my principal creditor decided I was worth a gamble. He accepted a six-month note for most of the debt, providing a new supply of 24-hour periods for me to change the things I can and for events to go to work. On some day, presumably, it will be clear whether the survival of our little business is a "reasonable expectation" of that day. Either way, as long as we're still on the plan, we'll "know intuitively" what to do when the time comes.

Meanwhile we're having some fine days, one at a time. With only a slight editing I can certify, after twelve years of testing, that the whole incredible promise is one come true. We have found a new freedom and a new happiness . . . Feelings of uselessness and self-pity . . . fears of people and of economic insecurity . . . do not overwhelm us. We intuitively know how to handle many situations which used to baffle us. Our whole attitude and outlook on life has changed. And changed immeasurably for the better.

THE END

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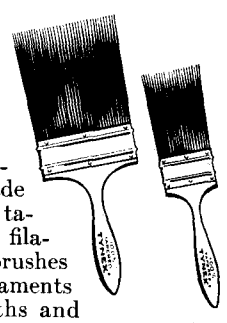

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Keeping Posted

Soldier's Diary

On October 7, 1944, when **Hobert Skidmore** was a staff sergeant stationed in the South Pacific, we published an article by him titled WE DON'T NEED TO HATE. Our editors called it "one of the finest expressions of soldier philosophy to come out of this war." This philosophy is expressed once again in THE ENEMY MESSAGE (page 36), the story of an American's pilgrimage to Japan to seek out the owner of a war diary he found on a Pacific island.

Skidmore's tale is part fact: In 1943 he found a diary kept by a Japanese named Hara of the Makin Atoll 2nd Suicide Unit. "I doubt," says Skidmore, "if there was ever a soldier of any country who did not think after a bloody battle what Hara wrote: 'It is strange that I am still alive. This is all due to the help of God and I do not know how to thank Him.'"

Skidmore sailed for Japan recently—not in search of Hara, who is believed to have died on Makin, but merely to gather impressions of a reborn Japan. In the land of the rising sun he has discovered what many another American has found since 1945: "One soon sees the order and discipline beneath the seeming confusion—though I think Tokyo taxi drivers are all reincarnated kamikaze pilots, back to terrify us again."

A Word From the Wives

Esther R. B. Wagner wrote her first *Post* story—EVIDENCE OF AFFECTION, page 26—over a period of many mornings in her "huge old house" in Tacoma, Washington. Mornings are quiet, she says, because the rest of the family is off at school then—daughter Eleanor, sixteen, in high school; Margaret, three, in nursery school; husband John in the English department at the University of Puget Sound. Mrs. Wagner shares a faculty office with her husband and teaches writing courses in the early afternoons. In the evenings the Wagners collaborate on historical novels; their first will be published late this year, and they're at work on a second. "We don't boat or fish or play games, but we do drive around quite a lot simply rubbering at the splendid countryside. We are Midwesterners and thus unceasingly agog over Mt. Rainier and all that."

English teachers Wagner and Wagner at University of Puget Sound.

Lest anyone in the audience think a female **(Alice Lent Covert)** has no business writing about earthquakes and firemen (EARTHQUAKE, page 43), we would like to set forth our author's qualifications: "I've been in several minor earthquakes, and as a police reporter I was introduced to disaster quite early. My husband—in private life I'm Mrs. Don Watson—was a fireman in Long Beach, California, in 1933, when a quake killed more than 100 persons in that area. We collaborated on the story and modeled our shake on that 1933 event." The Watsons live in a trailer. Present address: Desert Hot Springs, California. "We prefer living in the desert so we can keep warm, but we spend most of our time in a pool so we can keep cool." Mr. Watson was a flight officer with the Troop Carrier Command during World War II, and Mrs. Watson insists he has excellent material for glider stories—"but he'd rather fish." She says they plan to go north in June to do some fishing and some fishing stories.

Newsman Interviews Ex-Newsman

MacKaye and Hagerty in Hagerty's White House office.

Milton MacKaye, who reports on ex-reporter James Campbell Hagerty (IKE'S MAN FRIDAY, page 34), has had plenty of opportunity to observe Presidential press aides at work. Judson Welliver was White House press adviser when MacKaye went to work as a cub reporter for the Washington *Daily News* in 1922. MacKaye remembers Welliver as "the fellow who invented the phrase 'back to normalcy' for Harding." Welliver was followed by Coolidge's secretary, C. Bascom Slemp. ("He was one-fifth press secretary and four-fifths politician. He handled a lot of patronage.") Reporter MacKaye also knew F.D.R.'s press aide, Steve Early, and he was a personal friend of Truman's Charley Ross.

MacKaye has been around long enough to count himself a colleague of James A. Hagerty, father of the present press secretary. He says one of the pleasantest bonuses of the Hagerty assignment was an opportunity to reminisce with the elder Jim, who as a political writer for *The New York Times* was dean of his craft when MacKaye was star reporter for the New York *Evening Post*. MacKaye visited Hagerty at St. Luke's Hospital in New York, where he was convalescing after an operation. "Mr. Hagerty," says MacKaye, "is eighty-four and still full of grace, charm and wit."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Memorial Day"

By EVAN HILL

A combat-wounded veteran reflects on some lessons in patriotism he learned during four years of hospitalization.

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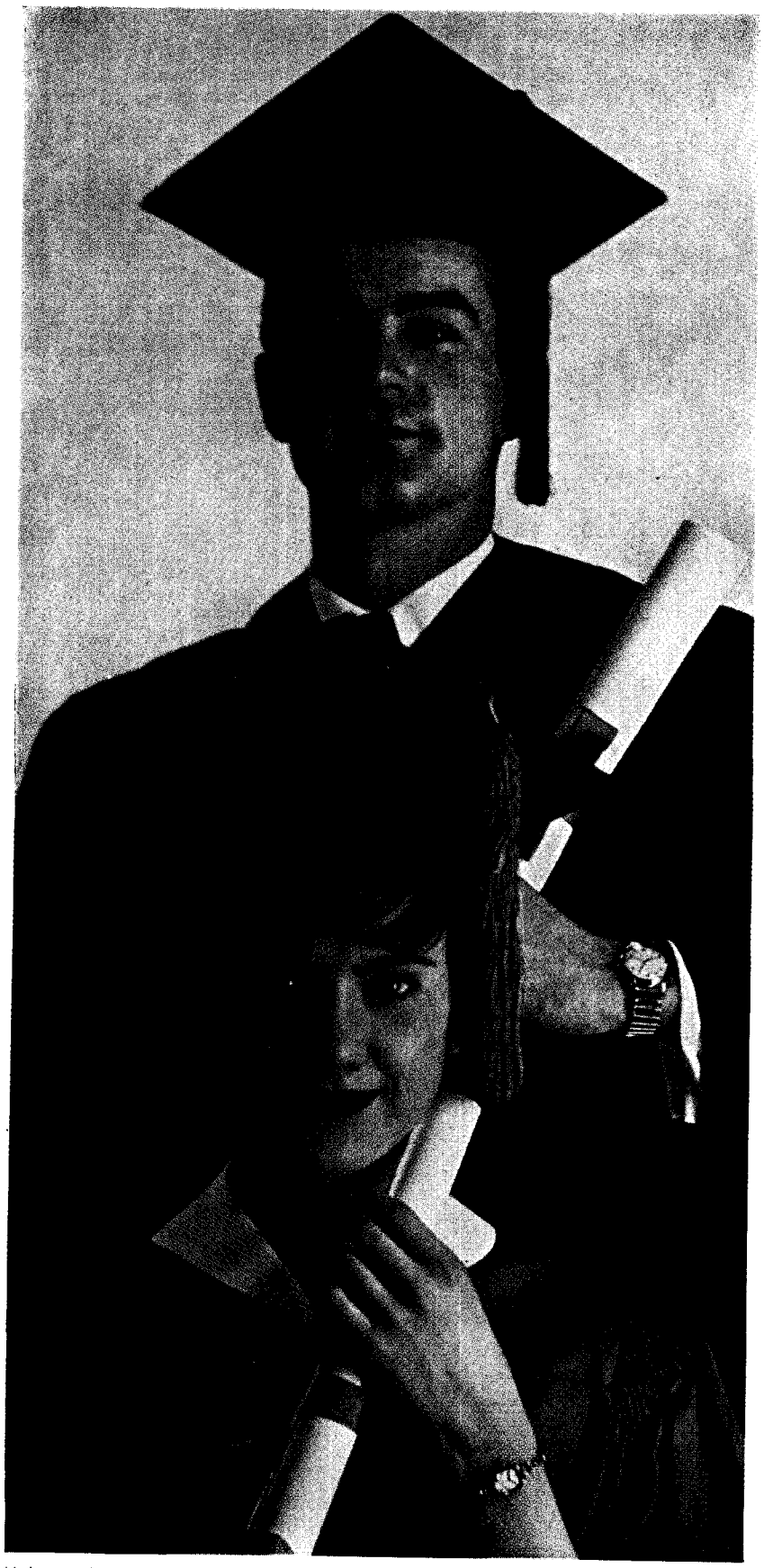

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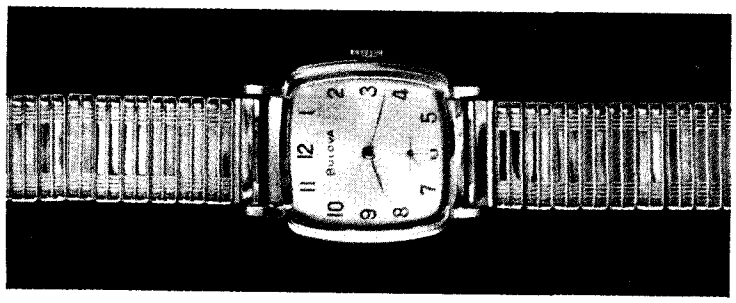

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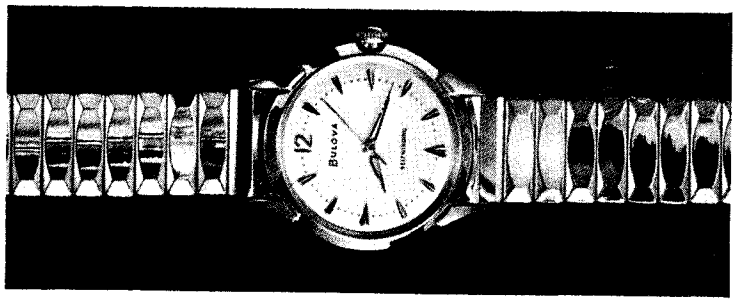

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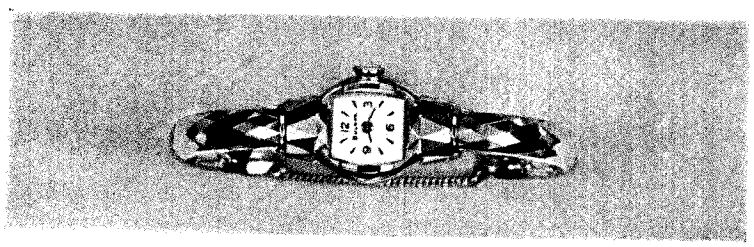

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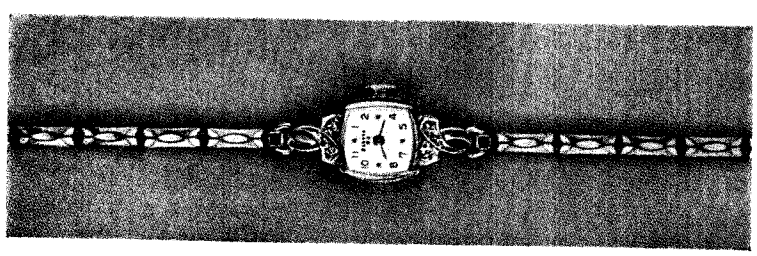

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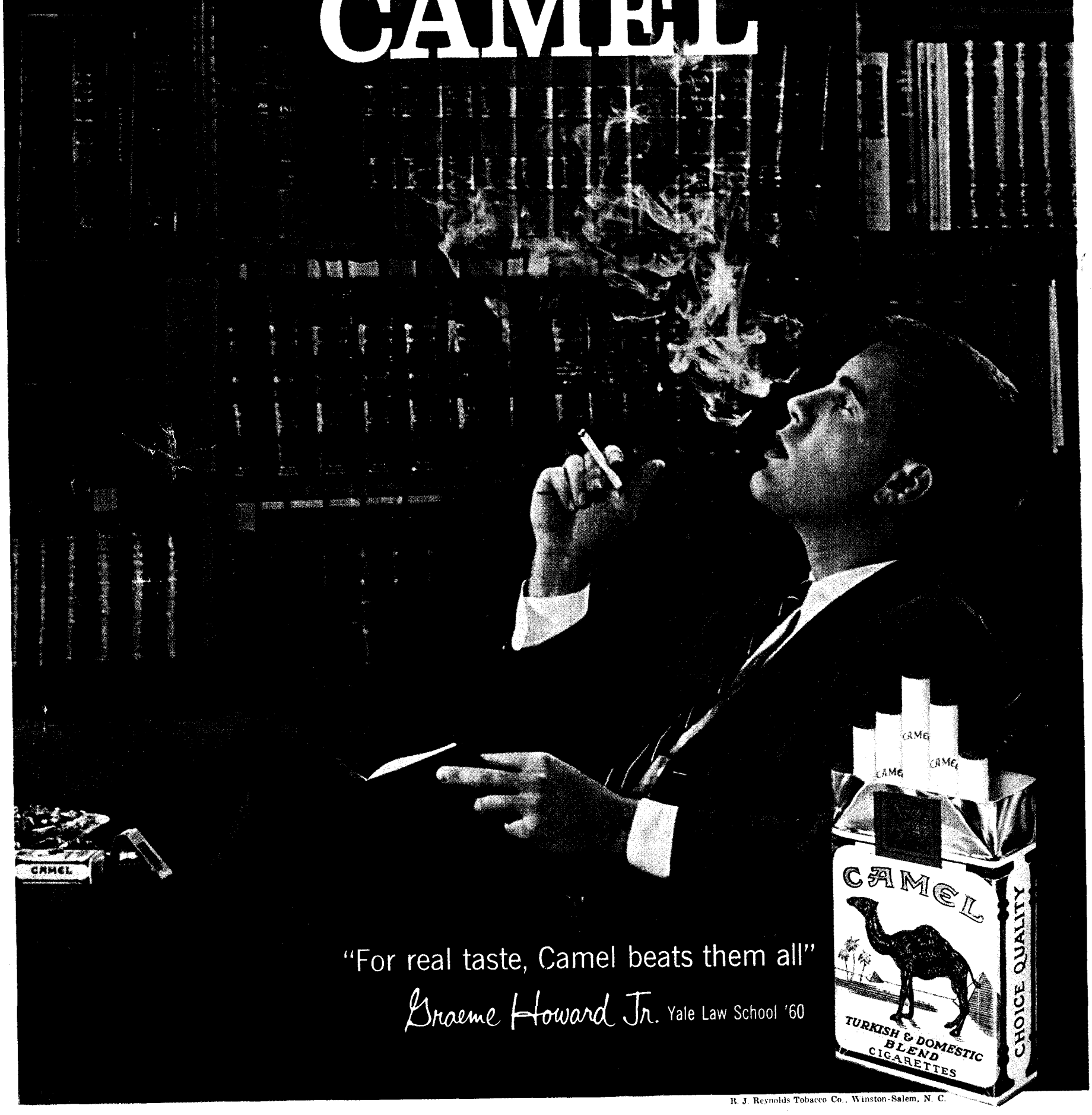

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